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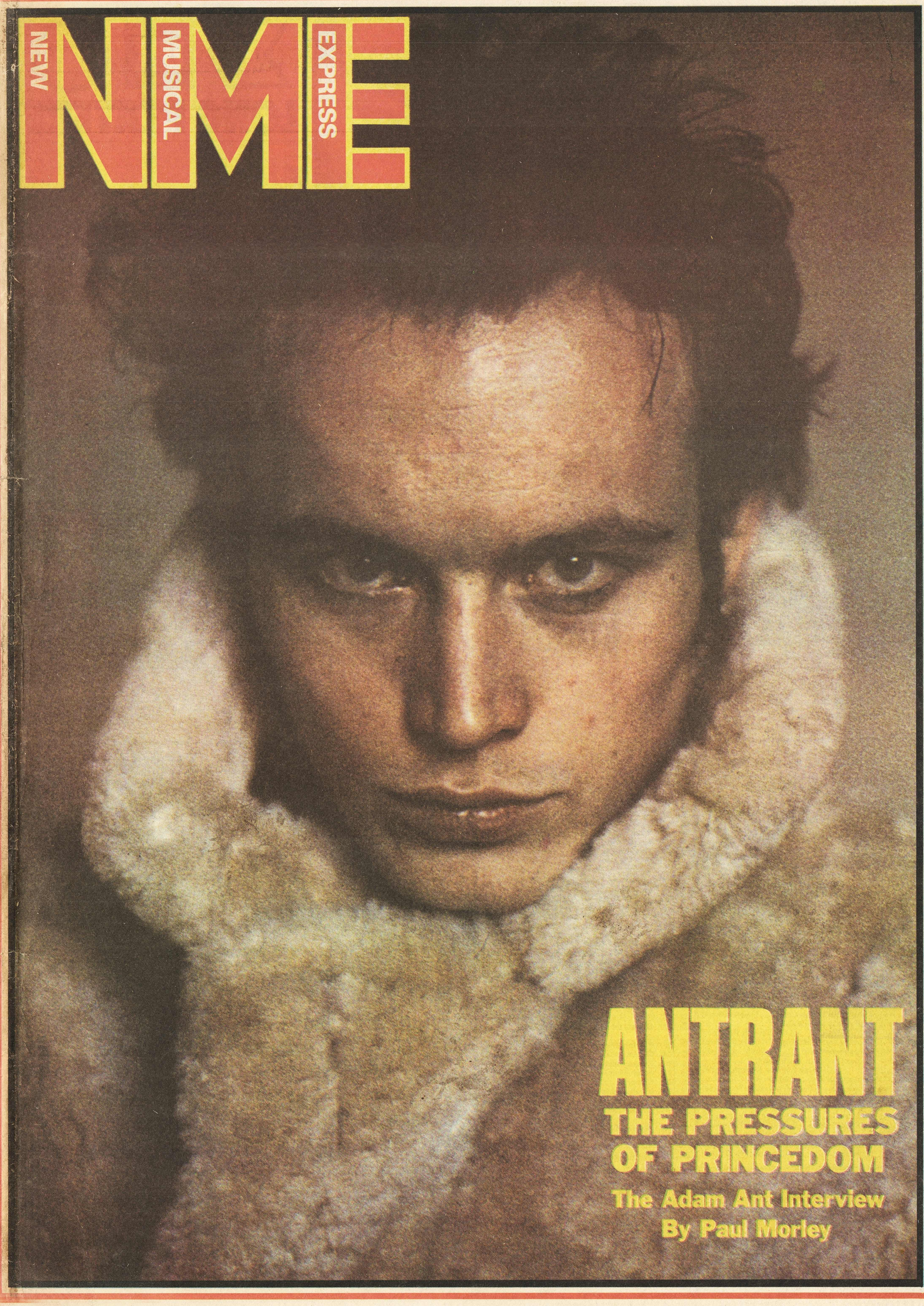
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



ANTRANT

THE PRESSURES OF PRINCEDOM

The Adam Ant Interview
By Paul Morley

Antwrapped. Pic Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
	5	**LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE** Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	1
2	1	DON'T YOU WANT ME Human League (Virgin)	5	1
3	21	GET DOWN ON IT ... Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	2	3
4	8	I'LL FIND MY WAY HOME Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	3	4
5	4	IT MUST BE LOVE ... Madness (Stiff)	5	4
6	3	ANT RAP ... Adam & The Ants (CBS)	4	3
7	6	DADDY'S HOME ... Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	2
8	9	MIRROR MIRROR ... Dollar (WEA)	4	8
9	2	ONE OF US ... Abba (Epic)	4	1
10	7	WEDDING BELLS ... Godley & Creme (Polydor)	6	7
11	14	I COULD BE HAPPY ... Altered Images (Epic)	4	11
12	16	WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU Foreigner (Atlantic)	3	12
13	21	LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING Tweets (PRT)	6	13
14	(—)	THE MODEL/COMPUTER LOVE Kraftwerk (EMI)	1	14
15	12	SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD The Police (A&M)	5	10
16	10	YOUNG TURKS ... Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	10
17	11	ROCK 'N' ROLL ... Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	9
18	(—)	YELLOW PEARL ... Phil Lynott (Vertigo)	1	18
19	(—)	DEADRINGER ... Meatloaf (Epic)	1	19
20	(—)	OH! JULIE ... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	20
21	(—)	TENDERNESS ... Diana Ross (Motown)	1	21
22	13	MY OWN WAY ... Duran Duran (EMI)	6	13
23	17	BEGIN THE BEGUINE ... Julio Iglesias (CBS)	10	1
24	20	CAMBODIA ... Kim Wilde (RAK)	7	13
25	19	BED SITTER ... Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	8	4
26	15	HOKEY COKEY ... Snowmen (Stiff)	3	15
27	23	STARS OVER 45 ... Chas & Dave (Rockney)	3	23
28	24	LET'S GROOVE ... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	9	3
29	26	FLASHBACK ... Imagination (R & B)	6	18
30	(—)	DON'T WALK AWAY... Four Tops (Casablanca)	1	30

Kraftwerk in at No. 14 — *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week		Weeks in	Highest
	1	**DARE.. Human League (Virgin)**	12	1
2	2	QUEEN GREATEST HITS ... Queen (EMI)	9	1
3	3	THE VISITORS ... Abba (Epic)	4	1
4	8	PRINCE CHARMING ... Adam & The Ants (CBS)	9	1
5	5	CHART HITS '81 ... Various (K-Tel)	7	1
6	14	HITS HITS HITS ... Various (Ronco)	2	6
7	4	WIRED FOR SOUND ... Cliff Richard (EMI)	14	4
8	7	PEARLS ... Elkie Brooks (A&M)	8	5
9	9	GHOST IN THE MACHINE ... The Police (A&M)	10	1
10	11	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	9	3
11	13	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	6	7
12	24	NON STOP CABARET Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	5	9
13	10	SHAKY ... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	16	2
14	6	THE BEST OF BLONDIE ... Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	4
15	(—)	TIN DRUM ... Japan (Virgin)	5	9
16	(—)	ONCE UPON A TIME Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	16
17	17	BEGIN THE BEGUINE ... Julio Iglesias (CBS)	5	6
18	28	RAISE ... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	8	11
19	23	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK AC/DC (Atlantic)	5	3
20	26	MADNESS 7 ... Madness (Stiff)	9	2
21	12	TONIGHT I'M YOURS ... Rod Stewart (Riva)	8	8
22	20	LOVE SONGS ... Cliff Richard (EMI)	18	1
23	(—)	CHRISTOPHER CROSS Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	1	23
24	21	CHANGESTWOBOWIE ... David Bowie (RCA)	3	19
25	25	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN Barry Manilow (Arista)	10	3
26	(—)	HAPPY BIRTHDAY ... Altered Images (Epic)	8	12
27	(—)	GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	23
28	(—)	BEST OF RAINBOW ... Rainbow (Polydor)	5	18
29	19	ALL THE GREATEST HITS Diana Ross (Motown)	7	15
30	(—)	FOUR ... Foreigner (Atlantic)	3	26

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Streets Of London** Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
2	(2)	**This Is Your Captain Speaking** Captain Sensible (Crass)
3	(4)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down** Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
4	(3)	**Happy Crassmas** ... Crass (Crass)
5	(5)	**In God We Trust** ... Dead Kennedys (Statik)
6	(—)	**Do You Believe In The Westworld** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
7	(10)	**Papa's Got A Brand New** ... Pigbag (Y)
8	(15)	**Sweetest Girl** . Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
9	(7)	**Friday 13th (EP)** ... Damned (NEMS)
10	(—)	**Everything's Gone Green/Mesh** New Order (Factory / Benelux Import)
11	(23)	**Banned From The Pubs** Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
12	(8)	**Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul** . Fall (Kamera)
13	(16)	**Big Gold Dream** .. Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
14	(19)	**Distort To Deafness** .... Disorder (Disorder)
15	(6)	**Bollocks To Christmas** ..... Various (Secret)
16	(13)	**Headbutts** ... Otway and Barrett (Stiff Indie)
17	(12)	**Waterline** ... A Certain Ratio (Factory)
18	(9)	**More From Toyah** ... Toyah (Safari)
19	(11)	**Everything's Gone Green** New Order (Fac.)
20	(—)	**Country Fit For Heroes** ... Various (No Fut.)
21	(14)	**Three Piece Suite** ... Snipers (Crass)
22	(20)	**Eddies Out/Jazz The Glass (12" & 7")** Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
23	(17)	**Demolition War** ... Subhumans (Spiderleg)
24	(29)	**6 Pack** .... Black Flag (Alternative Tentacles)
25	(26)	**Dead Cities** ... The Exploited (Secret)
26	(22)	**Evacuate** ... Chelsea (Step Forward)
27	(21)	**Run Come Girl** ... Talisman (Recreational)
28	(—)	**Talk About Run** ... Clint Eastwood ... & Gen Saint (Greensleeves)
29	(18)	**White Car** ... Associates (Situation 2)
30	(25)	**Harry May** ... The Business (Secret)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**On Stage** ... Exploited (Exploited)
2	(1)	**Movement** ... New Order (Factory)
3	(4)	**Best Of The Damned** ... Damned (Nems)
4	(3)	**Still** ... Joy Division (Factory)
5	(5)	**Speak And Spell** .... Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(12)	**Two Bad DJ** Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)
7	(6)	**Anthem** ... Toyah (Safari)
8	(7)	**LC** ... Durutti Column (Factory)
9	(8)	**For Madmen Only** ... UK Decay (Fresh)
10	(9)	**Present Arms** ... UB40 (Dep Int)
11	(17)	**Unknown Pleasures** ... Joy Div. (Factory)
12	(19)	**Fourth Drawer Room** Associates (Situation 2)
13	(22)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans** Various (Alternative Tentacles)
14	(26)	**Das Kabinet** ... Bill Nelson (Cocteau)
15	(10)	**Carry On Oi** ... Various (Secret)
16	(20)	**Pleasure** ... GAOB (Happy Birthday)
17	(11)	**Wild And Wandering** Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
18	(27)	**Incontinent** ... Fad Gadget (Mute)
19	(16)	**Punks Not Dead** ... Exploited (Secret)
20	(29)	**Ghosts Of Xmas Past** Various (Crepescule)
21	(23)	**Playing With A** . . . ... Au Pairs (Human)
22	(14)	**The Last Call** ... Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
23	(13)	**Present Arms In Dub** ... UB40 (Dept Int)
24	(21)	**Fresh Fruit** ... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
25	(24)	**Closer** ... Joy Division (Factory)
26	(28)	**Inflammable Material** ... S.L.F. (R. Trade)
27	(—)	**In The Flat Field** ... Bauhaus (4AD)
28	(—)	**Behind The Magnolia Curtain** Panther Burns (Rough Trade)
29	(18)	**Signing Off** ... UB40 (Graduate)
30	(—)	**Red Mecca** Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1 **Raising** ... Tristan Palmer (Midnight Rock)
2 **Diseases** Papa Michigan & General Sain (Greensleeves)
3 **Just A Little Bit** ... Carroll Thompson (S&G)
4 **Talk About Run** Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)
5 **Bones Connection** .... Nicodemus (Greensleeves)
6 **I'm Your Puppet** ... Derrick Harriot (Hawkeye)
7 **Revelation 18** ... Jah Shaker (Shaker)
8 **Here Comes The Bride** Michael Prophet (Greensleves)
9 **Christmas A Come** . Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
10 **Rose Marie** ... Lone Ranger (Black Joy)

Music Market, 51 High Street, Oxford

US DISCO

1 **You Can/Fire In My Heart** Madleen Kane (Chalet)
2 **Genius Of Love/Wordy Rappinhood** Tom Tom Club (Sire)
3 **Let's Groove/I've Had Enough** Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
4 **I Can't Go For That** Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
5 **Call Me/Let's Celebrate** ... Skyy (Salsoul)
6 **Love Fever** ... Gayle Adams (Prelude)
7 **Rock Your World** . Weeks & Co (Chaz Ro/Brazilia)
8 **Controversy/Let's Work** ... Prince (Warner Bros)
9 **Can You Move** ... Modern Romance (Atlantic)
10 **Tainted Love/Where Did Our Love Go** Soft Cell (Sire/Warner Bros)

Copyright Billboard Magazine

INTERNATIONAL ISRAEL SINGLES

1 **Tonight I'm Yours** .... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
2 **Under Pressure** ... Queen & David Bowie (EMI)
3 **Begin The Beguine** ... Julio Iglesias (CBS)
4 **Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic** Police (A&M)
5 **Arthur's Theme** Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)
6 **Waiting For A Girl Like You** .. Foreigner (Atlantic)
7 **Invisible Sun** ... Police (A&M)
8 **Good Year For The Roses** . Elvis Costello (F-Beat)
9 **Labelled With Love** ... Squeeze (A&M)
10 **I Go To Sleep** ... Pretenders (Real)

Courtesy IBA/Reshet Gimmel/Billboard

ITALY SINGLES

1 **Cicali** ... Ehianrthir Parisi (CGD-MM)
2 **Bette Davis Eyes** ... Kim Carnes (EMI)
3 **Sharazan** Al Bano & Romina Power (Baby/CGD-MM)
4 **Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic** Police (A&M/CBS)
5 **Reality** ... Richard Sanderson (Delta/WEA)
6 M'nnamoro Di Te Ricchi & Poveri (Baby/CGD-MM)
7 **You Can Stay The Night** ... Miguel Bose (CBS)
8 **Arthur's Theme** Christopher Cross (Warner Bros/WEA)
9 **He's A Liar** ... Bee Gees (PolyGram)
10 **Lo Stellone** ... Sbiruling (CGD-MM)

Courtesy 'Germano Ruscitto/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Don't Give Up On Us** ... David Soul (Private Stock)
2 **Don't Cry For Me Argentina** ... Julie Covington (MCA)
3 **Side Show** ... Barry Briggs (Dynamic)
4 **I Wish** ... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
5 **Car Wash** ... Rose Royce (MCA)
6 **Money Money Money** ... Abba (Epic)
7 **Things We Do For Love** ... 10cc (Mercury)
8 **Wild Side Of Life** ... Status Quo (Vertigo)
9 **Under The Moon Of Love** ... Showaddywaddy (Bell)
10 **When A Child Is Born** ... Johnny Mathis (CBS)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing** ... New Seekers (Polydor)
2 **Horse With No Name** ... America (Warner Bros)
3 **Brand New Key** ... Melanie (Buddah)
4 **Mother Of Mine** ... Neil Reid (Decca)
5 **Soley Soley** ... Middle Of The Road (RCA)
7 **Softly Whispering I Love You** ... Congregation (Columbia)
7 **I Just Can't Help Believing** ... Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 **Sleepy Shores** ... Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)
9 **Stay With Me** ... Faces (Warner Bros)
10 **Morning Has Broken** ... Cat Stevens (Island)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **I'm A Believer** ... Monkees (RCA)
2 **Green Green Grass Of Home** ... Tom Jones (Decca)
3 **Happy Jack** ... The Who (Reaction)
4 **Morningtown Ride** ... Seekers (Columbia)
5 **Standing In The Shadows Of Love** Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
6 **Any Way That You Want Me** ... Troggs (Page One)
7 **Matthew & Son** ... Cat Stevens (Deram)
8 **Night Of Fear** ... Move (Deram)
9 **Save Me** ... Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
10 **Sunshine Superman** ... Donovan (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **The Young Ones** ... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2 **Stranger On The Shore** ... Acker Bilk (Columbia)
3 **I'd Never Find Another You** ... Billy Fury (Decca)
4 **Let's Twist Again** ... Chubby Checker (Columbia)
5 **Multiplication** ... Bobby Darin (London)
6 **Let There Be Drums** ... Sandy Nelson (London)
7 **Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen** ... Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8 **Run To Him** ... Bobby Vee (London)
9 **The Twist** ... Chubby Checker (Columbia)
10 **Johnny Will** ... Pat Boone (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

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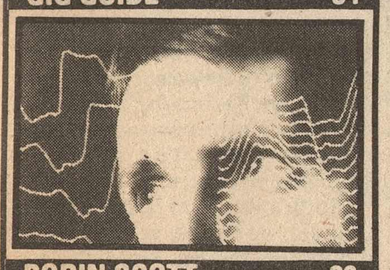

ROBIN SCOTT 36
LIVE! 39

Why did you try to hurt me?/ I got to know/ Did you really wanna kill me?/ Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why/ Why do we have to fight?
I had to defend myself/ From attack last night/ I know I am black/ You know you are white/ I'm proud of my black skin/ And you are proud of your white, so
Why did you try to hurt me?/Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why
'Why?' by Lynval Golding (Plangent Visions Music)

WHY?

Lynval Golding leaving the intensive care ward. Pic: Coventry Evening Telegraph

FRED DELLAR and ANDREW TYLER report on the vicious race attack that put Lynval Golding in hospital

FUN BOY THREE singer Lynval Golding was almost killed — and may well be scarred for life — when he was attacked and knifed in a Coventry disco last week.

The assault, by a gang of white youths on three black people, was totally unexpected — and apparently racially motivated.

Golding and two others were rushed to hospital. After 12 hours in intensive care and 29 stitches in his face and neck, Lynval was said on Monday to be "quite comfortable".

In a remarkable gesture of tolerance, the day after his beating Golding, 30, said: "My music is about peace, and I'm sure the guys will feel sorry for what they did, because I'm a guy who wants to live in peace with people."

And in an equally remarkable gesture of callousness, thieves broke into Lynval's house after hearing he was in hospital, and stole his stereo and video as he lay fighting for his life.

The attack took place last Thursday night. The Fun Boy Three had returned to Coventry from London after completing their debut album for Chrysalis Records. Early that evening they dropped in at the local independent radio station, where they did a live interview and aired their new single 'Tain't What You Do (It's The Way That You Do It)', a version of black bandleader Jimmie Lunceford's 1939 swing hit.

Some hours later they headed for Shades, a nine-till-two disco in Burges, a street near Coventry's city centre. There they met two of Neville Staples' friends, Kevin Stuart and Rex Griffiths, both of whom are black.

Lynval Golding was chatting with the two men near a doorway when a gang of white youths walked into the club and immediately attacked Stuart, whose arm was ripped by a metal weapon as he attempted to ward off blows. A fight ensued during which the gang used

■ *Continues over*

Echo, Beat, Gabriel for Bath arts fest

THE BEAT, Echo & The Bunnymen and Peter Gabriel appear at a major arts and music festival at the Royal Bath and West Showground, near Shepton Mallet, Somerset, over the weekend July 16-18.

The daytime programme of this Expo-based event will present music, dance and drama, provided by performers from all over the world, given in a number of open-air and indoor auditoriums, while there will also be a series of evening concerts on each of the festival's three days, staged on-site in the newly-completed 4,000-seater Showering Pavilion.

Other acts already confirmed include John McLaughlin; The Chieftains; jazz trumpeter Don Cherry; Louis Moholo's African Drum Ensemble; The Drummers Of Burundi; Ekome, a drumming and dance group from the St Paul's area of Bristol; Shakar, the Indian violinist who's worked with McLaughlin and Frank Zappa; a 27-piece Gamelin orchestra from Java; The Aboriginal Artists of Australia; and The Sabri Brothers, a band of Quwwali musicians from Pakistan, while we understand that two leading UK rock guitarists may also figure among the event's final line-up.

Revealing plans for the festival to *NME*, festival director Thomas Brooman stated: "A World Of Music, Arts And Dance — the idea of which came from Peter Gabriel — is not intended to be just another addition to the summer calendar of pop festivals. We are creating an event which will encompass music, dance, theatre, film and crafts from throughout the world, and the names from the world of rock are there to emphasize the growing influence of the third world upon the pop charts and to try and increase awareness of the world's music among Britain's often insular pop audience."

Prior to the festival, the organisers are to launch a series of benefit concerts at The Venue, on Sundays during March, and at Heaven, on Mondays during the same month. Interested bands are invited to ring 0272-734068.

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■ *From previous page*

weapons that included a knife, a claw hammer and a spanner. Griffiths received cuts to the face while Golding, a pacifist, was seen to fall to the ground with blood gushing from his throat and face. He did nothing to defend himself.

The police were called, but by the time they arrived the gang had fled — leaving only their bleeding victims, a number of confused and unhelpful witnesses, and the lone evidence of a discarded spanner.

All three victims were rushed to the nearby Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital, where Stuart's and Griffiths' wounds were found to be minor, though both were given stitches.

Lynval proved to be in more serious shape. Although his jugular vein was not severed, as at first had been feared, he'd lost a lot of blood. After receiving 29 stitches to his face and neck, he was placed in the intensive care ward, where Terry Hall, Neville Staples and former Selecter man Charlie Anderson joined Lynval's family in a vigil throughout the night.

Since that time, Lynval has been moved to a clinic in Earlsdon, Coventry, to rest and gain strength. The clinic told *NME* at the weekend that he was "now quite comfortable and likely to be allowed home at some as yet undecided point in the week."

It seems almost certain, however, that his eyesight will be permanently impaired.

The attack seems all the more senseless and horrifying because of Lynval Golding's beliefs and his efforts to promote racial harmony. In the past he has campaigned against violence and, as a member of The Specials, participated in the band's anti-racism concerts in Leeds and Coventry last year.

And later, when beaten up outside a London club, his response was to pen 'Why?', the cry for racial tolerance which formed the B-side to 'Ghost Town'.

Despite the latest murderous incident, his attitude has suffered no change. As he told a reporter for the *Coventry Evening Telegraph* on Friday, "I'm a guy who wants to live in peace with people."

But Lynval's trust in humanity and basic good intentions soon proved ill-founded. Following a radio report in which his home address was revealed, Lynval's house was broken into and various items, including his hi-fi equipment and a £550 video recorder, were stolen.

Shades, the club where the attack took place, featured in the news not long ago when actor Tony Armatrading, brother of Joan Armatrading, was refused entry — an incident which caused the local Community Relations Council to accuse the club of running a colour bar based on a quota system. The club, however, who do boast an ever-present number of black members (it was a black bouncer who was responsible for ousting Armatrading), refute the claim. They say Armatrading was just turned away on a particularly busy pre-Christmas evening and that they operate no racial policies.

Meanwhile, the police are still seeking Lynval's attackers and CID Detective Superintendant Jim Byrne, a man personally moved by the Golding assault, informed *NME* that his department was seeking three white youths. He added that it had been established that Lynval had not been the subject of the attack and that the gang were seeking a particular coloured man in his company.

A new insight was thrown on the affair on Friday evening when West Midland police chief Sir Philip Knights, speaking at a meeting of the area Police Committee, revealed that only a few days prior to Lynval Golding's wounding there had been an incident during which a number of white people had been "set upon" by blacks. Though he gave no further details, it was possible, he claimed, "that Mr Golding has been the victim of some kind of response."

Though Coventry remained relatively calm at the time of the summer riots, isolated acts of racial violence have taken place in recent times. A white youth is to appear in court on February 8 charged with the murder of Dr Darry, a well-respected Asian involved with homeless people, while another white youth has been charged with the death by stabbing of Asian student Satnam Gill — which took place in the city centre on a busy Saturday.

But this week Parshotam Joshi, chairman of Coventry's Community Relations Council, was hailing Lynval Golding's forgiving attitude as "a breakthrough in the racial tension that has existed in Coventry. It's only the brave who can forgive as Lynval Golding has done and I am very impressed!"

Rhoda Dakar: heading for the most genuinely shocking number one of all time?

The reality of rape that they're trying to ban

ADRIAN THRILLS talks to Rhoda Dakar about her uncannily timed single, 'The Boiler'

DURING A WEEK in which a Crown Court judge decided that the teenage victim of convicted rapist John Allen was "guilty of a great deal of contributory negligence" in hitch-hiking alone at night, a record that stands as a harrowing tirade against violence to women has been effectively banned from the airwaves of Britain.

The record is Rhoda Dakar's terror-stricken monologue 'The Boiler' on 2-Tone. Produced by Jerry Dammers and played by The Special AKA, the remnants of the post-split Specials, Rhoda's vivid account of a rape is currently being ignored by radio programme controllers.

Radio One last week slipped the disc into their two late evening slots — John Peel and Richard Skinner — but have now dropped it from all their playlists, while one play from DJ Peter Young on London's Capital Radio last Saturday led to listeners jamming the switchboard and a somewhat sensationalised story in the *Sunday People*.

A Radio One spokesman denied on Tuesday that the record had been banned, though the BBC have not played it since last weekend.

"It was played twice last week on Peel and twice on Skinner and discussed on Saturday's *Rock On* show as a review record. It hasn't been banned, but it is unlikely that it will get future plays unless it crops up in some other context, another review or discussion show."

But Chrysalis Records, 2-Tone distributors, maintain that this constitutes a ban — a claim refuted by the BBC.

"It isn't a case of the BBC ignoring a record," continues the Radio One man. "It has been played as a review record. But the general feeling is that it is *unsuitable* for normal radio play. The final decision is still up to the producer of each individual show, but it is unlikely that they will decide to play it."

The song itself is not a new one, dating back to Rhoda's days as the lead singer in the all-female 2-Tone septet The Bodysnatchers, most of whom evolved into The Belle Stars at the start of last year. It was originally intended as a Bodysnatchers single or album track, a plan which failed to materialise when the band split after only two singles, though it was documented in a John Peel session in 1980.

Rhoda herself is realistically pessimistic as to the single's commercial potential. She's grateful to finally have the chance to release it.

"I don't really expect it to be a hit, but I hope that people will get to hear it. I never expected it to get *any* airplay, so any play that it does gets is going to be a bonus really. It wasn't released to be a massive hit. It was done 'cos it was a good song worth recording."

Was it written deliberately to shock?

"I didn't think of it that way when I was writing it. It just came from a jam we were doing during rehearsals. I started ad-libbing and it just came out, but it's not from any personal experience, thank goodness. Then again, I think that it *did* come as a shock to a lot of the people who went along to the early Bodysnatcher gigs."

The single's release could hardly have been more uncannily timed, coming the week before Judge Bertrand Richards' ludicrous courtroom leniency and the subsequent outcry.

"It just leaves you speechless when you hear things like that," says Rhoda. "But it seems to sum up the reaction of a lot of people to the crime of rapists. It certainly isn't treated with the seriousness it should be, not in this country anyway. In American, for example, it is taken a lot more seriously, maybe because it's more of a problem out there.

"In Britain, rape is something that you don't talk about, even if it happens to you. The attitude of a lot of people is that girls on their own are just asking for it by the way they dress or the fact that they are walking around late at night . . . we are almost conditioned to think that if a girl is raped, then it's her own fault, which is ridiculous.

"A woman walking around late at night is somehow regarded as inviting some sort of approach. They just assume that you're looking for a bloke. It's the same stupid attitude."

JERRY DAMMERS' ingenious treatment of the song and the eerie keyboard motif that hovers ominously in the background as the record builds to a chilling crescendo have totally transformed it from the version that used to highlight Bodysnatchers' sets, and Rhoda is quick to acknowledge the talents of the man they call The General.

"It is totally different from the way we used to do it in The Bodysnatchers. I don't profess to know much about music

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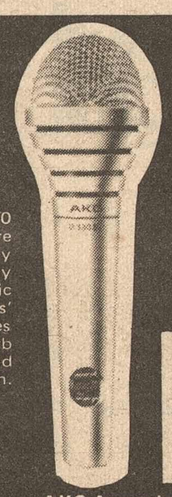

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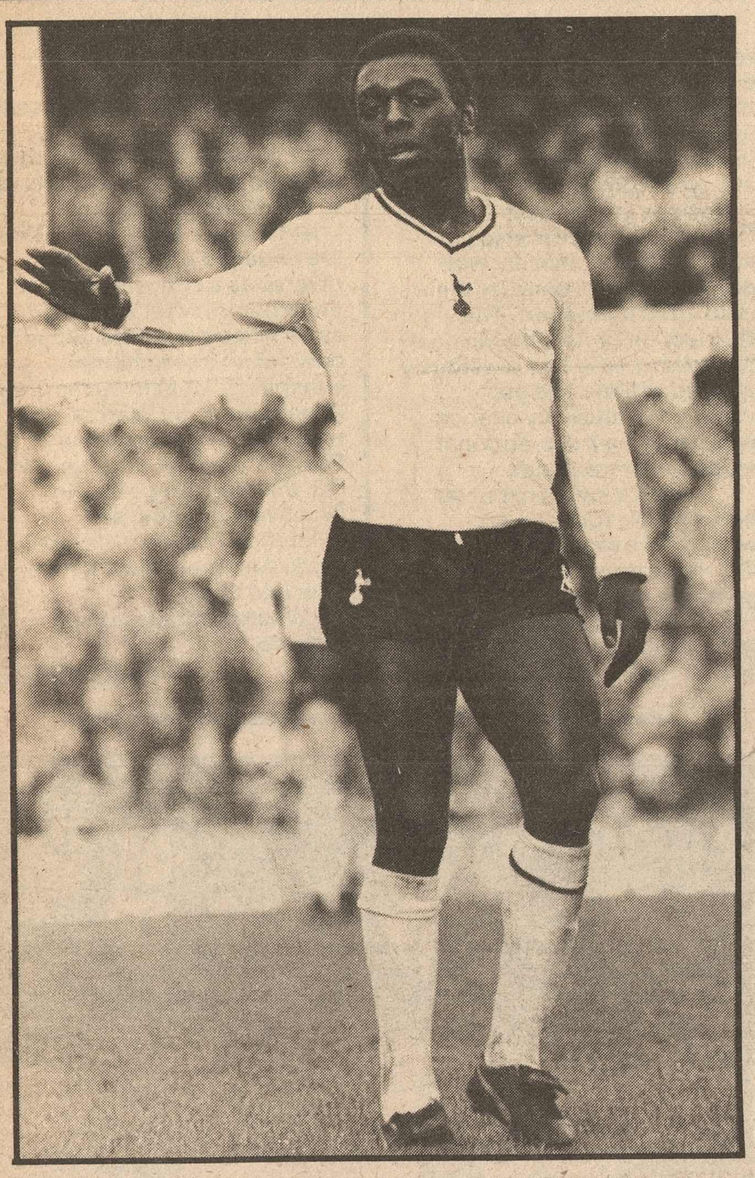

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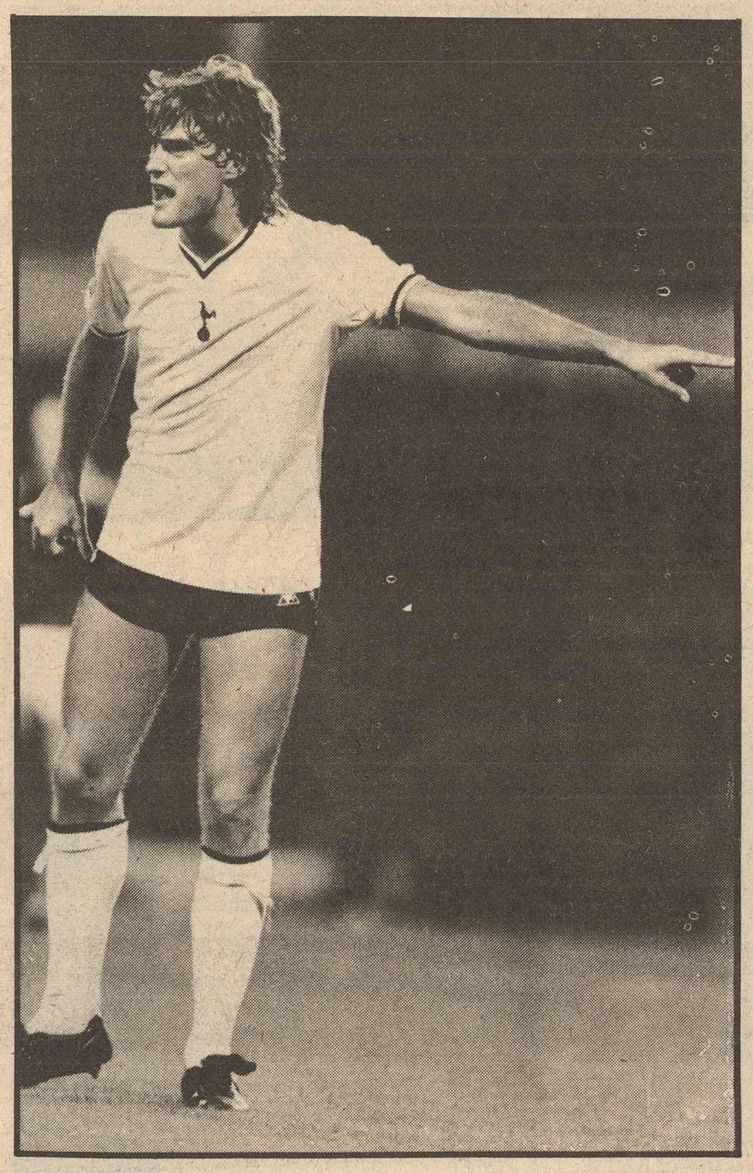

Hoddle

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR

GARTH CROOKS

(Tottenham Hotspur and England Under-21)

MUSIC — RECORDS
Bob Marley
Earth Wind And Fire
The Jacksons
Grace Jones
Dennis Brown
Gregory Isaacs
Selecter
UB40

MAGAZINES
Blues And Soul
Black Echoes

MUSIC — LIVE
Stevie Wonder — Wembley
Marvin Gaye — Hammersmith Odeon
Randy Crawford — Drury Lane
George Benson — Wembley
Linx — Dominion
Aretha Franklin — Victoria Apollo
Kool And The Gang — Rainbow
Live calypso bands — Trinidad

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DRINK
Buck's Fizz

COUNTRY
Trinidad — Their whole way of life revolves around the carnival.

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SINGLE OF THE YEAR
Watching You — Slave (Cotillion)

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Bad Company
Eagles
Johnny Mathis
Ultravox

MAGAZINE
Match Weekly

COUNTRIES
Switzerland
Bermuda
Spain

PEOPLE
George Best
The Eagles
Mum and Dad

SINGLE OF THE YEAR
Under Your Thumb — Godley and Creme

itself, so I listened to a lot of the advice Jerry gave me. The arrangement is now totally different — Jerry seemed to be thinking of something along the lines of a really spooky Hitchcock movie soundtrack."

Rhoda had been playing live with The Specials immediately before the summer split and appeared on those two superb *Top Of The Pops* versions of 'Ghost Town' when the single was number one. But she maintains that she was very much the outsider when it came to the end of the band.

"I wasn't really in on that very much. I was basically just a holidaymaker, doing a few gigs with a band that I really liked. I never really tried to be a *part* of the band, 'cos I knew that I wasn't.

"In a way, from being involved with them, I could see that the split was coming — but when it arrived, it still came as a surprise. Not so much because the gravy train had come to a halt . . just because it was the end of a brilliant band."

Rhoda's future involvement with The Special AKA is not yet certain, as the nebulous unit of Dammers, drummer Brad, bassman Horace and guitarist John Shipley, once a Swinging Cat, are still in the process of finding their feet. What seems most probably is that The Special AKA will function as a production company, rather than a fixed band, with various vocalists and instrumentalists guesting regularly on an array of projects — a single with Rico has already been recorded and a follow-up to 'The Boiler' entitled 'Female Chauvinist Pig' has also been written and a demo made.

"I don't know whether there is going to be any sort of permanent set-up. I see Brad and Jerry from time to time, but there hasn't been any talk of a fixed group. There is some studio time booked soon, so I suppose whoever turns up is going to be part of The Special AKA!

"To be honest, I couldn't really tell you what's going to happen 'cos I don't really know. . ."

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Crepuscule comes to UK

IF AN INDEPENDENT international company that connects the worlds of pop and art sounds to good to be true, take Crepuscule. A Belgian label with offices in Brussels, Paris and New York, their activities include releasing records and videos, publishing books, commissioning graphics and setting up exhibitions. And now founder Michel Duval and American representative Michael Shamberg are over in Britain setting up a London link.

Michel Duval, an economist by occupation, started the label only 15 months ago in November '80. After producing a cassette magazine, promoting some ambitious mixed-media concerts and with hopes of launching a new art movement, he began to release records in his spare time. Crepuscule's fascinating catalogue now stretches to over 60 projects, from recordings by such as Cabaret Voltaire, Malaria, Josef K, Marine, Tuxedomoon, Richard Jobson, Simon Topping, Thomas Dolby and Bill Nelson to the first single by Lawrence Weiner, an established American experimental artist.

Michel and Michael. Pic: David Corio

"We have a special relationship with our artists," explains Michel. "And we like them to meet each other. It's interesting to put people from different countries together and see what comes out of it."

Besides Les Disques Du Crepuscule, there is also Les Images Du Crepuscule, with graphic designs done by their own artist Hennebert. The video connection came with Michael Shamberg, who had previously worked in films and got involved in music by chance when making a promotional video for Grace Jones.

"There's a lot of crossover between the rock and art worlds," he says. "We distribute direct to museums, galleries and libraries."

A British outlet is intended to reduce the price of their records and increase efficiency. They are also interested in recording groups, particularly experimental groups, who would like their work released in America.

"It gives exposure to bands in other countries and it opens us to whatever's going on."

At the moment Crepuscule are engaged on projects as diverse as a critical survey of Enid Blyton, what's described as "a video magazine gathering news of an international conspiracy" that includes Grace Jones and Andy Warhol, plus releasing a live recording of The Fall on their American tour. In '83, the main art gallery in Brussels is holding an exhibition of the whole label's work. And their plans between now and then?

"Whatever it makes sense for us to do."

— LYNN HANNA

A Tale Of Two Cities

SPANDAU BALLET'S 'Chant No 1' has been voted the most popular floor filler of last year by a panel of club disc jockeys, and Joy Division's 'Atmosphere' seems set to become the 'Stairway To Heaven' of its era.

These are just two of the upshots in A Tale Of Two Charts, one a strictly dance-orientated list compiled by Scottish disc jockeys working in eight clubs under the Unicorn Leisure banner in Glasgow, Einburgh and Paisley, and the other John Peel's Festive 50 compiled from listeners' votes.

The contrasts could hardly be more staggering. Only two records — Altered Images' 'Happy Birthday' and Siouxsie And The Banshees' 'Israel' — make both lists, although Heaven 17 make each top 50 with different singles.

The legacy of Ian Curtis casts a shadow over Peel's chart, which shows little real change over the past 12 months — exactly one fifth of the records in the 50 are by Joy Division or New Order, while older habits die even harder with vintage Pistols, Undertones, Stiff Little Fingers and Jam still making an impression.

The Scottish chart, by definition tuned more closely to the tastes and trends of '81, is dominated by the new British dance pop — The Human League leading the way with five entries — and Black American disco. The Scottish DJs did however consider one of the other entries in Peel's charts — Laurie Anderson's 'O Superman', no 34 in the Festive 50, was voted the one record most likely to clear the dance floor.

—ADRIAN THRILLS

SCOTTISH DANCE 50

1 **Chant No.1** Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
2 **Don't You Want Me** Human League (Virgin)
3 **Tainted Love** Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
4 **Back To My Roots** Odyssey (RCA)
5 **Vienna** Ultravox (Chrysalis)
6 **Happy Birthday** Stevie Wonder (Motown)
7 **Let's Groove** EW&F (CBS)
8 **Can You Feel It** The Jacksons (Epic)
9 **Love Action** Human League (Virgin)
10 **Planet Earth** Duran Duran (EMI)
11 **Favourite Shirts** Haircut 100 (Arista)
12 **I'm In Love** Evelyn King (RCA)
13 **Once In A Lifetime** Talking Heads (Sire)
14 **Intuition** Linx (Chrysalis)
15 **Life In Tokyo** Japan (Ariola)
16 **Sound of the Crowd** Human League (Virgin)
17 **Just Can't Get Enough** Depeche Mode (Mute)
18 **Penthouse & Pavement** Heaven 17 (Virgin)
19 **Lay All Your Love On Me** Abba (Epic)
20 **Fade To Grey** Visage (Polydor)
21 **Bad Mama Jamma** Carl Carlton (20th Cent)
22 **Dancin The Night Away** Voggue (Mercury)
23 **Mind Of A Toy** Visage (Polydor)
24 **Everybody Salsa** Modern Romance (WEA)
25 **Walk Right Now** The Jacksons (Epic)
26 **Hands Up** Ottowan (Carrere)
27 **Glow** Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
28 **Einstein A Go Go** Landscape (RCA)
29 **Why Do Fools Fall In Love** Diana Ross (Capital)
30 **Open Your Heart** Human League (Virgin)
31 **You Sure Look Good To Me** Phyllis Hyman (Arista)
32 **Girls On Film** Duran Duran (EMI)
33 **All Stood Still** Ultravox (Chrysalis)
34 **Can't Get Enough Of You** Eddy Grant (Ice)
35 **Happy Birthday** Altered Images (Epic)
36 **Wordy Rappinghood** Tom Tom Club (Island)
37 **Me No Pop I** Coati Mundi (Ze)
38 **Tears Are Not Enough** ABC (Phonogram)
39 **Take It To The Top** Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)
40 **Kids In America** Kim Wilde (EMI)
41 **Stand & Deliver** Adam & The Ants (CBS)
42 **Somebody Help Me Out** Beggar & Co (RCA)
43 **Me & Mr Sanchez** Blue Rondo A La Turk (Virgin)
44 **Do Or Die** Human League (Virgin)
45 **Israel** Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)
46 **Southern Freeez** Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
47 **Quiet Life** Japan (Ariola)
48 **Celebrate** Simple Minds (Zoom)
49 **As The Time Goes By** Funkapolitan (London)
50 **Can You Handle It** Sharon Redd (Epic)

PEEL'S FESTIVE 50

1 **Atmosphere** Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Anarchy In The UK** Sex Pistols (EMI)
3 **Love Will Tear Us Apart** Joy Division (Factory)
4 **Ceremony** New Order (Factory)
5 **New Dawn Fades** Joy Division (Factory)
6 **Teenage Kicks** Undertones (Sire)
7 **Decades** Joy Division (Factory)
8 **A Forest** The Cure (Polydor)
9 **Holiday In Cambodia** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
10 **White Man In Hammersmith Palais** Clash (CBS)
11 **Dead Souls** Joy Division (Factory)
12 **New Rose** The Damned (Stiff)
13 **Down In The Tube-Station** The Jam (Polydor)
14 **Transmission** Joy Division (Factory)
15 **Dead Pop Stars** Altered Images (CBS)
16 **Alternative Ulster** Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
17 **Holidays In The Sun** Sex Pistols (Virgin)
18 **Complete Control** The Clash (CBS)
19 **Release The Bats** Birthday Party (4AD)
20 **Get Over You** Undertones (Ardeck)
21 **Ghost Town** Specials (2-Tone)
22 **The Sweetest Girl** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
23 **Going Underground** The Jam (Polydor)
24 **Johnny Was** Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)
25 **Legion** Theatre of Hate (SS)
26 **Public Image** Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)
27 **Requiem** Killing Joke (Malicous Damage)
28 **Follow the Leaders** Killing Joke (Malicous Damage)
29 **Fascist Groove Thang** Heaven 17 (Virgin)
30 **Fiery Jack** The Fall (Rough Trade)
31 **In A Rut** Ruts (Virgin)
32 **Suspect Device** Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
33 **How I Wrote 'Elastic Man'** The Fall (Rough Trade)
34 **O Superman** Laurie Anderson (WEA)
35 **Jigsaw Feeling** Siouxsie & the Banshees (Polydor)
36 **Remembrance Day** B-Movie (Some Bizzare)
37 **Israel** Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)
38 **God Save The Queen** Sex Pistols (Virgin)
39 **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** Pigbag (Y)
40 **Icon** Siouxsie & the Banshees (Polydor)
41 **Another Girl, Another Planet** Only Ones (CBS)
42 **California Uber Alles** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
43 **Twenty-Four Hours** Joy Division (Factory)
44 **Isolation** Joy Division (Factory)
45 **Psyche** Killing Joke (Malicous Damage)
46 **Over The Wall** Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)
47 **Lie Dream of a Casino Soul** The Fall (Kamera)
48 **Procession** New Order (Factory)
49 **Switch** Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)
50 **Happy Birthday** Altered Images (CBS)

Ian Curtis — still No. 1

In His Own Write pronounced a hit. . .

LADIES AND GENITAL-MEN, and other admirers of John Lennon's gift for gobbleygook, will want to see *In His Own Write* — a collection of poems, prose, scenes and songs, all by Lennon, now being staged at London's Lyric Theatre.

***In His Own Write* is performed as a one-man show, and that man is an actor named Gareth Williams, who devised the whole production with the aid of his director Michael Batz. Together, Williams and Batz have made an entertaining event out of a rag-bag of raw materials. With a couple of props, a lot of hats and even more silly voices, the versatile Williams re-enacts Lennon's Goon-ish little sketch-plays, and reads his nonsense poems, taken from the books *In His Own Write* and *Spaniard In The Works*. The puns flow sick and fast, and often hilariously, but not without a cutting edge of satircal bitterness.**

For scenery, there are slides of his line-drawings, again both cruel and funny. For musical interludes, Gareth Williams strums his way though songs including 'Working Class Hero', 'Imagine' and 'Instant Karma'. And for added details, he recites some key material from old Lennon interviews. Put together, it adds up to a slightly sentimental portrait of the artist as wit and sage, composer and peace-campaigner — but, as its presenters claim, the show certainly works as "a celebration of a lost original".

***In His Own Write* lasts for an hour, and it costs you a pound. It's running until January 30, at the Lyric Theatre in King Street, Hammersmith. All performances are in the afternoon: Mondays to Fridays at 1.15, and Saturdays at 3.**

—PAUL DU NOYER

Poetry . . . on walls?

"THERE'S THOUSANDS of poets all over the country, sitting in the bedsits, scribbling away."

Owain Barton is one of that vast band of anonymous writers, and like many frustrated poets, when he wanted his work published he came up against the blank wall of lack of money and uninterested editors. So he decided to organise and exhibition instead.

"It's a book you can walk round. It has more impact like that. It's cheap, you can read it free, and it's much less expensive to put on."

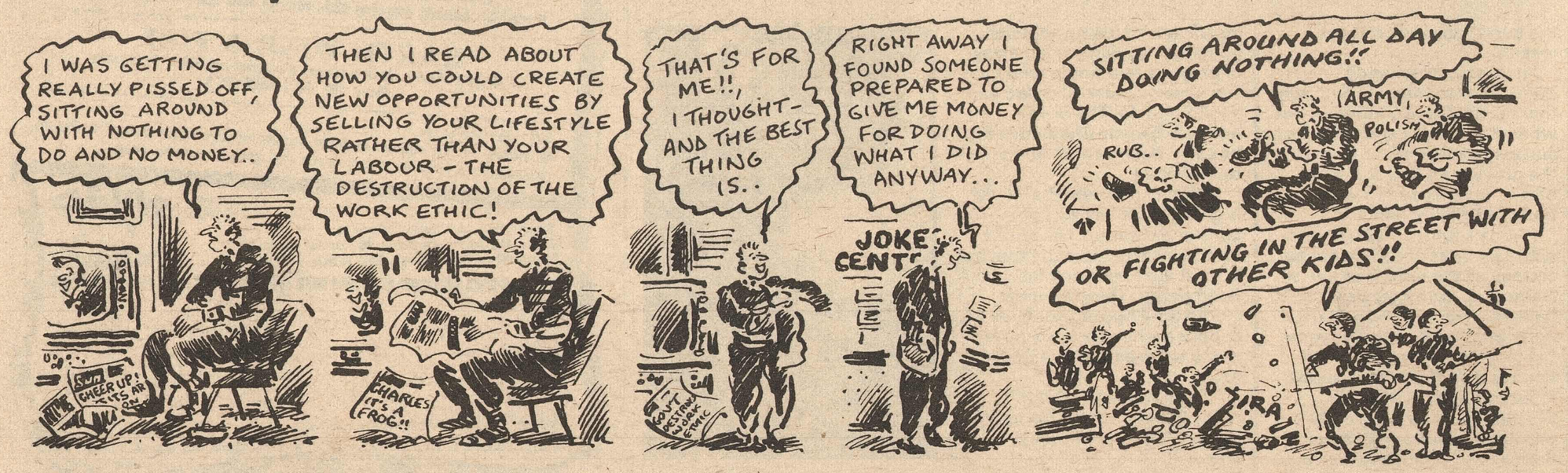
In fact Owain is now asking for poems from anyone who's interested in sending them to him, and he's hoping to help break the stranglehold that the older poets have on the public's awareness of poetry.

"That Poetry Olympics was established '60s artists who'd been pulled out of the past and brushed down. It goes hand in hand with movements like the CND, which I support fully, but I'm sure there's lots of people who've got more interesting things to say, because at least they're new. It's like fanzines are so much more imaginative than those little booklets you pick up at the Poetry Society."

Owain wants poems that have something interesting about them visually — not neccessarily illustrated, but even a poem in handwriting looks more attractive than something typed plainly on a page. The exhibition will be held at the Chyne Gallery, Glebe Place, London, and if the response is good enough and funds allow, Owain hopes to sell photostats of the poems which will perhaps make up a "self-help" book.

"I'm doing this out of curiosity really," he says. "I

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


I WAS GETTING REALLY PISSED OFF, SITTING AROUND WITH NOTHING TO DO AND NO MONEY..
THEN I READ ABOUT HOW YOU COULD CREATE NEW OPPORTUNITIES BY SELLING YOUR LIFESTYLE RATHER THAN YOUR LABOUR - THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORK ETHIC!
THAT'S FOR ME!!, I THOUGHT- AND THE BEST THING IS..
RIGHT AWAY I FOUND SOMEONE PREPARED TO GIVE ME MONEY FOR DOING WHAT I DID ANYWAY...
SITTING AROUND ALL DAY DOING NOTHING!!
ARMY
POLISH
RUB..
OR FIGHTING IN THE STREET WITH OTHER KIDS!!
IRA

MOUTH fight the forces of evil and reaction, Wattie and Oakey — and say: To Pogo Is Poxy, To Swing(le) Divine.

By X. MOORE

GIVE IT SOME!

OPEN. MOUTH are three cocky lads: Andy, Robin and Nelly. I've been giving it since I accidentally walked into their second gig, a dinnertime at Bristol's Locarno spent asking who these crazies shifting power rhythms onstage were. The name is MOUTH, the reason is a pair of shorts owned by Andy and Nelly and sporting a big red mouth plus horrowshow dental crazy-paving. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it?

"Everytime we go onstage people shout: 'What you called?'. When we say 'MOUTH' they don't seem to realize that it's our name. They say: 'What, like this' and pull faces at us." Uh Huh. "Or they say: 'You're lying'," Andy adds in his ridiculous accent.

The shorts' big red lips appear on the cover of their single 'Ooh, Ah, Yeah!'/'Ooh?', a Porky Prime Cut out on Revolver's Recreational label recorded at Crescent Studios, Bath with UK Scientist at the controls and playable at 16, 33, 45 or 78 rpm. Revolver seem unable to clone the little bleeder outside of the shop's four walls but a copy did make the journey up to Radio One's *Roundtable* where Noel Edmunds described 1982's finest vinyl as "magician's background music" — the only worthwhile comment of Edmunds' rancid life.

It's the sort of vitriol this magnificent, thumping rhythm-chant deserves, healthier than Mark Stewart's Mafia and with more style than 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag'.

Nelly asks worriedly whether I think they sound like Rip, Joy & Popbag; I say they're nearer to Total Chaos,

Nelly jumps in: "When we played the Slits tour every punk we met loved us. We liked punk, early punk, not The Cortinas; we all used to be in punk bands — I was in Rhumba Lament and Andy was in The Clients."

Before that Andy played in The County Orchestra, an anti-rock heritage nearly as great as Rob, ex-jazz drummer.

"Bruce Smith's not that good once you've seen Rob. He's one of the best drummers in the country and people will realize it soon," says Nelly.

"We've been together seven months — that's seven months of practices that never happened and loads of gigs."

Andy: "We're a live band. Our gigs showcase different styles and rhythms so people say, 'Oh, I don't like that one, it's a bit punky but I like the other one, that's a bit jazzy . . . but then I'm not sure about that one — it sounds like The Damned.' It's like putting your hand in a box of rhythms and pulling out the ones you want.

"You can pull different beats and rhythms out of reggae — it's music where there's always something going on, music where there's gaps for excitement and that's why reggae is really important to us. We want people to discover new rhythms."

The forced experimentation of other, less able rhythm merchants sickens Andy, as in parrot. "I get annoyed with people jumping up onstage and gargling down trumpets and clarinets and things just for the sake of going crazy. There's rules of music and they're trying to break them — but they don't even know the rules in the first place."

But wasn't that the idea that was punk, an ideology of broken rules, of doing what you wanted? Nelly jumps smartly. "They don't do what they want to do, they do what they think they ought to be doing."

Andy takes the ball upfield. "The real crazy bands are bands like The Revillos, they're so fast and so fun — a healthy band. But we want to do gigs with really sick bands like Dollar or The Exploited, the extremes of music, and break down barriers between jazz and punk. The people who like us don't like punks, so we like playing punk gigs cos then they have to be with punks if they want to see us.

"But punk's finished," argues Nelly.

Andy sees a limping afterbirth, "Punk's not dead for hardcore people; it's their *life*. What I want to do is play a punk gig, do our set and then play some punk numbers and show them that MOUTH can play punk so much better than the bands they listen to."

MOUTH are a punk band who don't play punk, a funk band who won the hearts and braces of Glasgow's skinheads — a band who don't practise or pose but gig and hit with different, wicked rhythms (Swingle Singers and The Anti-Nowhere League).

MOUTH need to play, improvise and be heard. Phil & Joanne play their gigs on Thursdays, so do David & Thereza, Adam & Marco . . . it's a morgue of video-taped ersatz erotica called *Top Of The Tops*.

MOUTH don't have a video; you'll have to take a walk through the sobering cold to find them, the first band I've seen to recapture the blood-red rush of '76 and progress from '77 with power and rhythm.

A band to kick the conservatives and 12" disco cul-de-sex. Six Eight Thrash.

MOUTH are the band to provide the rhythms, now we need a band to make the speeches.

Oh (Ah) Yeah, they come from Bristol. *Close.*

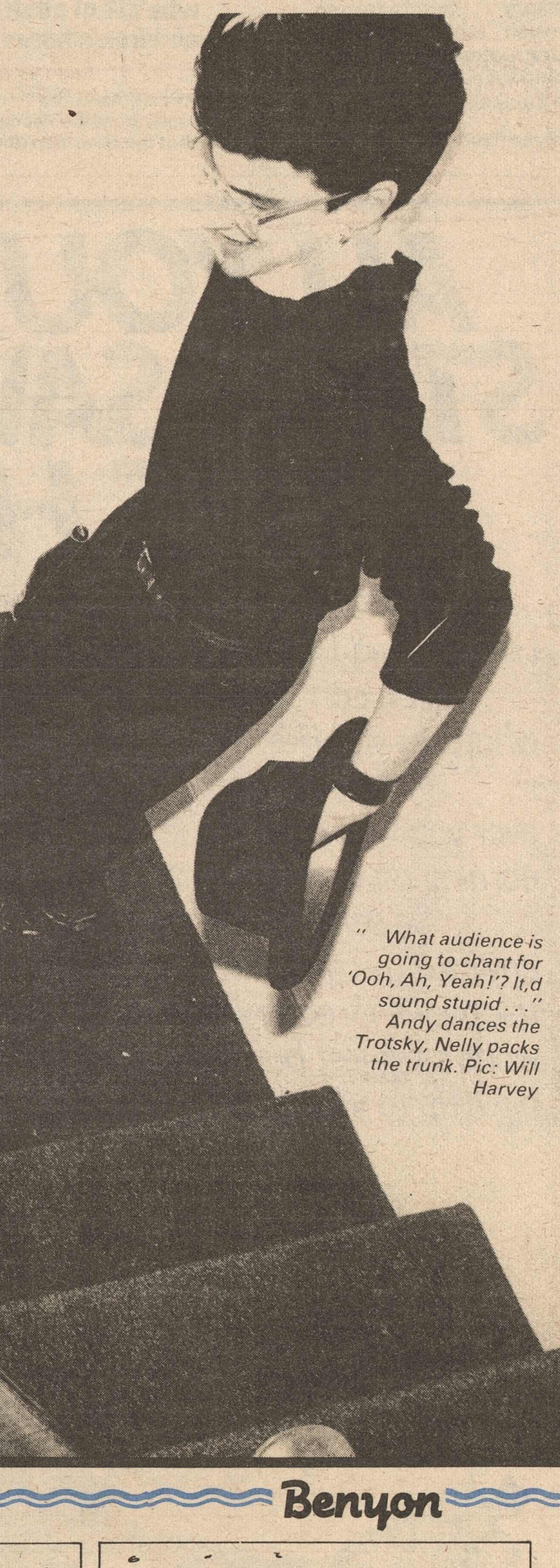
MOUTH:
Robin Merrill drums ● Andy Guy: guitars ● trumpet ● Nelly: percussion

Six songs:
'Ooh, Ah, Yeah!' ● 'Oooh?' ● 'Who's Hot? Take Your Coat Off!' ● 'Nine Wheels Out' ● 'Snake In The Grass' ● ⁴/₈'

The song titles were what people shouted at gigs, so go see MOUTH on the Pigbag tour in March and win yourself a MOUTH song title.

One Record:
'Ooh, Ah, Yeah!' / 'Ooh?' (Sport 3)

Play it at any speed (and Peel probably will). Nelly says it's best at 16; and if your record player hasn't got 16 rpm, Nelly says: "Find one!" — OK John?



" What audience is going to chant for 'Ooh, Ah, Yeah!'? It,d sound stupid . . ." Andy dances the Trotsky, Nelly packs the trunk. Pic: Will Harvey

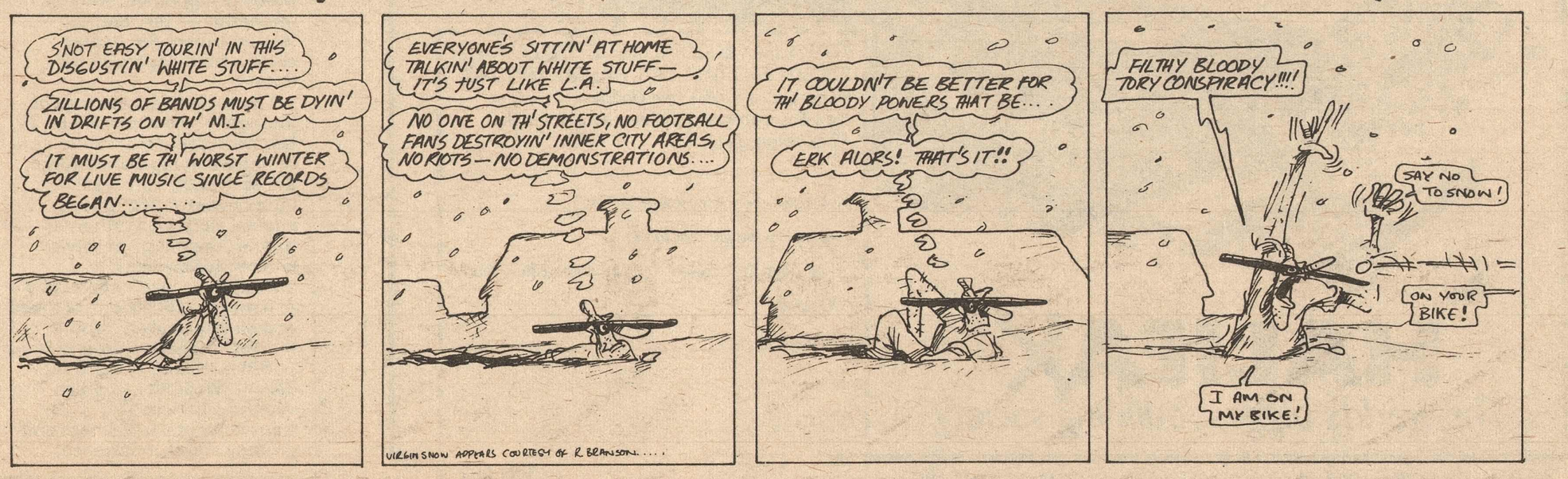
want to know what other people are writing who are my age and live much the same normal, everyday. I haven't got any favourite poets at the moment, but I might have some by the end of the exhibition.

You can send entries to Owain at 334 Charles Barry Crescent, Hulme, Manchester — closing date March 26 — and if you have any queries you can ring Peter Owen-Jones on 01-602 3289. Owain wants to hear from "absolutely anybody who writes poetry and isn't McGough."

And who knows, for the practice of having to pay for the privilege of seeing your poetry printed in some slim expensive volume, the writing may be on the wall.

— LYNN HANNA

The Lone Groover — Benyon


S'NOT EASY TOURIN' IN THIS DISGUSTIN' WHITE STUFF....
ZILLIONS OF BANDS MUST BE DYIN' IN DRIFTS ON TH' M.I.
IT MUST BE TH' WORST WINTER FOR LIVE MUSIC SINCE RECORDS BEGAN.....
VIRGIN SNOW APPEARS COURTESY OF R. BRANSON.....
EVERYONE'S SITTIN' AT HOME TALKIN' ABOOT WHITE STUFF— IT'S JUST LIKE L.A.
NO ONE ON TH' STREETS, NO FOOTBALL FANS DESTROYIN' INNER CITY AREAS, NO RIOTS— NO DEMONSTRATIONS....
IT COULDN'T BE BETTER FOR TH' BLOODY POWERS THAT BE....
ERK ALORS! THAT'S IT!!
FILTHY BLOODY TORY CONSPIRACY!!!!
SAY NO TO SNOW!
ON YOUR BIKE!
I AM ON MY BIKE!

It Shouldn't Happen To A Doc

Dr. Ian Penman sorts the Who from the wha's!? of adult children's hours

THE NEW **Who?**
AWESOME!

In a week which saw the Creationists of Little Rock sent packing, the new **Who** was sent hurtling through time into the cosmic dust-up which started all the fuss; the evil Master, having secured Who's boy wonder Adric, aimed the police box towards "the First Event . . . the biggest explosion in History . . . the hydrogen in-rush" which is basically our greatest grandparent — if you take a scientific stance on Genesis.

Such flaunting of religious instructions! As yet no complaints from the Festival of Light, but the *Guardian* ran a perturbed editorial complaining about the new Who time slot (BBC1 6.55 pm, Monday and Tuesday, as opposed to the traditional one Saturday a week). I myself had misgivings about Peter Davison as the new Who — he looked wet behind and in front of the ears, where Doctors are supposed to be etched in the worry lines of the universe. But he's handling it well, and the only worrying thing about the new Who is an apparent penchant for cricket settled on the surface of a coyly implied Englishness; the Doctor should be a timeless, classless, nationless eccentric. I always fancied Graham Greene for a new Who, but I guess Catholic dogma would obstruct some of the dash and moral opportunism.

Everything else is fine in the Tardis, everyone is comparatively young and pretty except the Master — personifications of evil always come up offputtingly wrinkled. The new Who assistants — Tegan (Janet Fielding) and Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) — have each a definite and attractive aesthetic, although if something does not befall Tegan's uniform I can see it taking on the allure and value of a fetish object. Nyssa wisely changed from a sort of Westwood era party dress into practical trousers for the muddier part of their metaphysical trek, but Tegan stuck fast in her high heels. Tegan's intonation could be the thing to rescue the Australian accent in our chauvinistic ears, and some of the ontological small talk between the girls was wizard: "but people escape from gravity *all the time* . . . you have to turn the *if* into a fact!"

By way of topicality, the Tardis computer comes up with a holiday advert, seeing as how the new Who needs a rest cure and the Zero Room is out of the question (jettisoned out in the galaxies somewhere, in fact). The computer prescribes "classic plainness as exemplified in regions like Dwellings of Simplicity" — which turns out to be a Kafka's castle in pastoral Castarovalva. (Go see your travel agent about it NOW, but be sure to ask about the surcharge on "ambient complexity").

The *Radio Times* promises episode three of the new Who thus: *Can The Doctor solve the mystery of recursive occlusion?* Just AWESOME! How can anyone resist it?

Could the Doctor solve the mystery of Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward (Mrs Newman) being "interviewed" by Iain Johnstone on a **Film 81** "special" (BBC1)? I doubt if anyone could; one could have tripped outside and rolled naked in the snow and the temperature wouldn't have lowered. Possibly one of the worst debacles of its kind ever, Woodward strained politely but Newman was obviously only a step away from big yawns or heaving fro for a beer or asking where the hell that Norman guy was.

The Norman guy was doubtless warming up for his new sideways shuffle into the presenter's seat of **Omnibus** (BBC1) — which was mostly sick-making in the Norman tradition (although Rick Wakeman's yellow trouser suit and smugness helped) and promises, I feel sure, a boost in *South Bank Show* ratings.

Another sideways career shuffle at the Beeb has David Dimbleby co-hosting **Nationwide** (BBC1) with the ever radiant Sue Lawley. Dimbleby is aesthetically more presentable than most male TV presenters — reasonable coiffure and wardrobe coordination — and maybe the move was dictated by the realisation that they've never had a man to equal Sue's cool: Barret, Bough, Langley, Wellings, Sculley . . . not exactly a seductive line-up. Dimbleby got off to something of a stammering start, I was pretty disappointed with his intonation — very stop-go tele-prompter. But people escape from gravity all the time!

The coolest few seconds of intonation and comment on TV last week came from Peter York on the wearying **Oxford Road Show** (BBC2). York was interviewed — juxtaposed against a bloont Northerner — for the "meaning" of "style" and he was stylishly anti-style . . . or whatever any of it means. *ORS* is one of those appallingly unlikely "youth market" magazine programmes — BREATHLESS! ECLECTIC! ZANY! WHACKY! — which vacillates between transcendental trendiness and grumpy social conscience. Robert Elms poses as the representative for happy vacuity — when he smiles one fears that his whole face shall disappear between his teeth — and Dick Witts the pixie who gets to prick the party balloons, labouring manfully under a sack of Northern chips he carts about on his shoulder.

ORS now has a rival on the same channel, called **Riverside,** which besides advertising and supporting (?) the ailing Hammersmith arts centre of the same name, is an improvement on this sort of thing. As usual in this sort of thing, though, everything is unavoidably hatched in a separate sub-cultural box; in the opening programme this paid dividends and they got a classic sub-cultural quote from a spokesman for yob ennui, who spurned his friends' advice that he'd regret a tattooed body in later life: "I expect to die before I'm 30, anyway," he bristled.

No One Gets Out Of Here Alive was BBC2's contribution to the live-fast die-young industry, an import from the States about Jim Morrison, who died a bloated and iconographic 27. Roughly staged around the biography of the same name by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman (who featured in the predominantly anecdotal assessment of the Door), *NOGOOHA* didn't really begin to come to terms with the beauties and beastliness of the man-myth — "he was ultimately literate . . . he was on the edge of reality all the time" — but featured a real treat of unearthed footage. One which'll obviously be re-run and re-run. But the mystery remains unsolved.

As does the mystery of LWT's import from the States, the "adult comedy series" **Bizarre** a bewilderingly tame version of the brill *Saturday Night Live.* The LWT presenter warned us firmly once, twice, about the "very adult laughs" that were in store. But they'd still scheduled it a full hour before **Soap** and it soon became apparent why; the "very adult laughs" boiled down to five seconds of bared female breasts.

I'm sure **Over The Top** (Central) fans loved it. *OTT* is essentially about little else than female breasts — it has cartoons of breasts, photos of breasts, pours custard in their cleavage (sic), mentions or insinuates breasts and spends a good deal of the remaining 60 minutes beating its own breast. *OTT* couldn't resist a further tweak at the Twickenham wobble bore — so English, such slip and tackle — and squared it up (I can just hear the piss pathetic 'liberal' justifications) with blunt splints of "satire" concerning High Court judges and rape sentencing. *Over The Hill* is stultifyingly smug, unfunny, obvious and hardly the wayward wickedness it keeps demanding we view it as. Compare it with *Soap* (excellent at the moment) and worry if *OTT* is really anywhere over your top.

Or compare it with the programme which it precedes — the slick and risky **Johnny Carson.** Did you see Steve Martin on it last week? AWESOME!

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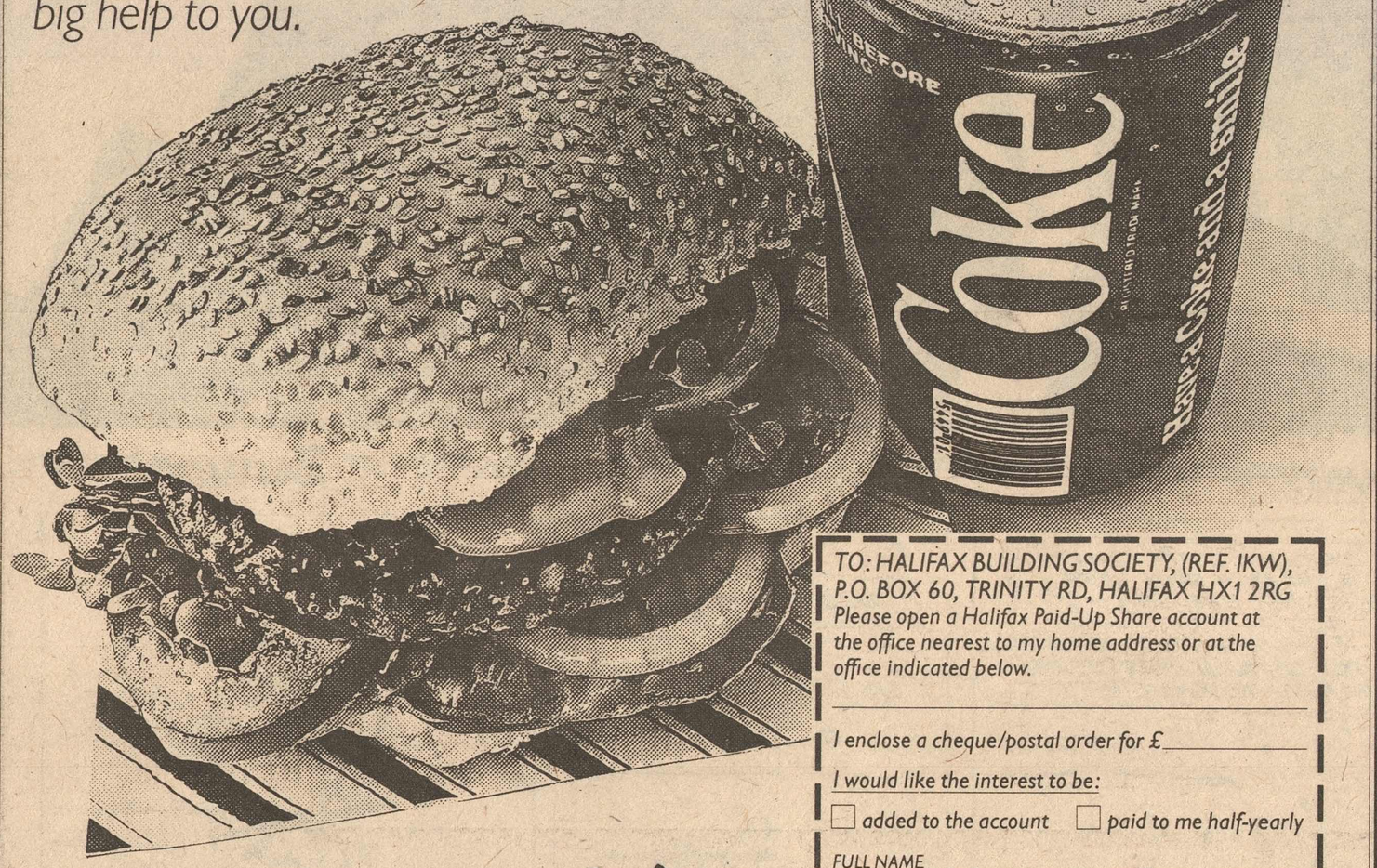

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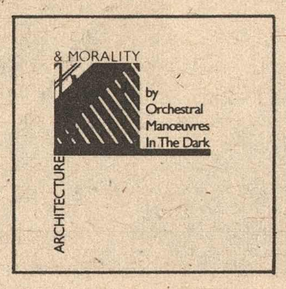

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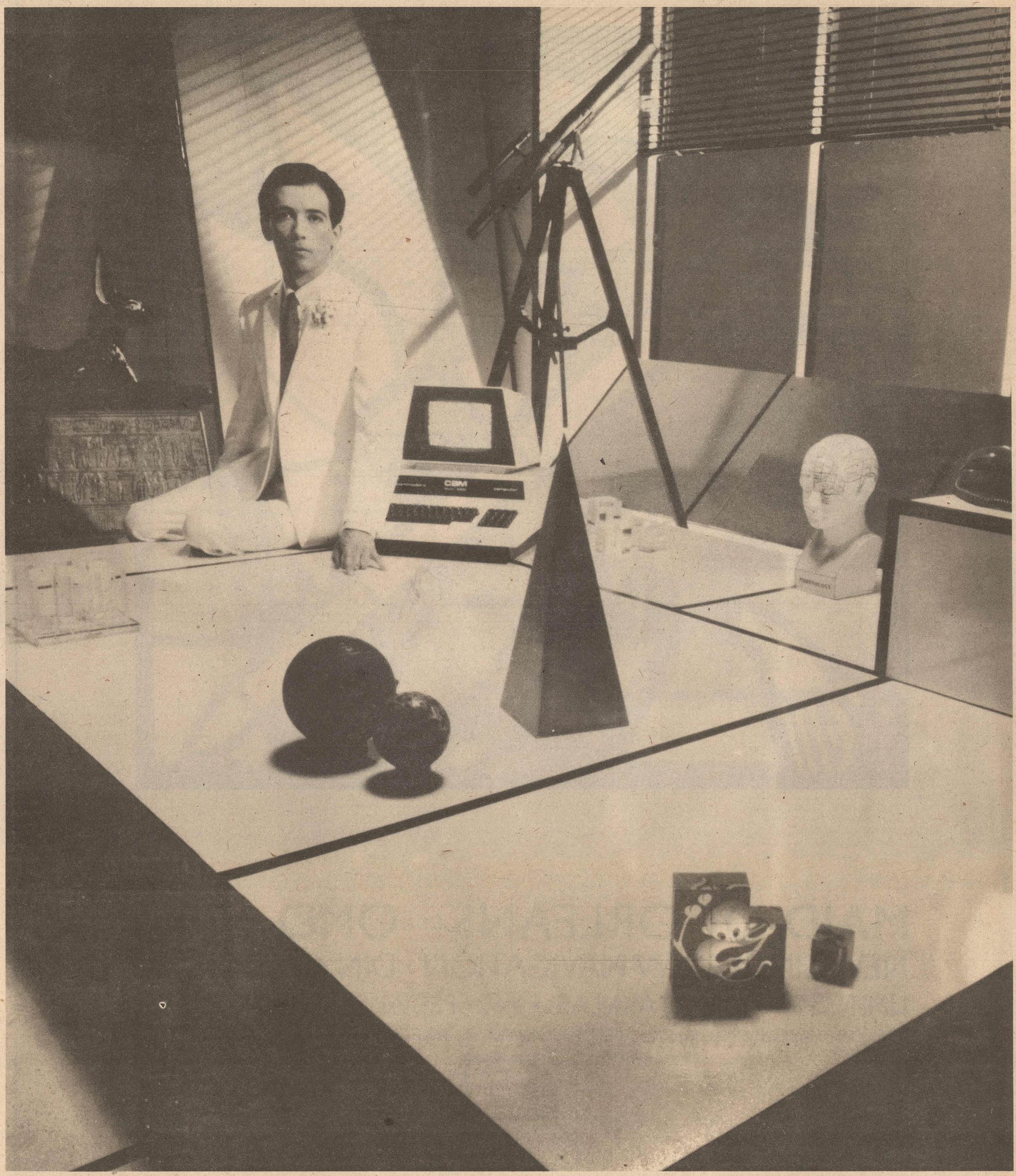

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ISLAND

GENETIC RECORDS

YAKKETY YAK don't talk talk back

Adrian Thrills shouts the praise of a brand new pop band. Pic: Peter Anderson

Talk Talk: left to right — Simon Brenner, Mark Hollis, Paul Webb and Lee Harris.

DEEP IN THE homely heart of rural England, something rather strange is stirring: inside a quaint sandstone studio in the middle of arctic Oxfordshire, a gang of five are working long and hard into the early hours.

Talk Talk are busy recording their first album with producer Colin Thurston, a tight and intelligent team striding with stealthy confidence towards the new year's first new pop masterstroke.

The chances are that you have yet to hear Talk Talk. The likelihood is that you soon will. The southern quartet are already talking in terms of *when* rather than *if* their debut EMI single 'Mirrorman' is a hit, already preparing to take their place on *Top Of The Pops* alongside Madness and Mode, Haircut and the Human League at the sharper end of a constantly-shifting pop stage.

As a young group with no track record and no obvious tags or trimmings, the band are vague and evasive about what, if anything, they *represent*. For the moment, their music speaks for itself.

Talk Talk produce credible pop that respects the Anglo-American traditions of the '60s while simultaneously reaching out to embrace a mood and mode that belongs nowhere but 1982. It floats somewhere between a jazzier Teardrop and the deft adroitness of The Cure before they grew cynical and pretentious. It is catchy and instant, but not without its darker side; a gothic, almost celestial majesty.

Talk Talk are Paul Webb, Lee Harris, Simon Brenner and Mark Hollis — bass, drums, keyboards and vocals — a guitar-less line-up that is well suited to the compact melodic grace of their material.

Breaking momentarily from their recording duties, Mark and Paul relax against the cork-carpeted walls of Chipping Norton studios and Talk Talk talk.

Mark: "The whole thing about this band not having any guitarist is to get the melodies across with more force. You've got a rhythm section to provide the beat and keyboards to provide the melody, which they can do much better than a guitar. In a way, the line-up is closer to a jazz quartet than a rock band.

"It allows us to put more emphasis on our songs. A lot of the stuff around at the moment relies too heavily on the arrangement and the production rather than the song. But those aren't *songs*. They're just *arrangements* with a couple of trimmings. I like bands like The Police who just keep it simple — a good, strong rhythm section with the melody coming from the vocals."

MARK IS THE younger brother of Ed Hollis, the former Eddie And The Hot Rods manager - producer - songwriter, a family contact that was useful when he began his own songwriting career. Last summer Ed took a rough tape of Mark's songs into Island Music, the publishing division of Island Records, who were impressed enough to arrange some proper studio time. The aspiring young session players recruited for the task soon grew into a full-time band and Talk Talk were born.

Mark: "When we went in to do those demos, we had no intention of actually forming a band. I thought of it primarily as a publishing thing, but after only a couple of days, it was obviously going to work as a group. It was a real band after the first week. It's not something that was thrown together by some management company."

On the strength of that demo tape and a short series of live dates at the Blitz, Legends and Embassy in London in the autumn, Talk Talk signed to EMI in November. The only curious aspect was the noticeable absence of the customary press wind-up. Keith Aspden, meanwhile, had left Island Music to become the band's manager and they started December on an extensive nationwide tour with Duran Duran.

From deceptively low-key beginnings, things were starting to happen rather quickly for Talk Talk.

Paul: "We didn't want to be over-exposed before we had signed a deal, so we kept things pretty quiet during the summer. Before the Duran Duran tour, we'd played only six live dates! But if you spend months and months slogging your way around the clubs in London, you can make yourself available too to the A&R men. They don't bother to come and see you 'cos they know that they can always catch you somewhere else."

While Mark and Simon are both from north London, the rhythm twins Paul and Lee are a product of the same Essex club scene that spawned Depeche Mode and the less illustrious if more bizzarre Naked Lunch. The pair were lured by the dance-sense and dash of clubs like the fabled Goldmine in Canvey Island and Crocks in Raleigh rather than the grease and sweat of their native Southend's traditional R&B scene.

Paul: "In Southend, there is this really strong real musicians clique, where you have to be technically brilliant. We never got off on that. We were always more interested in going out and having a good time than hanging out with musicans who were just interested in showing off their skills.

"The fashion thing is important too, but there are not many people in Southend who are really into that, apart from the people in the club scene. There is the old R&B thing, which we never wanted anything to do with, although people still tend to lumber you with an R&B tag when they see that you come from Southend."

WITH THEIR first release in the EMI pipeline, Talk Talk are fast becoming aware of the importance of packaging and presentation, although with their artwork by Peter Saville and their clothes lying somewhere between Anthony Price and A. Rebours, they are in danger of being seen as one massive modern marketing cliche, going for the trendy names just for the sake of it.

Paul: "The thing is that these people are *good*. We had contacted Peter Saville before we signed with EMI and he saw us onstage before he was commissioned to work for us. It wasn't just a case of going for the names. Those people are there because they are the best and I don't see the point of going elsewhere just for the sake of it."

The same could be true of producer Thurston, who first made his name as the engineer on Bowie's 'Heroes' and has since worked with Magazine and Duran Duran. He could well be to 1982 what Hannett and Lillywhite were to 1980 and Rushent and Burgess to 1981 — one of the most influential producers of the year.

Mark: "Again, it's not a case of just going for the name. If the geezer can't deliver the goods, then he isn't worth it. Most of the ideas are still mainly ours. We still tell Colin what we want to be put over . . ."

Which is?

Paul: "We want the sound to be quite moody and atmospheric. The same goes for the artwork. The stuff that Saville is doing for us isn't in the least like the classical sleeves that he has done before."

Are they worried about placing undue emphasis on the package at the expense of its contents?

"No . . . because it is important. You can represent yourself visually through music and clothes just as well as you can represent yourself musically. I mean, Peter Saville helped put over the *mood* of Joy Division with his artwork, just as he did with Orchestral Manouevres. The packaging was part of them, an extension of the band."

As the main songwriter in Talk Talk, Mark emphasises the strength of the songs. In addition to the 'Mirrorman' single, he has assembled a strong and original set — 'Talk Talk', 'Strike Up The Band', 'It's So Serious', 'Magic Moments', 'Renee' and 'Candy' — with the reflective, almost transcendental edge to his writing neatly balancing the pop punch of the band.

Mark: "I don't think of songwriting as just pure inspiration, just something that comes to you in a blinding flash. But it isn't. You might get the germ of an idea like that, but you can sometimes try a hundred different ways of putting it into words and still come up with nothing.

"I heard Anthony Burgess talking about his writing recently and he was saying that he can spend six hours writing thousands of words and then throw almost all of them away. It's the same with songwriting. It's worth it for the stuff you're left with at the end.

"The last thing in the world I would want to be thought of is as a disposable group. I want to write stuff that you'll still be able to listen to in ten years time . . . still think of as a good song then."

Listen listen . . . and wait.

This is the modern world? Top Yugoslavian pop group Idoli.

POLITICS

Yugoslavia — a land of contradictions caught between East and West. Where electro disco fuses with Balkan blood, where youth and State culture have declared an uneasy truce so that some of the most startling new Euro music can be heard.

Special report by Vivien Goldman. Pictures by Alain Bizos.

1. **In which Yugoslav's leading group IDOLI fail to see the writer's joke, and the BALKAN MENTALITY is introduced.**

AS TOP YUGOSLAVIAN pop group Idoli and I get out of the car in the snow desert around Belgrade TV station, outside the city, I joke: "Hey, this looks like the Gulag Archipelago!"

Nobody laughs.

I stop laughing too, when I realise why this scene of pine-studded, brown-crested whiteness is so immediately familiar.

A couple of nights before, I'd been with Idoli watching a video of Yugoslavian director Makajevec's banned film, *Sweet Movie*. In it, there's old black and white documentary footage of stony-faced Nazi doctors solemly doing a macabre jig-saw puzzle in just such a snowy forest. The pieces are stray limbs of some of the 15,000 Polish officers massacred by the Stalinist Russian Army at the beginning of the Second World War, in Katyn Forest.

The doctors stand round an operating-table dressed in white coats while they prod at the human cold cuts, as if the snow-laden trees were a new advance in operating theatre design.

Our landscape was identical to the icy avenues crammed with cattle trucks we'd seen in the film, lurching towards labour or re-education camps.

Everybody was sensitive that day, anyway. Only a couple of days before, I'd arranged to travel with Idoli on their Polish tour. The dates were cancelled; the organiser was in a ten-day sit-in at a University.

In the intervening days, the Army had taken over, and on the way to Belgrade TV, to paraphrase the title of a song by Mad Johnny, Poland was in all our hearts.

Mad Johnny is the most specifically political of Yugoslavia's bands. His group, Azra, is as popular as Idoli; the Clash, to Idoli's Jam. His 'Poland In My Heart' is an upfull song that blazes: "The tanks will never roll down the streets again against the Polish workers."

The journey to the TV station because of the fuel shortage in Yugoslavia — petrol's as low in supply as real coffee, Tampax, and black wool tights; an entrepreneur could do quite nicely in Yugoslavia these days.

In the perky little yellow Zastava, the Yugoslavian national car, Vladimir, the McCartney-esque group heart-throb, said passionately: "We were in Poland in 1976, and the people didn't feel they were free. We met Poles who said, 'We are not Polish, we are nothing.'.

"We feel a great solidarity with the people of Poland. We feel that Solidarity was the right way. We saw how unhappy they were before, when they were really under the Russians."

What exactly do you mean, 'really under the Russians'?

A brief silence, the Srjan Idoli says, quite calmly: "It means you must hate the Russians. That hate was the only thing left after the War — hatred for the Russians. And the English. And the French . . ."

Vlado interrupts: "In Yugoslavia, we stopped the Russians in 1948, but the Poles didn't . . ."

Srjan adds, with his usual dry professional irony, "How unfortunate that we couldn't go back to Poland. Maybe we'd have been sent to Siberia, and come back to our country as heroes."

Usually people reach Siberia and the Gulag Archipelago on a one-way ticket. No wonder no-one had laughed at my joke.

During my ten days in Yugoslavia, many people have shrugged off my queries about the curious *trompe l'oeil* wheelings and dealings that constitute Yugoslavian life by saying: "It's the Balkan Mentality."

At the airport when I arrived, my first glimpse of the Balkan Mentality was the lines of people standing phlegmatically by as customs officers pulled bags of coffee from in between their clothes like magicians pulling eggs out of people's ears. It was all part of a game. The pay-off was part of the ritual.

It's an irrational rationale made up of several revolving blind eyes, leaving ample space for any number of *double entendres* and Catch 22s.

It's a process that's perhaps necessary for survival in Yugoslavia's precarious, vulnerable situation. Composed of 20 races you've read about in history lessons — those tiny states like Bosnia Herzegovina and Montenegro, whose frontiers appeared to change so rapidly you could hardly keep up with their amoeba outlines on the map. There are three main religions, the Catholics, who are the most militant and organise pop concerts on the side, the Orthodox, and the Muslims. The Muslim faith is particularly strong; many Yugoslavs go on exchange schemes with Iran.

Colonel Gaddaffi was reportedly delighted with Yugoslavia, where more mosques have been constructed in the last ten years than in the entire Ottoman Empire.

Yugoslavia's more of a melting-pot than New York, with all the stresses that implies. Add to that its proximity with extremely dread no-freedom states like Czechoslovakia and on the other side the warm-hearted free-wheeling anarchy that is Italy, and it's a recipe that needs an awful lot of egg to bind the cake.

I travelled to Yugoslavia with a French photographer from *Actuel* magazine, Alain Bizos. On our first night, we met up with Our Native Guide, a radical journalist called Dusan.

Dusan has the friendly healthy inquisitiveness of the sort of terrier that's forever straining on the leash to go and check out the next horizon. We meet him at the press club, a joint that's like my idea of an old English gentleman's club, all brown leather chairs and white walls. It's housed in a typical Belgrade building, that is to say a grey block not dissimilar to the monolith in *2001*. Almost all Belgrade is a series of grey cubes, like an enormous egg-box for square eggs.

In these bleak surroundings, the youth entertainment is mainly about three coffee bars, hole-in-the-wall size, where people meet to get contacts for the private parties where the action really happens, a couple of discos, and the Youth Cultural Centre. There are lots

of groups, playing punk, new wave, Baltic pop, even white Yugoslavian reggae, despite the difficulty in finding equipment because of import bans.

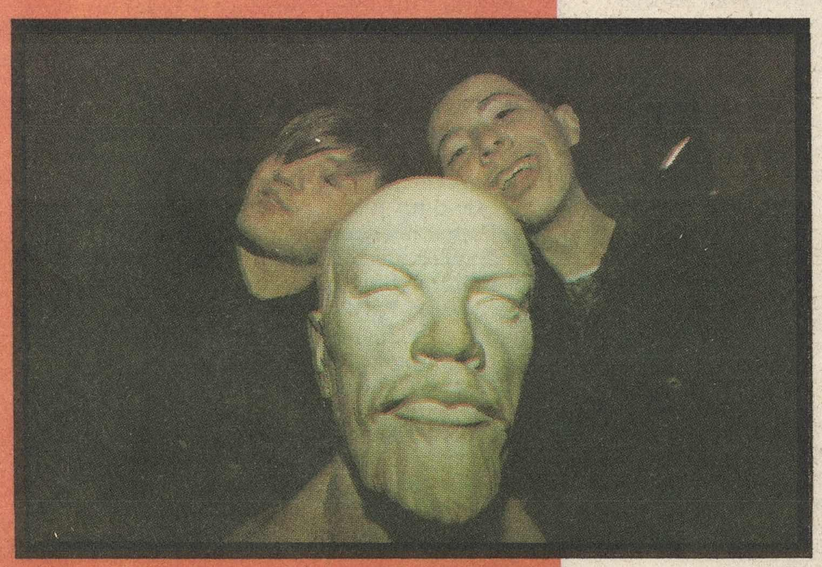
Dusan introduces Alain and myself to a leading Yugoslav journalist, Wolf, who's reputedly a great authority on the country. Great, I say, I don't know nearly enough. Wolf looks at me quizzically, and says: "I've just come back from the re-education camp."

"Oh? How was it?" I say brightly, preparing to whip out my notebook.

Wolf shoots me a look of withering scorn, having deduced that I don't even understand Balkan Wit, let alone the Balkan Mentality.

I learned a lot in the next ten days. I didn't realise then that such control and repression as exists in Yugoslavia isn't as specific as camps. The Balkan Mentality is a Hall of Mirrors, and Alain and I were just beginning to sift through the reflections.

Ex-President's daughter Mira Mijatovic pictured with her group Thala. A Poly Styrene lookalike, she is a controversial figure who Vivien introduces to you more fully next week.



Lenin's on sale again: Yugoslav punks meet their mentor.

Nashville rooms '76 on Yugoslavia '81? Electric Orgasm live in Belgrade.

The beautiful Dragana

2. In which Idoli appear in a remarkable film about Russian revolutionary artists, and its director BORIS MILKJOVIC speaks.

WE STRIKE lucky with Belgrade TV: Alain has forgotten to bring his passport, but they let us in anyway. A few days before, us two non-Yugoslavs had been put on an authorised record company list to go into Radio Belgrade studios, where Idoli are recording their new album. Though we were on the list in triplicate, and had our passports, the guards (interchangeable caricatures of ox-faced KGB heavies), refused to let us in; one specific authorisation stamp was missing. The next day, Vladimir was in the record company offices from 8 am to 3.00 pm and still didn't manage to penetrate the fog of bureaucratic pass-the-buck sufficiently to gain our entry for the next session. This Kafka-esque bureaucratic hydra grows new heads each time one's lopped off, a never-ending succession of obstacles.

Belgrade TV is like a luxurious space station stranded in the snow. Warm, spacious, futuristic offices, decorated throughout in the shades of green scientists have proved produce optimum alpha-waves. Secretaries' shorthand pads are often green, to prevent them collapsing with screamin heebie-jeebies of boredom; Belgrade TV is a richer green, striped with silver banks of equipment.

Director Boris Miljkovic, is at 25 the youngest TV director in Jugoslavia, with the difficult extra coup of being a freelance affiliate in a place where freelancers smack nastily of bourgeois individualism.

He apologises because the film isn't finished, and we see only fragments.

Like Ken Russell, Miljkovic and his partner Branimir Dimitrijavic set their historical political allegory at one remove into fantasy. We see the birth of Communism, a woman writhing against a night sky studded with tiny hammers and sickles like stars, twinkling off and on as if they were disco strobes.

The soundtrack is designed to coax the least history-crazy kid to watch the movie, Bowie, Adam and the Ants, and Nico alongside traditional German Communist Party songs of the 1920's and Russian Revolutionary anthems.

The film focuses on one artist, Tiomkin, who switched from being an avantgarde artist to the Stalin-approved school of socialist realism mythologising the role of factory worker as demi-god. We see the total destruction of a generation of artists who were exploding the art world of the 20's and 30's with a frenzy of creativity with constructivism and other styles.

Idoli singer Nebojsa Krstic, tall and craggily handsome — the group's Cary Grant — plays the poet and artist Mayakovsky. The silhouettes of a Stalinist committee rage at Mayakovsky, taunt him with his inadequacy, ineffectuality; eventually, Kayakovsky saves them the trouble and purges himself with a bullet through the head. He would rather die than leave Russia; and cannot live there. Another artist, Vlasa Lisitsky, does the same. We see others — Maljevich, Tatlin —huddling in an aeroplane, taking the escape route of the Russian avant-garde to Paris and New York predecessors of Liza, the daughter-in-law of Dr. Andrei Sakharov, who was only granted an exit visa to leave Russia and join her husband when her father- and mother-in-law had almost died in their protest hunger fast for a human liberty as basic as free thought — free movement.

Idoli's Srjan plays another Russian artist, Nathan Altman, who in 1922, a few years after the Russian Revolution, became the first performance artist. Annually, he re-created the storming of the Winter Palace in Petrograd, till his art fell from favour. Altman was one of those who died in exile, banished to the Gulag Archipelago.

Miljkovic sees the movie as an allegory of himself and his fellow artists in Jugoslavia, although conversely, the Polish putsch highlights his freedon to make the film with official government funds. Admittedly, Boris had presented them with a deliberately vague "acceptable" treatment, after having rejected the official suggestions for him: "Safe music shows and official costume dramas. There's a special kind of struggle in Socialist countries. They don't put you in jail, but they try to make you harmless, or they stop you working in the media. A production made with state money must have state characteristics, and I can't set up a private studio — I have no money.

"At first I thought I would have trouble with the administration because our programmes are free. Then everything was OK. Then I realised that the establishment is trying to involve everything new and progressive and strangle it. It's a special struggle between the administration and the artists. You have to work with the establishment, then you get a lot of money. But you have to be careful not to become part of it, because you're not dangerous."

Boris, a cuddly man who looks like an amiable bearded lumberjack, continues: "I've had no political problems in the four years I've been working. I think the '20s and '30s in Russia were the most important artistic movements in the whole world. I found the Kasimir Maljevitch papers and letters, in which we could see how great were the pressures from the political and artistic establishment.

"My programme deals with the moment in which the avant-garde generation is killed, and I see parallels between those Russian youth and my Yugoslavian generation now. Then it was physical establishment pressure — guns, prisons. Now there's no pressure like that, but if I want to make a programme I'll like, I'll get small money, a short shooting schedule. It seems very nice to work for the government, but after all — you're not a human being if you work for the establishment."

3. In which Idoli reveal their marriage of western pop and Balkan roots, and the Russian Embassy asks the Ministry Of Culture to ban their number one hit single.

WE TELL Idoli that we want to go somewhere typical, so they take us to a restaurant where a gypsy band is playing accordion so near the tables it practically blows the chopped onion off the stuffed peppers. I feel like Alex Haley in *Roots;* my late father was a whizz at gypsy fiddle, and with the full-blooded Yugoslavian wine, I begin to feel quite sentimental.

The Idoli boys tell me about the history of Belgrade, which had the strongest Surrealist groups outside of Paris in the '20s. They tell me about people like Dusan Matic, the poetess, and Ljubomir Micic, also a poet and founder of Zenithism, the Yugoslavian surrealist school based on the Theory of Balkan Genius.

If they were English, Idoli would be an art school band. They explain how Yugoslav music has flirted with rock, fallen in love and, as so often happens, lost its identity. Before the '60's, there was a sort of Belgrade music that was a bit Latin, a bit Mediterranean, slightly jazzy, pop samba with a hard Eastern European edge.

I was disappointed to hear that 'O Little Girl' my favourite Idoli track, was a cover version of one of those Old City Songs. Even when Idoli translated the extra-soppy lyrics for me *("When it's raining, I'm a solitary cloud/Oh little girl, the song of my town/I'll always be influenced by your shadow")* I was still a sucker for its Baltic Bossa Nova. The tune epitomised all the things I liked about Idoli, musically: the way they re-state the straightforward pop-dance element into traditional music, the way they re-instate white folk music as a valid source/fun thing to listen to alongside good bop. I'd rather hear a guitar sound like a zither, it's 'Old And New Dreams', 'Before And After Science.'. Idoli's bass thumps a polka, not a reggae or a funk. It's dance music, remember!

"We think it was great and authentic!" the Idoli say with enthusiasm. They talk a lot about the importance of using their national rhythms. "People try to do it in a Western way," Vlado says earnestly, "but why? We can't do it the Western way, we should do it the Eastern way!"

Idoli, recorded Yugoslavia's first ever independent single with Yugoslavia's first independent producer, *Enco Lesic,* over a year ago. It was released as a freebie inside the arts magazine, *Vidici.* This is a very bold, adventurous paper which does wacky things like putting out an entire edition in ornate red and black mediaeval calligraphy, no print at all. The paper, which is partly funded and exists under the auspices of a youth culture centre in Belgrade, put up the money to press 1,000 which went out with the paper (featuring those Idoli boys in a dramatic, bloody photo-story engineered by Pappitch, a Belgrade artist.) The paper sold at 30 dinar — 45 pence/90 cents — and covered its costs, without making anything. The record's a 3-track 45, featuring: 'Pomoc, Pomoc' and 'Retko Te Vidjam As Devoljkama', two zappy songs with a full-blooded Volga Boatmen quality. Specially delightful is Vlado's innovative guitar work, tingling oblique minor harmonic melodies as if he was playing a zither instead of a Western rock instrument.

The flip fits neatly into the extended drone category of avant-garde. The entire enterprise, which crackles like a vintage Jamaican pre-release made out of chewed-up recycled vinyl, complete with lumps, is a beautiful example of the much-vaunted BALKAN MENTALITY. In order to release a record in one month (instead of the six that Idoli reckon they would have had to wait as unknowns for a legitimate state record company's A&R process), since no such thing as a private independent company can exist in Jugoslavia's socialism (though next year, under a new law, such private enterprises will be allowed) Idoli and Enco sidled their music out under the aegis of a journal which is itself obliquely sidled out under the aegis of the youth culture outfit.

Continues

AND POLKAS

POLITICS AND POLKAS

From previous page

Nowadays Enco operates by more overground means, selling his tapes directly to companies like Yugoslav's "progressive" official label, Yugoton. They release an Enco enterprise called 'Paket Aranzman' — 'Package Holiday' — a three-group lp, the first of its kind in Yugoslavia, with Sarlo Akrobata, a white reggae band, Elektricni Orgazam (Electric Orgasm), a new wave group, and Idoli.

Like the Jam, Idoli favour a '60's aesthetic, along with their Balkan schtick. They dress snappy and '60's, with the exception of the bassie, Zdenko Kilar, a beefy character who'd look just right working the fairgrounds, and goes in for spivvy wide-shouldered jackets. Synthesiser man and singer, Srjan, the one who's like a more academic David Byrne, wears t-shirts with little alligators. For special occasions, Vlads wears a snazzy brown and pink floral skinny tie with his white shirt and grey, narrow-lapel suit.

Idoli — their full name is actually Vis Idoli, meaning *the* Idols, as opposed to any old Idols — are genuinely involved in their own search for roots. Hence they also wear a collection of bright enamel badges with Lenin in gold relief, or pictures of ships, and cars. Vlado wears old war decorations in Cyrillic characters the way other musicians wear their group's buttons. It's difficult to get an original look together cheaply in Belgrade, where the clothes in the stores are almost all uniformly dreary, Woolworths/quality in fabric and cut. Individual designers outlets and groovy second-hand chic doesn't exist. The only new romantics I saw were in the Belgrade TV canteen, wolfing down blinis between takes in their official costume dramas. But every member of Idoli has great flair.

Idoli can all mug for the camera, whether posing in '60's type jump cuts against pop art backgrounds, or lounging casually in black polo-neck sweaters in the video for one of their big hits, 'Malchiki'. Anyone who's read or seen *A Clockwork Orange* will of course remember that Malchiki means Boys, in Russian. (Idoli aren't racist. They sing a song in German, and a song in Russian, and another song in all kinds of different dialects — Yugoslavia's an occasionally unwieldy amalgamation of 20 or so different Tribes — Serbs, Balkans, Croats, Bosnians, Herzegovinans. The unfortunate Bosnians seem to suffer the same negative image that the Belgians do with the French, or the Irish with the English; that is, they're hapless klutzes, fall guys in weak jokes.)

The video for 'Malchiki' which won acclaim at the Venice Film Festival, was directed by Boris and Branimir. The Idoli boys, all neat in black cashmere, march in the ranks of happy, smiling, factory workers (here's one hot Balkan fashion tip for you — Vlado wears a toy spanner in his breast pocket, where the clean white hanky's supposed to go), the quintessence of the Stalinist art school of Socialist Realism.

The lyrics conform to the same worker-as-ubermensch aesthetic: *"O fiery dawns awake me from my dreams/Factory mornings, smoke from the chimneys/Music is in the air, young workers/I am hurrying to the factory/My comrades, industrious, full of joy/Ride the bicycles proudly/We will carry on with new victories . . ."*

Even stuck in the middle of a phalanx of noble workers, the Idoli boys look as if they've never done a day's hard graft in their lives; Srjan's papa, for example, is a professor. Nevertheless, they all look cute and crazy pedalling like happy morons round and round the yard or a genuine bicycle factory, where they also pose looking like serious members of the community in front of quaint post-war safety-at-work signs.

They tell me that 'Malchiki' earned not only the Yugoslav number one slot, but also, Srjan says, "We had some trouble with the Russian Embassy asking our Ministry of Culture to stop the song from being played on the radio. They said it was teasing."

How's that?

Srjan: "They still have socialist realism in contemporary Russian novels, pictures and so on — the same style that was prosperous in Russia under Stalin. You cannot express yourself out of your group unless you paint pictures and write books that glorify the achievements of the Soviet regime. The idea is that the individual cannot do it on his own, you have to do it as a member of a group.

"It's nice to look at and find some artistic values in it, but it's not very pleasant for the artist who can only glorify the regime."

How did you feel when you heard about the Embassy reaction?

Srjan says: ""It was nice to hear those things. You feel more valuable. It's interesting to have the official reaction of a super-power to one of your songs."

Vlado adds: "It was never printed here, in our newspapers. We only heard about it through the Associated Press in Belgrade. There was something about it in the Yugoslav press agency, Tanjyu, in March this year. Most people thought it was parody, and it is ironic, but we did it with affection."

Although Idoli have three hit singles and an album, they all still live at home with the folks. This is an almost universal situation among young Yugoslavians; partly because an average apartment rental of £20-£30/40-60/200-300fr a week might not seem outrageous in Western capitals, but when you consider that the weekly income to go with it is probably £50/100*/500Fr, the advantages of home cooking, not to mention laundry on the premises, are obvious.

Yugoslavian youth aren't visibly divided from their parents' generation as much as Western kids. It's taken for granted that everyone lives at home with the folks, just as the most unsatisfactory marriages found some fashion of rubbing along when divorce was a shameful taboo.

Vladimir Idoli is thinking of moving into the tiny basement of his parents' block of flats where the group rehearse, but he can only do it in the summer, when it's warm. Not that he doesn't appreciate his mother, he assures me, but "all my life he's only been able to make love in the afternoons when his mother's out at work."

"People whose mothers don't work," he says gravely, "they have a real problem."

4. In which PAPPO, the Balkan Malcolm McLaren, reveals his works and strategies.

IDOLI'S TASTE for controversy in art may have been ignited by their early association with Pappo, a Yugoslav artist. Pappo's daddy was the secretary of the Serbian Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In '72, he was a political big shot, then he was 'eliminated' because of differences of opinion regarding liberalism and technocraticism. Now he lives in Milan, running a Yugoslav export agency.

Although Pappo — who incidentally changed his name back to its original Jewish form, his father having goy-ised it to Pappitch in the 2nd World War when his entire family was killed in the concentration camps — is a college drop-out (one year of medicine, only five years of architecture) and gets along well enough with his folks to live in a spacious apartment belonging to his father in a new apartment complex overlooking the river Danube.

Pappo looks like a punk from the neck up — cropped hair, '60s shades — and like a mediacrat from the neck down (forage waistcoat, baggy tweed pants, desert boots). The apartment is whitewalls; Turkish rugs on parquet floors, the effect '60s Scandinavian. Pappo's art is on the walls — series of Polaroids framed in light wood. One sequence shows a man tossing himself from a bed — Pappo explains he's a schizo who's scared to sleep in case someone tries to beat him up. There's a shot of a naked woman in a shower surrounded by dripping raw meat. Pappo explains it's about about the depersonalisation of women into meat; I can't see it beyond a *Texas Chain-Saw Massacre* context. Like people who are so far left, they're right, Pappo's art seems to me to be so near what he's satirising as to *be* it.

When Pappo finished his compulsory military service, an experience which he says accounts for the destruction and aggression in his work — he decided to work as an artist. Deciding that galleries were passe, he scouted round the media and decided that magazines which at that time before Tito's death had a fairly open editorial policy especially in the youth market, were his best context.

He organised a group called "Kids": "young intellectuals" including our friends Idoli. The idea was to infiltrate the media, and pursue Pappo's deppest theory: position is more important than money.

Pappo didn't succeed in his plans for Idoli. Sadly he says: "They thought I was trying to manipulate them like puppets. The problem was, I couldn't keep them in my hands, as I didn't have the basic — money. My idea for "Kids" was more than music — it was theatre, photos, films all of which Idoli are now independently involved in, incidentally — "If they had listened to me, they could have been a lot more powerful. Now they're just a music group."

You mean — they could have been contenders?

Idoli puts the split down to artistic differences; like the split between Johnny Rotten and Malcolm McLaren, people with ideas don't like to be told what to do to fulfill other people's fantasies. Pappo claims that the organisation was, if anything, too democratic; but before 'Kids' collapsed, he staged several performances, that he calls "actions." One included the then President's daughter, Mira Mijatovic, now in the group Thalia, posing with a white Mercedes, a comment on how the holiday labour camps for kids cost more to mount than they made.

Pappo sold one series of photos to two rival magazines at the same time. He still seems surprised that they flipped, but you know he's pretending. It's just another "action", really.

Pappo likes recognition for his work. Once a man who posed for him in a parody of the traditional Socialist Realism statues, like 'Wounded Partisan Helps Fallen Comrade'. The model filched his idea and got lots of press, Pappo took a canny revenge. He forged the names of several art critics on letters to the press reinstating he, Pappo, as the original creator of the statue parody. Uproar! Outrage! Cash from Chaos! Pappo's media manipulation succeeds again!

Although Pappo doesn't seem aware, his artistic ideas are nothing new. German and American artists have been doing the Polaroid

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schtick to death; Pappo, with limited technology, has yet to tune into colour xerox art, which he would probably hail as his latest artistic breathrough.

"I'm certain this is a new form of art!" he cries passionately. Some of his ideas may be over-familiar in the West, but in Yugoslavia the idea of making art which isn't something done by hand and hung on a wall is so radical that Pappo, though he's been a working artist for years, cannot enter the Association of Applied Arts. With recognition as an independent artist, he would get tax exemption and certain social security benefits.

The qualifications for entry into the Association are 10 paintings and a book of drawings. Though Pappo has art by the yard in the form of Polaroids, reconstructions of performance events and so on, he's never done a conventional painting. The Assocation cannot comprehend that for Pappo playing the mass media like a Space Invaders machine is an art in itself. That seems to be the Balkan mentality.

Couldn't Daddy pull some strings?

Pappo smiles ruefully. "When I tried to get into the Film Academy, I asked my father to help. He said that all he would do was not make difficulties."

5.

In which ENCO, Yugoslavia's top producer, and the Catch 22s of Balkan business are discussed.

WELCOME TO Dracula's castle!" says Enco Lesic as we walk into his studio. He's right; there's a definite touch of the Transylvania's in the echoing of the flagstones beneath our feet ricocheting off the arched, red-brick tunnel above. Into a wet, shaggy green garden, where a lone muddy plastic garden stool sits like a bloated synthetic mushroom, and down three small stone steps. Enco's certainly taken the word 'underground' to heart when he constructed Belgrade's first independent studio. A hobbit would feel right at home; so would an eel, or any other underwater animal. The joint is so damp, I'm impressed that they've kept the moss off the walls. The actual studio is decorated in tasteful shades of grey, something like a carpeted prison cell.

Inside the cluttered control room, there's a single vertical frame gear-stacker, filing-cabinet grey; it seems to have teeth missing where an equally prosperous Western independent studio would have tape reels or patch boards. To make a cassette of a record, Enco has to haul a cassette deck out of a cupboard and thread it all together with a cat's-cradle of wires. But he does make the cassette; the 16-track studio may be basic, but it does the job.

As in any prospering concern, the doorways of Enco's studio, Druga Mace, jostle with people hoping to be in on the action. On the reel are the tapes of a song Enco has recorded with the popular Polish group, Brigade Crisis. It's a week before the Polish army takeover. It sends a shiver down my spine to read the notes I made at the time; someone, I think Vladimir Idoli, cracks a little joke: "It'll be more interesting in some months, when the Russians come." Brigade Crisis play classical hard, punchy post-punk. The song is called 'We Are Waiting For The Signal'. The lyrics are a double entendre; Brigade Crisis seem to be waiting for a connection with a telephone company "central" exchange. But the tension and weight placed on receiving advice from "central" are generally understood to refer to Moscow Central . . .

Enco says, with a grand wave of the hand, that any interested parties, such as foreign record companies, need only apply to him. Having had the idea to open Yugoslavia's first ever independent studio in his home town, the seaside holiday resort of Split, which has since inspired several other similar but less established outfits, Enco is much in demand as a producer. If a group he likes contacts him with a tape, he doesn't mess about. Straight in the studio, and the deal seems to be that the group gets a record out and Enco owns the tapes. There's a standard publishing royalty in Yugoslavia, 8%, but financially, Enco's deal doesn't seem to be too great for the musicians. Perhaps it's the old pirate streak; but Enco's a very jolly buccaneer, and all the groups seem to have respect for him.

Enco looks like a graduate student; in fact, he's right at home in the student club of the internationally famous Belgrade Choir. He liked the bohemian atmosphere so much that with his usual enterpreneurial flair he took over the space and began selling food and drinks. "I love to combine my work with music with earning my living!" he says gleefully.

He's succeeded admirably, and seems to be enjoying it. Enco's great grandfather was a pirate. Enco's grandfather was a fisherman on one of the little islands between Italy and Yugoslavia; one morning his grandfather woke up and found himself metamorphosed into a Yugoslavian, having been an Italian all his life. He must have been a stubborn old codger; when Enco and his father wanted to repair the roof of his cottage that leaked rain as if it was a colander, not a roof, he refused. Over his dead body. Sure enough, he died in the damp.

Enco seems to combine the stubborn practicality of the fisherman with the swashbuckling cunning of a pirate. He crackles with energy, guffaws with laughter. It's easy to see how this 35 year old could have helped shift the axis of Yugoslav pop. When the law wouldn't permit him to open a private studio, he approached the residents association that controlled his neighbourhood, he wrote to the papers, he agitated. He wasn't the only person involved, but it's partly due to him that at the beginning of 1982 a new law comes into effect in Yugoslavia ruling expanding the Yugoslav compromise of "autogestion" so that private individuals can run businesses, specially in the entertainments field. This endorsement of private enterprise in a Socialist state is another pithy example of the Balkan mentality doublethink.

Enco played keyboards in the popular Yugoslav group, Indexi, in the early 70s. They toured like crazy, spending a lot of time in Russia. Enco tells us how it works in music over there: musicians have a special professional social status, receiving a monthly government payment which depends on the 'degree' of the artist.

We are in a small restaurant by the studio, a place which Enco calls his office because he spends so much time there. Jovially he orders Yugoslav specialities: white, crumbling cheese and crunchy bright yellow corn-bread, little crescent-shaped almond sweets. A few businessmen arguing over their lunch, otherwise most of the habituees seem to be in Yugoslav punk groups.

Encouraging us to eat more cheese, Enco explains: "It's the same as the Russian circus. They have schools, and as soon as a circus performer graduates, they get a job immediately. All the animals belong to the government. It's the same with music. You go to a special school for Estrada — that means any non-classical music — and when you graduate you go to an audition. If the panel thinks you're no good, they send you to tour in small places. The lowest degree is restaurants. The people who decide are bureaucrat musicians who work for the government.

"In the West, you can be the best, but if you don't have a good manager, publicists, a big machine, people may never hear of you. In the Soviet Union, you don't need that, but you must be very clever to go through the obstacle race of bureaucrats. Every audition is a step to the next degree; you have to play what they want to hear.

"If you're popular in sports or films or music, you can live very well. It's meant to be a classless society, but class is still in every part of life. You can have your own house and car, just the same as the West. If you have money, you can buy everything. If you have none, you can sit and die."

"WHEN DRAGANA walked into the room, I gasped with surprise. The effect was like seeing a parrot in the middle of a flock of pigeons.

Dragana Saric had left me a note introducing herself as a young chanteuse and arrived at the Hotel Moskva to play me her tune.

She was wearing red and white World's End stockings, peach-satin cami-knickers, and a blazing red Russian peasant scarf smothered in huge rainbow flowers. Her bright red hair flooded to her waist. . ."

Next Week Vivien Goldman ventures closer to the core of the Balkan Mentality and meets Dragana, fanzine eds Ciril and Rosa, Electric Orgasm, Thala featuring an ex-President's daughter (all pictured on the previous page), and a man called Mad Johnny.

the stranglers
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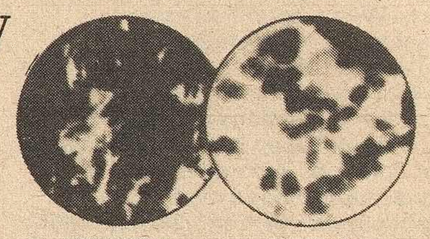

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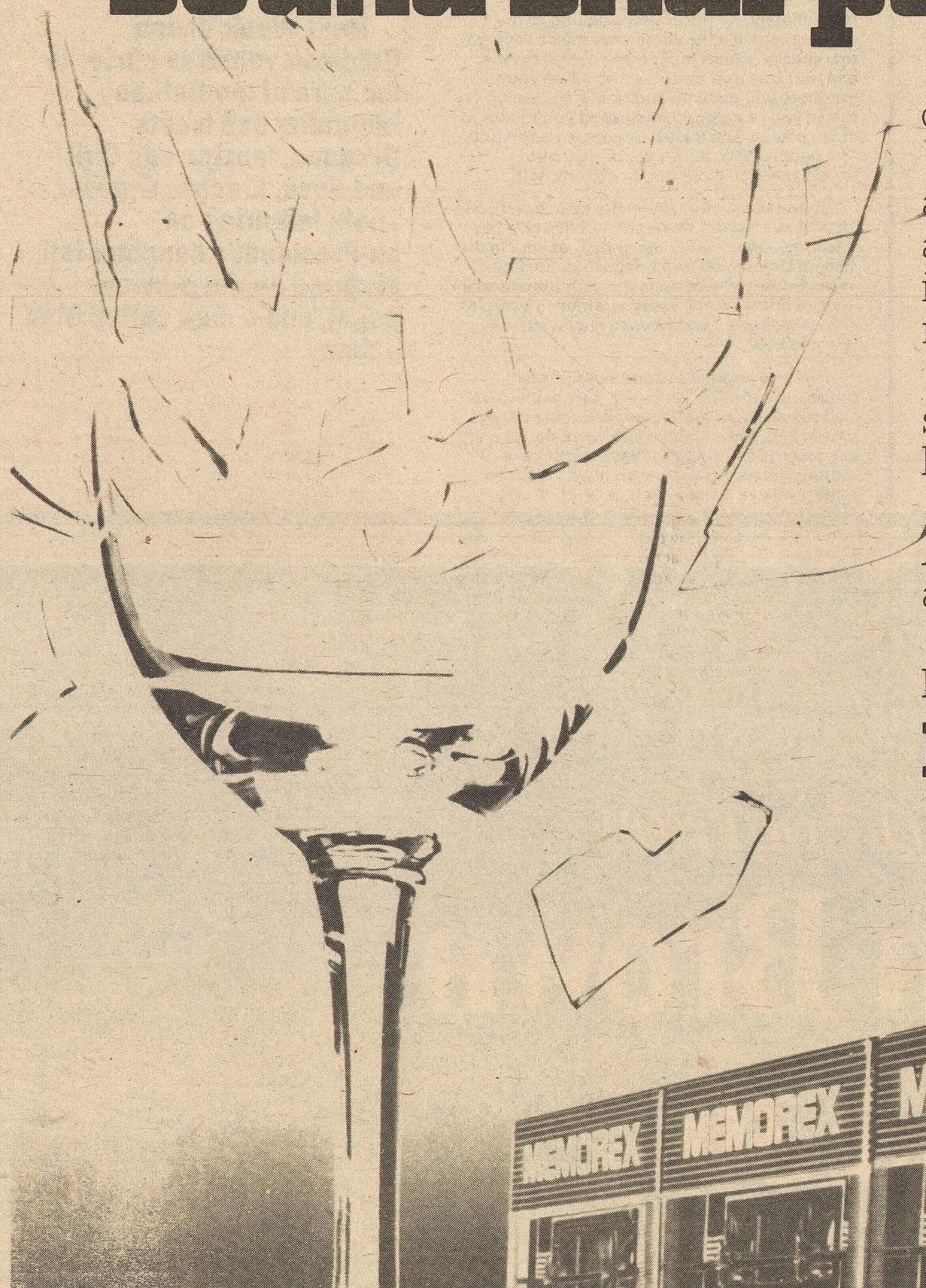

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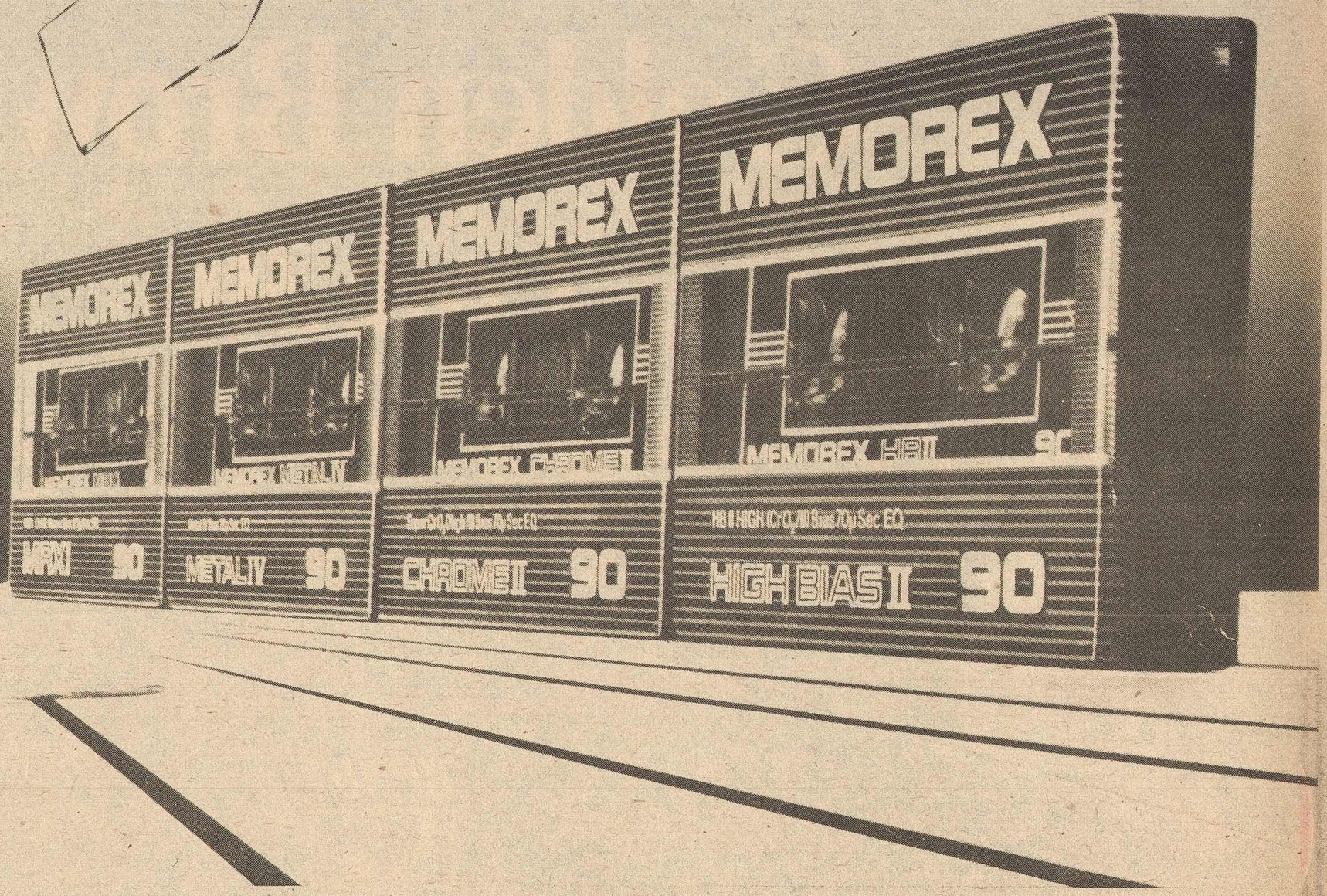

SINGLES

Reviewed by Julie Burchill

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DIANA DORS: Where Did They Go? (Nomis). Texas Guinan with a heart of gold, Fairy Godmother to the Anteeny Nation, the Best of British . . . ladies and gentlemen, Diana Dors!

Loving Diana Dors is what the British do instead of saluting the stupid flag. Anywhere else — after all those bankruptcies and broken marriages and brawls, gland trouble and tabloid banner headlines, the whole brazen, painful bit acted out right where everyone could see — anywhere else Diana Dors would be waiting tables or pushing up daisies, alone and abandoned.

Here it only took a stray catalyst — take a bow, your Antship — and another generation clamour to warm their hands on the beacon of her guts, warmth, humour and glamour. She could give John Wayne a few lessons in true grit, she could tell Mrs Norman Maine a few tales about show people, she could — and she probably will! Anything seems possible now. Walk proud, Miss Dors.

This flows sweet and clear from the brim to the dregs — an epic-sized Piaf with a lopsided grin and more to come. Along with Imagination, Steve Strange and sundry other fans, the chorus line here includes — get this — *Lionel Bart.*

When Diana Dors got revived it was, as the man with the blue eyes said, a very good year.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Oh Julie (Epic). Just the latest in a long line of swinging sonnets penned for moi, heh heh — much better than 'Jools And Jim' but nowhere near as good as the Franglais 'Switchblade Julie'. Working on the basis of fact that whenever any of my schoolteachers called "Julie!" half the class stood up, this should sell and sell. I mean, it's a much shrewder move than recording a song called 'Oh Zsa Zsa'. You know what this sounds like — it's a Shakin' Stevens Record. If it's not number one for at least four weeks I shall eat a large leek, which is the Welsh national emblem. Thank goodness he's not a Scot.

MINK DEVILLE: Maybe Tomorrow (Warner Brothers). Willie DeVille will end up like a one-man, anaemic Drifters, rolling his eyes and leering that he's got to pick up his "little girl" from school and help her with her "homework". Julio Iglesias has the Hispanic Heart-throb market wrapped up now, anyhow, so Willie may as well hang up his plastic switchblade and his snakeskin boots and join that Hungarian restaurant string quartet that his crooning was always so well-suited to.

JOAN ARMATRADING: No Love (A&M). The Cat Who Walked Alone. I don't go for Joan's brand of leaden introspection — I think she's just a placebo for all the Leonard Cohen fans who wanted to feel UP TO DATE (All change! She's British! She's female! She's female! She's BLACK!) and if I hear one more song about Joan in pain / in trouble / in love I think I will mutilate the black vinyl bringer of bad news. I was actually very fond of Leonard Cohen at one time — you're the razor in my heart! — but he's definitely something one should grow out of, like having spots and drinking meths and all those other morbid teen past-times. Sounds like Claire Rayner trying single-handedly to start a James Taylor Revival.

HAZEL O'CONNOR: Calls The Tune (A&M). I really do find O'Connor's work repulsive — and that's putting it mildly. She doesn't look dressed really without the other end of the Tame Technicolour Pretend Punk Pantomime Horse, Miss Toyah O'Wilcox. In one piece, the dreaded two-headed Hazel O'Toyah Monster has given me a few hiss-boo laughs, but this is a dull one. Introducing a hideously sensitive guitar that sounds like a large duck being garrotted while crooning 'Edelweiss', the ponderous "hook" poses the moral question *"What's right and wrong? What's right and wrong?"* One to whistle in the bath, there!

Hazel sings as though slurping tea from a saucer while attempting to unravel her spiritual *angst and* score a hit single — oh, there were times, I'm sure you knew, when Hazel bit off more than she could chew . . . but let's leave her private life out of this.

If Hazel O'Connor had not become a pop singer, she'd be bounding around topless over the rugby pitch at Twickenham screaming for attention — her whole persona is as lumpy, emotional and empty as that.

BOW WOW WOW: Go Wild In The Country (RCA).
XTC: Senses Working Overtime (Virgin).
The Year: 1977.
The Place: Bow Street Magistrates Court.
The Cause: The Jubilee Boat Trip Trial of Malcolm McLaren.
Lawyer: "Where is Mr Richard Branson?"
Malcolm (sneering and smirking simulataneously): "Oh, he's off somewhere seeing to XTC or *one of those little bands.*"

Well, time has passed, boys have flown and Malcolm McLaren is now the proud father of *one of those little bands,* just like XTC, *one of those little bands* who have contracts, airplay and videos but CANNOT GET A HIT.

Meanwhile, back at Ambridge — the simple village folk wonder about the roots of the mysterious stranger with the ginger Afro who has moved into Rhubarb Cottage. Bow Wow Wow get back to the land via a tow-rope to *Ipi Tombi.* At muck-spreading time the villagers call at the cottage and request copies of Bow Wow Wow records to melt down and put to work.

Of course, anybody who puts the word WILD in their titles is invariably too tame to live — look at the scurvied HM hordes on Generation X or The Teardrop Explodes. No, don't look at them like that! Now they're coming over!

If ever there was a pretty little thing who should have made it big it was Annabella, but now I fear it is too late for her to follow my superior suggestions for career opportunites — two years ago I advised her by proxy prose to audition for *Grange Hill,* where ethnic cuties are always welcome. She is now too long in the tooth and too Mohicanned on the head.

Along with the public information films they show in school advising kids not to get into old men's cars, they should have shown Annabella a film advising her not to let an old man get into her *career.* He was bound to drive it up a cul-de-sac.

XTC, meanwhile, are still the same band that a younger and sharper Malcolm sneered and smirked at. As inspiring and tiring as ever.

OMD: Maid Of Orleans (The Waltz Joan of Arc) (Dindisc).
THE STRANGLERS: Golden Brown (EMI).
JAPAN: European Son (Hansa).
TOM ROBINSON: Tango An Der Wand (Phonogram).
SPANDAU BALLET: She Loved Like Diamond (Chrysalis).
This category is christened QUIET IN THE LIBRARY!!!

Because surely trivial little things like records were never meant to be a cause for running to the reference library. Serious things (politics, people's lives) should be treated seriously and trivial things (that's entertainment) should be treated trivially. Insofar as I have a credo, that is it. Any other reaction induces pomposity, pretentiousness and uselessness.

The worst first: underneath the lamplight, by the barrack gate . . . is this some kind of picket line?

I was once in a Carnaby Street cafe lunching with my husband, Phil McNeill and Tom Robinson (a dream date for four). Tom Robinson mentioned that he had just come back from West Germany, and that he loved the place. "Why?" said I, suspicious.

He looked me brazenly in the eye. "There are lots of very attractive young men there."

Well! Nothing wrong in *that!* You can't hang a man for it (more's the pity!).

Obviously just having stumbled over one of David Bowie's five-year-expired visas, Tom tries to do a Joel Grey emcee number just as an excuse to wear a lot of make-up. Includes the quote *"Ich bin ein Berliner"* by that well-known Gay Rights activist "Red" John Kennedy. Madly original.

Statistics prove that if all the synthesizers and O Level Eng. Lit. passes in the world were laid end to end you'd have an OMD double album. It's one mo' time for the Principal Boy d'Orleans and forgive them their synthesizers — you remember synthesizers, that modern metaphor for sensitivity and *sang-froid.* Sadly, synthesizers became big news when several sociologist sleuths (I stand accused) began reading cleverness into total emptiness and remarking on how *refreshing* muzak was. The point these anaemic young men missed is that it's only interesting if the tune being muzaked is an unimpeachable, uncorruptible classic — 'Vivre Pour Vivre', 'What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life?' . . .

In Iran you could have people's hands cut off for working machines this badly and boringly — being civilized, I prescribe a course of iron pills and Francis Lai records.

Tonight on *Blue Peter,* boys and girls, the chaps from Japan will be showing you how to make a manifesto out of this complete collection of Berlitz Guides, Andy's dead skin and an empty egg box.

The script of being a European — doomed beauty lying in the wrecked cradle of civilization — and the fact — fat little Woy Jenkins whooping it up amid the Butter Mountains — are at laughable loggerheads. Japan would go anywhere to get the soil of South London off their Gucci loafers, they'd even go as far as nicking Velvet Underground titles. Sadly, this is much nearer to LouLou than Lou Reed.

I am now taking bets on the geographical location of Japan's next record: Siberia evens, Austerlitz 5–1, Bali 10–1, Penge 25–1, Bar.

The Ratmen repent! Out of black and into doylys! The Ratmen clean up their act and trim their tails and whiskers and pray for the New Psychedelia to take off. The lyrics obviously hold a great deal of relevance — for anyone who was taking the same drugs and watching the same TV (with the sound turned down, natch) as The Stranglers. The rest of the world may not prove to be so rabidly interested. Polish up that Ratdance, boys, and wait for the Bad Acid Rodent Revival instead!

Paul Weller once blacked out and penned the abysmally fifth form poetry classesque *"Two lovers missing the tranquility of solitude".* Weller is a great enough writer to regret that sad moment forever but Spandau Ballet will probably really rate the herein: *"She ran the risk from unity, obsession dies along with tragedy"* to the day they are wheeled off to Steve Strange's Frinton-on-Sea Home For Elderly Heroes.

Lyrics like a social worker crying into his creme de menthe. Some doomed will 'o' the wisp nymph has topped herself and Spandau Ballet's songwriting ability appears to have followed it's muses example.

The game lads get up for the Dance of Perfection and hobble about in desperate need of some Dr Scholl Surgical Slippers. They enjoyed a degree of early success not because of their looks (which run from B-minus passably pretty to a sorry posse of spud-faced Ds) or their clothes (ugly and derivative — the majority of youngsters who bought their work were probably influenced more by Diana Spencer and Charles Ryder than they ever were by S.B.) or even their moment (post-punk doldrums, Clublands need for new toys) but because of their *tunes.* All together now — there is nothing like a tune, nothing in the world, there is nothing like a tune . . . and this is nothing like a tune.

Such a nebulous platform had to know that soon the train would re-route to pass them by. Weed the Powdered Scowlers' grave occasionally, but I bet you still can't resist the Lollipop Madonnas (Haircut Flyte and Clare Altered-Image are the Adam and Eve of the fad) who've hi-jacked the loose-box of fan-love. Back to the chorus line, gang. You can give Mr Lofgren back his scarves on the way out. Perhaps there was something to that paying your dues stuff after all.

MODERN ROMANCE: Queen Of The Rapping Scene (WEA). Funny how anything touted as sole contender for the next big noise invariably collapses out of breath before it's barely off the starting block. Power Pop, Toy Mod, Ze — enough there to keep Brian Rix in work until well into the next century, farces straight from the fantasies of alternative hacks who missed *that* movement in the first part of the second half of the 1970s and have choked on the fact ever since.

Success comes after a long slow burn with all the pro trendies looking the other way and when it happens — for Debbie or Sting, for Grundy or Ant alike — it's like — swoosh! ahhh! — when they pull back the curtain on the game show's star prize, the arriviste has arrived looking like it was never anything but fully grown and feted.

Poor little Pleasers, poor Secret Affair, poor Senor Darnell — inflated with careerist flattery, their high hopes floating on a hunk of helium only to be let down with a bad review that rings cruelly true, left with egg on their ego, their blushes spared public gaze because no one is interested any more.

Pleasers! Affair! Senor Darnell! Never believe a Valentine when the postmark is Bandwagon!

Modern Romance of course have never been touted as the fragrance of the month — but they've been such bitterly-reviled pariahs that it's hysterical. They've been treated more like a plague of locusts than a pop group. But now they've had their hits and served their function — cheer up, gringos, not many no-hopers have a function — the function of holding up a mirror to the whole glib gaudy sub-salsa Ze-mock-mania. But I'm afraid their bubble has floated quite high and I'm about to reach for my hat-pin.

Ze used to be the end of the alphabet, but Modern Romance go one step lower.

DIANA ROSS: Mirror Mirror (Capitol).
GILLAN: Restless (Virgin).
UFO: Let It Rain (Chrysalis).
D. Ross goes HM. Her lizard-tongued beau Gene Simmons has obviously been playing her all the wrong records. Like Gillan and UFO.

DEVO: Beautiful World (Virgin). One supposes that the title is meant ironically. Confucious, he say; American who spread big conceptual universal joke over four years look stupid when joke go unnoticed. Next time, stick to one about the chicken that crossed the road.

RANDY CRAWFORD: Imagine (Warner Brothers). Propping up flagging jazzers, she came into our lives . . . a voice sweet and strong with the awesome control of Ella Fitz — "One Day I'll Fly Away," "Street Life", "You Might Need Somebody" . . . like an angel crying on your lobe. But this is a lowered guard and Lennon in his element — pompous pap from the pulpit. Yoko nods serenely — and Randy would be well-advised not to touch this sort of thing with a five-foot Crusader.

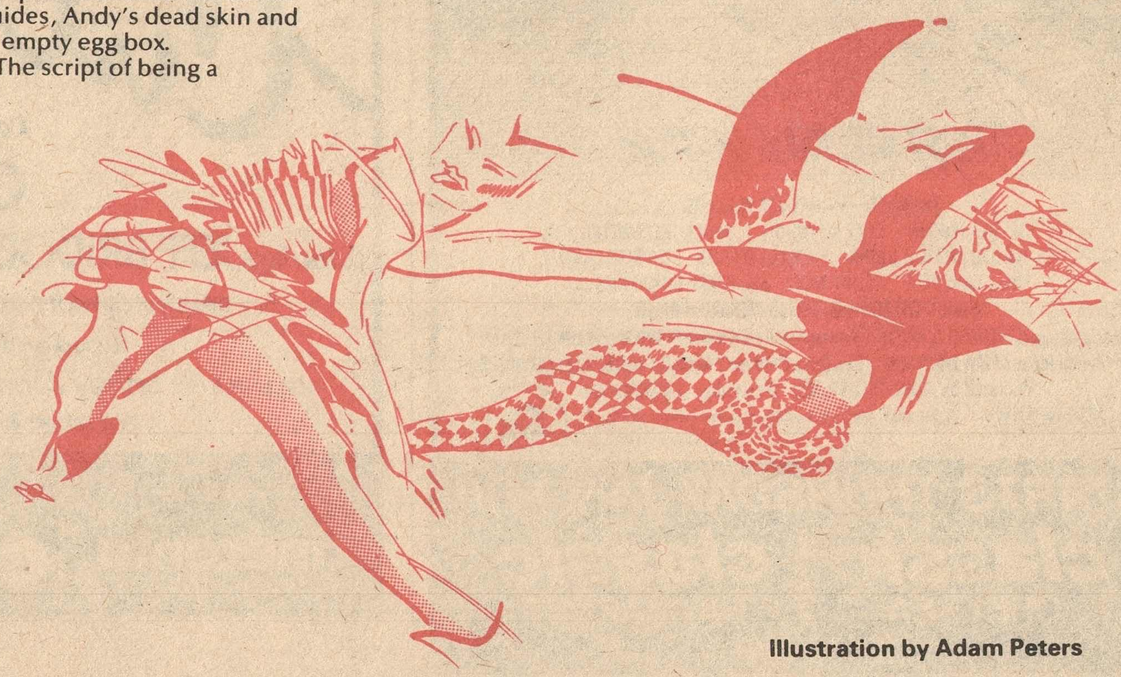

Illustration by Adam Peters

Stick another coin in the video machine

AT LAST — a public house where video-bores can congregate to indulge their habit. The Sound and Vision is a newly-opened pub in Soho's Dean Street, just off Oxford Street, and it boasts — wait for it — the World's First Video Juke-Box.

Yes, just 20p in the slot earns you any selection from around 45 titles, shown on a large screen in a corner of the room, just over the machine itself. Hot favourite among the regular drinkers is David Bowie, who's represented by promo-films of 'Heroes', 'Ashes To Ashes' and 'Fashion'. But the available choices are generous, ranging from Devo to Sheena Easton.

Situated in an old Soho tavern, re-decorated with album-sleeves and half-a-dozen TV screens, The Sound And Vision is the first establishment in Britain — and, they claim, the entire world — to install a video juke-box. Believing that they're "only scratching the surface" the pub's brewery, Whitbreads, plans to extend the idea to other houses across the country, beginning with Luton. Despite zero publicity ("It's completely a word-of-mouth thing," says the manager), response to the Soho pilot-scheme has been encouraging, with the juke-box in constant use.

The videos include Madness, Duran Duran and standard *TOTP* fare, but even more popular, according to her staff, are the old clips of The Rolling Stones. It's hoped to add old Beatles footage to the repertoire, in line with an across-the-board policy that's sensitive to customers' stated preferences. The selections are stored on a continuous tape, and the tape is replaced with a new one every fortnight.

At the very least, it's a welcome change from darts and Space Invaders.

Paul Du Noyer

Mr Bowie on the TVC15 . . . Pic: David Corio

VIDEO SYNCRASY

And now — the video 45

PHIL McNEILL reports another major independent video breakthrough

GARAGELAND VIDEO took another giant step forward this week as the first known video single thudded onto the *Videosyncrasy* desk, courtesy of Scots band Strutz.

Consisting of video versions of the band's new vinyl single 'Start' / 'Stop' — just released on their own Braw label — plus two other tracks, the 'Start' video is available by mail order. You send Strutz a blank cassette, along with 99p plus postage and packing, and they record their effort onto your tape.

Strutz singer Paul Blyth declares: "We are going into this very seriously, and making available a video single with every conventional single we release. Our next single is due out in April / May. You would then send back the first tape and have it updated accordingly, along with another two free tracks. By May you could have eight tracks by Strutz on that cassette for only £1.98, with the rest of the cassette free for further taping."

Whether you would *want* eight tracks by Strutz, however, is another matter. Unfortunately, the four tracks on their first cassette are pretty rough hewn, and only serve to underline the achievement of The Gas, who last year broke the independent video barrier with a reasonably polished and extremely entertaining video version of their debut LP 'Emotional Warfare'.

But where The Gas took a relatively straightforward approach, simply performing each song direct to the camera in a variety of witty and relevant scenarios, Strutz dive in with visual FX flying. The soundtrack itself — cut on a four-track machine "in the bass player's bedroom" — is surprisingly well recorded, though the band's music veers towards nagging XTCisms.

But the video, bluntly, is awful. Not a verse goes by without someone furiously twisting the zoom lens, or shoving a black and white image across the colour one and then, even more irritatingly (cos it's a good effect), flashing it off again . . . And on the rare occasions they manage to hold off the FX button, the band themselves seemly sadly uninspired.

But at least Strutz are trying it. Blyth claims the band have a good following — "but the circuit here is really dying. It's just not economical." So they've found a way out. "I believe the video single will become in the future as conventional as the present format of singles."

And in perhaps their most far-reaching innovation, Strutz have now started to negotiate with video shops in major cities to try to circumvent the mail order hassle. If the deal goes through, you'll be able to walk into your local video store with a blank and get *them* to record the Strutz single onto it for you. And if Strutz can set an example for others to follow, whether voluntarily or because enterprising independents have cut the ground from under their feet, the possibilities are endless. Imagine being able to call at the video shop and order up the singles *you* want on your cassette . . . it's a long way off, but Strutz have definitely struck the first blow.

Sometimes it ain't the way you do it, it's what you do that counts.

So which ones won?

AS ALMOST everyone who participated in the recent ***NME/Hikon*** *Videosyncrasy* competition sent in all-correct entries, it was all down to the tie-breakers to decide who would collect the two video movies specially selected from Hikon Video's current catalogue.

If you recollect, the video movies on offer were Bert Stern's innovative documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, ***Jazz On A Summer's Day,*** which featured Chuck Berry, Thelonious Monk and Gerry Mulligan amongst others, and Martin Scorsese's masterpiece about New York's Little Italy, ***Mean Streets.*** Not only does this fable of minor-league Mafia mayhem star Robert De Niro, but it benefits from a classic R&B soundtrack.

OK, so most of you ultra-smarties knew all the answers, but for those who either didn't get it right or subscribe to the theory that only *other* people win competitions, here's the correct answers to the three questions we set:

1. Marilyn Monroe's last photo session was with Bert Stern.
2. Harvey Keitel took the part of Charlie — the over-charitable sidekick to Robert De Niro (Johnny Boy) in *Mean Streets*.
3. Francis Ford Coppola is the producer / director who has just completed a highly-expensive new movie entitled *One From The Heart*.

As for the tie-breakers, two that we particularly liked came from Malcolm Jackson and Harvey Young.

Malcolm completed the slogan "I reckon the handiest thing about this here Video Revolution, like, is . . . *it can destroy personal relationships completely*". Whilst Harvey offered: *"the timer facility that switches off at exactly the ri . . . . . "*

The following five *NME* readers each receive a video of Bert Stern's ***Jazz On A Summer's Day:*** Lenny Love, Edinburgh; Dave Dadswell, Hampton Hill, Middlesex; J. K. Marston, Ferndown, Dorset; George Ellis, London NW1; Richard Barlow, London N.W.6.

And the following five *NME* readers each receive a video of Martin Scorsese's 1973 classic ***Mean Street*** starring Robert De Niro: E. Jaine Henderson, East Kilbride, Glasgow; Ricky Snarski, Brentford, Middlesex; Malcolm Jackson, Newcastle-On-Tyne; Harvey Young, London NW6; J. G. Brooker, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

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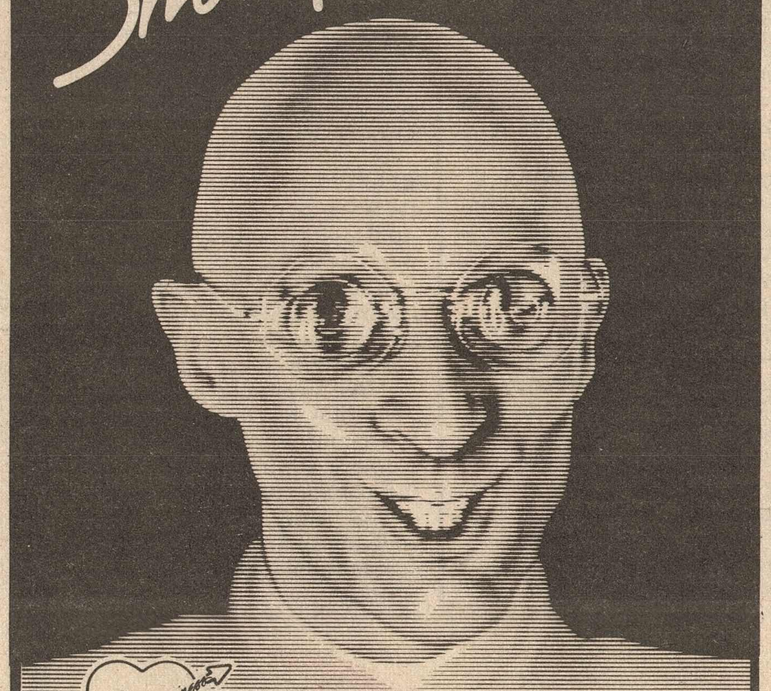

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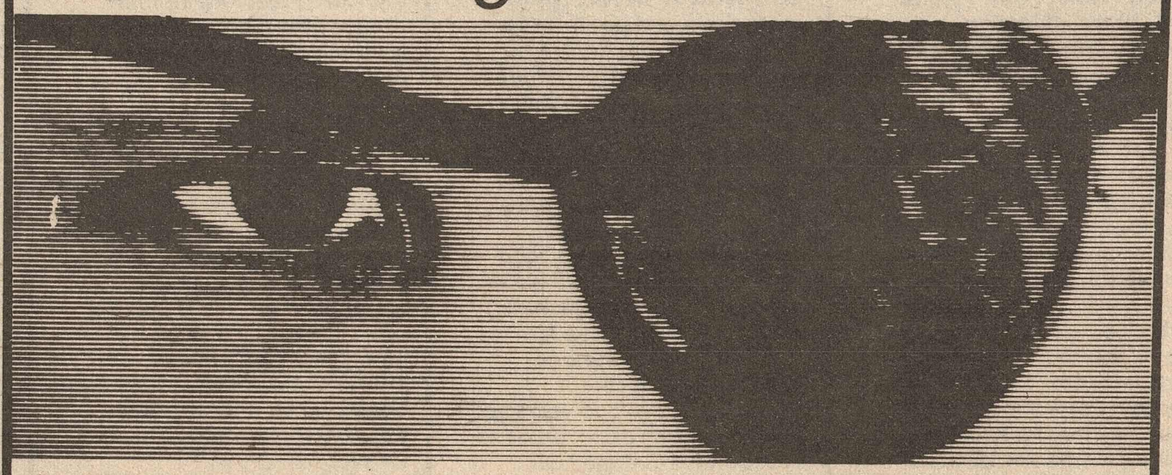

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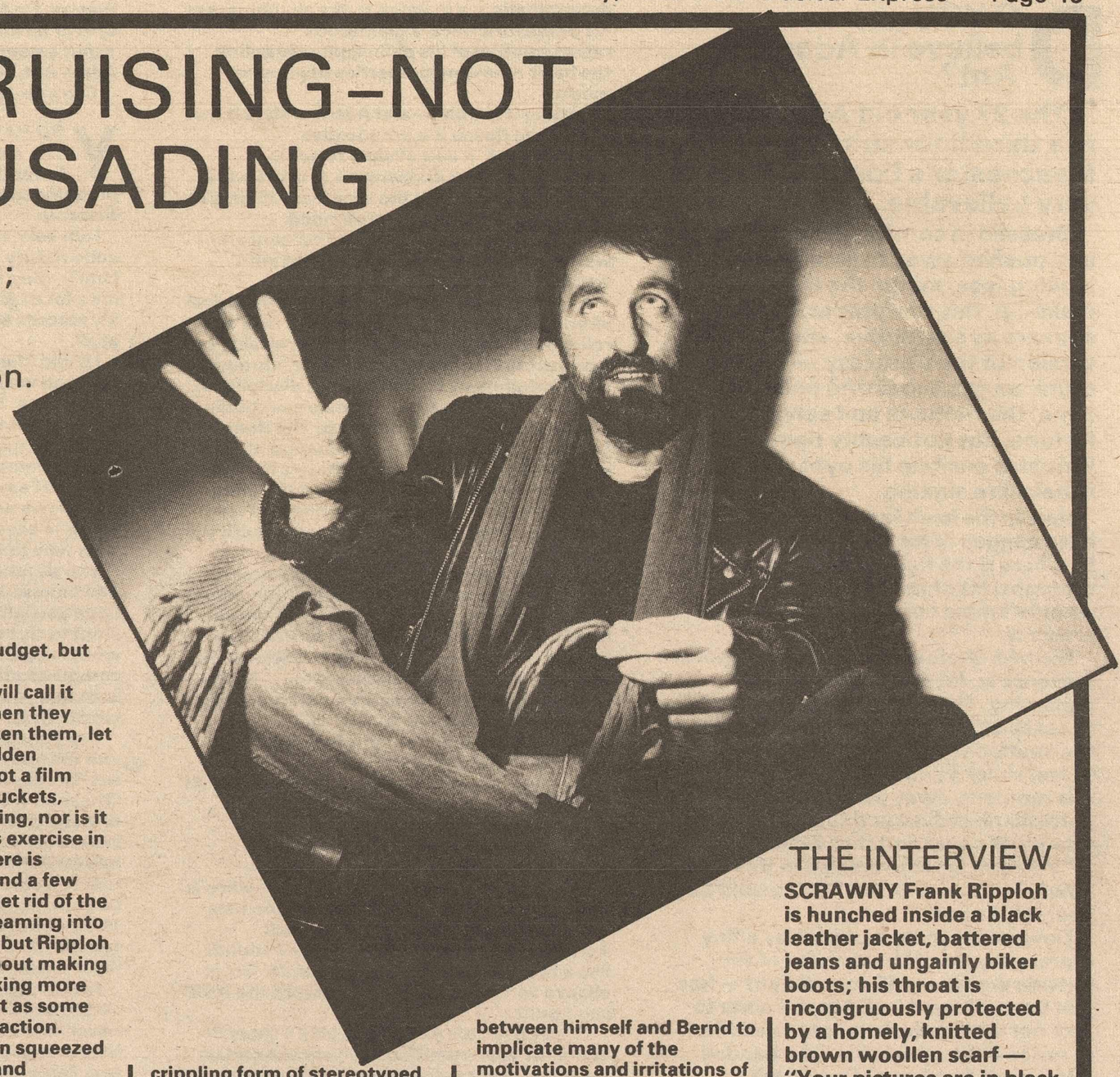
Silver Screen

CRUISING—NOT CRUSADING

Paul Morley reviews a controversial German gay film; Chris Bohn inspects the toilet humour of its director, Frank Ripploh. Photo: Peter Anderson.



Light Years Away

Directed by Alain Tanner
Starring Trevor Howard, Mick Brown (Artificial Eye)

RENOWNED mainly for *Jonas Will Be 25 In The Year 2000* (I always thought that was a snappy box office pull of a title) and *Messidor,* Tanner has shifted to the English language and Ireland as a location for *Light Years Away* — although, if this is supposed to add up to a 'commercial' shift, I very much doubt the likelihood of success.

Light Years Away is a visually pleasant but thematically very strained project, an Art Film every inch of the way, which never looks like transcending its portentous base and establishing some kind of diverting aesthetic.

Trevor Howard (who's had so many good roles recently) plays Yosha, a gnarled old hermit who has discarded societal living and the 'civilised' ordering of knowledge to live with the more profound company of birds and animals. This allows for a load of guff about truth only being found in living not books, toads being the teachers to trust ... so on and so forth.

He seduces Jonas (groan; and yes, it's the year 2000) into his sagely scheme of things and there ensues a densely ambiguous Zen master-pupil apprenticeship — "penetrate the sound of your own name" — which leads to the unveiling of Yosha's driving mission: to fly with the birds, as one with Nature.

Mick Brown as Jonas is awkward with his lines and compensates by Being Very Physical (ie, falling about a lot in pastoral settings). Howard is perfect for the Yosha part — grumpy old eccentric — but the dialogue is just a doggerel of dully circulating metaphors and allusions.

I found it a lumpy and unhelpful odyssey; not my cup of metaphysical fatalism at all.

Ian Penman

Taxi Zum Klo

Directed by Frank Ripploh
Starring Frank Ripploh and Bernd Broaderup (Other)

HERE'S something that I'll bravely suggest is not for those still contaminated, or worse, by the *Brideshead* boys' gleaming bare bums.

Bums are not so much bared during *Driver, Take Me To The Public Lavatories* as prodded, poked and wiped — and trimmed and tipped penises are often there or there abouts. If the bare bums of pretty boys embarrass you then the soiled buttocks of eery Frank Ripploh, ripped apart for a searching medical probe, will loosen you up — and your bowels — quite considerably.

Ripploh's miserably dignified concentration on the last corners of the male body, and the processes of those corners, is attached to a bright awareness of the vulgarity of experience and a compulsive admission to the sort of conceits and weaknesses your closest friends would be reluctant to reveal. For Ripploh this gritty, sticky honesty is a mere variation on gossip, a form of self-preservation, and it is the base of the film's potency.

Because Ripploh's dedicated enough to include in his story such necessary activities as emptying one's bowels and loving another's bloody breathtaking nookies and crannies, *Taxi* is demonstrative enough to alter a few ideas not only about homosexuality but about vanities and properties that are common to everyone, and their friends.

It's limited by budget, but by little else.

The protected will call it scandalous, but then they would: farts frighten them, let alone guts and golden showers. *Taxi* is not a film about pissing in buckets, sucking and coupling, nor is it simply a nerveless exercise in exhibitionism. There is exhibitionism — and a few blinks still won't get rid of the vision of urine streaming into an open mouth — but Ripploh isn't concerned about making sex stylish — stinking more like — or in using it as some well designed attraction.

Ripploh has been squeezed by the situations and circumstances he suggests in the film into a position where he lacks hesitation or self-consciousness about his drives and desires, and so sex is included in this (almost) autobiography as naturally as any function or action.

It is not porn — there is nothing secure, no obsessional repetition of the acts, and it certainly isn't cheerless. It should provoke not because of it's clear-eyed, cleared out presentation of a particular promiscuity, but because it refuses to censor or cover anything so that all the layers of life can be touched upon — and because it has nothing to do with any crippling form of stereotyped identity or entity. The encounter between instinct and society is rarely so well realised, so clearly considered: the wanting, and the persistent failure to be whole, is conveyed with unruffled, unassuming intensity. To be lost and to lose and also to find again: ready to . . .

At the heart of the film lies the tender, distressed relationship between teacher Ripploh and cinema manager Bernd Broaderup. Steady love cannot wear down Ripploh's infinite sexual appetite, and his faithful lover suffers drearily as Ripploh elaborately sets about satisfying his urges. Ripploh uses the intricate differences between himself and Bernd to implicate many of the motivations and irritations of living and loving, and to mournfully confess that a fear of a lonely future cannot curtail his profound and unapologetic randiness.

The climax, where Ripploh debuts his homosexuality to the waking, working world by travelling straight from an all night Queens Ball dressed as a grotesque Arabian Princess to teach his class of ten year olds, emphasises the distinct light touch maintained throughout the film.

Taxi is no useless nag. It is a bruising love story with every shift in attitude and emotion sorted out and savoured. It shares obsessions without drooping into self-indulgence. It should be seen . . . as an honest, intelligent and humorous search for comprehension, and the secrets of survival.

Paul Morley

THE INTERVIEW

SCRAWNY Frank Ripploh is hunched inside a black leather jacket, battered jeans and ungainly biker boots; his throat is incongruously protected by a homely, knitted brown woollen scarf — "Your pictures are in black and white?" questions The Rake hopefully. "I don't like brown," he drawls in a German tinted English.

Ripploh has been unfreezing his frame and pulling his body into various configurations while warming to the subject at hand: himself.

He is a Berliner, an ex-schoolteacher turned film maker, whose ever so slightly fictionalised self is the protagonist of his cheaply made feature *Taxi Zum Klo* (roughly translated meaning Taxi To The Bog), the scattiest most scurrilous comedy to come out of Germany in living memory, not to mention the most controversial.

At its ICA premier, viewers stared or glared, glum-faced or guiltily, and occasionally cackled. Some slunk off before the post screening discussion with the director, who sees a parallel between English and German (cultured) audiences in their singular inability to accept a film at its face value.

"The typical reaction of cultured people is to like something like Pasolini, who makes a problem out of everything," he comments, "someone who'll show shit and piss in connection with fascism. Or they'll accept such scenes if they come with an apology, like in Werner Schroeter's new film, which has a mad woman pissing

continues page 43

Shock Treatment

Directed by Jim Sharman
Starring Jessica Harper, Cliff De Young, Barry Humphries, Richard O'Brien (Fox)

TO SUGGEST that *Shock Treatment*, the sort-of-successor to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, will live long in infamy is to flatter it unduly. *Shock Treatment* will survive in infamy for a comparatively short period of time, seeing as how it has almost as few good jokes as it has good tunes.

What it does have is most of the cast of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* playing roles roughly equivalent to those they took last time round.

Brad and Janet Majors, the ultimate Nice American Couple, are now portrayed by Cliff de Young and Jessica Harper instead of Barry Bostwick and Susan Sarandon, and Barry Humphries and Rik Mayall appear in roles that do them so little justice that they might have been scripted by a High Court judge. But basically it's the mixture as before only minus the good bits.

Shock Treatment attacks the triviality and dishonesty of American TV, and it laces into its subject with all the destructive power of a heavily sedated ant charging against your foot.

It is set in Denton, a mythical Midwestern town built into a TV studio in such a way that the characters weave in and out of the different TV shows as their circumstances change; for example, Brad and Janet appear on Barry Humphries' quiz show *Marriage Maze* to sort out their marital problems, with the result that Brad gets carted off to the sanatorium run by Richard O'Brien (who wrote this grotesquerie) and his incesister Pat Quinn, where he appears on the medical show *Dentonvale*. I tell you, it's a real barrel of laughs, this one.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show made $30,000,000 and deservedly so. It had real wit, real charm and real invention, and people kept going to see it again and again. It will come as a great surprise if most of the target audience for this screaming gobbler manage to remain in the theatre and relatively conscious all the way through one showing, let alone several.

Shock Treatment will run and run, preferably as far away as possible.

Charles Shaar Murray

DO YOU believe in Adam Ant?

The 27 year old Ant trapped in a third floor suite of Manchester's Portland Hotel is very believable.

Dressed in comforting black, his hair pushed away from a beaten looking face, minus the miracle make-up, this pre-prepared Adam appears as a primitive, shrunken version of the f/ant/asy — not yet drunk on the aches and pains of fame, the frictions and salvations of fortune, but noticeably tipsy. Wrinkles encircle his eyes: his cheeks are sinking.

Here is the fresh faced Adam who has been nagged at for too long by the idle Eve, here is the fighter who's been through a lot of trouble and who wouldn't mind some . . . applause: an embrace.

His mid-afternoon, unpainted physical presence is, for me, emphatically unnerving. There are not enough myths or associations tangled up in Adam for the unattached observer to feel subdued, to feel shock vibrations. Adam, alone, at this moment, away from the songs, is particularly ordinary: this is not to say Adam will never find that *extra*.

"If Robert De Niro walked in this room now," Adam warns me, "you would bog yourself. I swear."

Downstairs in the hotel lobby a tiny representative of the clamour of the outside world — a 15 year old girl — has just been allowed into Adam's suite to pick out with delicate painted nails 15 minutes of the man's life. She handed him a rose. She has definitely felt something special, been near to the extraordinary. She can't explain. . .

"He kissed me! I'm not going to wash for a month. He gave me this wristband. . ."

She can't believe it. Her friends can't believe it wasn't them.

I HAVE BEEN chasing Adam for weeks, never seriously believing that he would talk to me. Adam Ant, the celebrity within the name, was born from some intense, insistently boyish belief and never nourished or supported by the petty, pointed likes of me. His lonely grubby struggles, his solemn ambitions, were treated with nasty irritability — and as he took his dazzling revenge, after he'd met with McLaren and mated with Marco, his response to the new requirements of stardom were considered pathetic and stupid.

Recently, Adam has shown up the committed rock journalists to be lounging about in a world much less 'real' than the one they accuse him of inventing. He's had his revenge and is now concerned with pointing out that he's *not* the fraudulent, show-off, *not* the unprincipled, sycoph/ant/ic social climber, *not* the diminishing doughnut . . . He now wants some serious belief: the considered attention he believes he's never had.

Adam and I consider each other, without trembling, a few hours before he performs for the fourth night his tremendously rich and often gorgeous Prince Charming Revue at the Manchester Apollo. The Revue, nearly three hours of pop, video, dance and tease with Adam using a rock music like Sammy Davis Jr. uses a big band dance music, is playing 30 shows in Britain and it will lose Adam more than £90,000. It is the result of Adam's determination, a reaction to the shabbiness of his prehistoric days, a glamorous representation of his philosophy regarding the basic renewing properties of popular music.

Putting it simply — and Adam prefers it this way — the Revue is a provocative development: it demolishes 20 years of standard pop star appearance. It is the work of someone who is at the very least 20 times better than anyone ever pretended.

All those who see it as their first concert will be disappointed and depressed with whatever they see next.

It is convincing proof that Adam's theatrical alternative to the failed rebellion of rock and roll is to establish independence or vitality or a preparation or "reserves of hope" through an entertainment that is dreamy, disciplined, persistent, artful and sometimes beautifully stupid. His favourite entities are The Human League — the delight and the faction, the corny and the exquisite; and Dexy's Midnight Runners — the independence and the glory, the scatter the cheap gestures and awkward symbols of rock and avoid all contact with the music papers.

Mix the League dream and Dexy's drama, throw in some misted historical glitter, some proud ostentation, a toying sense of the old fashioned, and form a basic picture of the entertainment Adam believes in. Perhaps the point for Adam as entertainer is to . . . ignite the dullest life, as if all human nature asks for is an evening's entertainment. His entertainment is action: in effect, it is to do battle with the end of the day, with all those suspicious of forms of faith, with the grim and the lofty.

"Of course I'm trying to provide an alternative to the rock rebellion rubbish . . . some pride, some hope."

When Adam starts talking to me his voice is polite, reasoned, contented. Very soon he's on the defensive, using it as an attack. Towards the end of the interview he sounds like a boxer who's just been battered. 'Th' is clipped to 'f'. He often uses the word the *NME* can't print.

"You know, it's like when I play a show, it demands your attention. It starts at a certain time, you don't wander in at 10.30, we go on stage at 7.30, there is no support band to warm the audience up, there is an extensive use of video . . . I put them on because I'm proud of them, they cost me a fortune to make, and the kids like them: they've never seen them that big. There are dancers . . .

"You say to me am I trying to do anything valuable? Well, look at the show. No one will see the like again. I'm putting that out to 30 dates, because it's like . . . every fucking town should have seen the Projected Passion Revue. Something that involves some heart and soul, something that involves some thought, something that has a completely different atmosphere and something that you will enjoy."

Believe that, but don't believe anything. After the interview is over Adam is relieved. He'd been talking so fast he was sometimes incoherent. He had a lot of say apart from his obsession with *Barry Lyndon*, or his collection of Allen Jones' art work. He didn't care for me trying to introduce Nietzsche into the conversation: he is not bothered about the paraphernalia of theory and symbol.

"Well, I tell you, Nietzsche is too deep for me. I tried reading some once . . . it was too heavy."

He'd far rather think about Phil Oakey's girlfriend, and Adrian Wright's T-shirt.

"Did you see him wearing an Adam Prince Charming T-shirt when The Human League were on *OTT*? You really know that you've made it when Adrian of The Human League starts collecting things to do with you."

Or, you're already an item in the kitsch museum.

Do *I* believe in Adam Ant?

I believe that he was born to this situation . . . the hotel room, the solitary rose, the show that evening, screaming girls surrounding the hotel, the smears and details of an ordered stardom to consider or control, a conversation where he can tramp through the worlds of Bowie, Ali, Sinatra, Minnelli, Presley, De Niro and feel quite at home, the sum of misunderstandings which gather about a new name, a real fame. Consider . . . Adam Ant, sublime and sordidly commercial.

Can you *believe* it?

YOU HAVEN'T talked to a music paper for five, six months — effectively you haven't talked to this sort of writer, properly, since you were catapulted into The Stardom.

I am very suspicious of the music press, quite rightly. Because they've upset my family, they've upset me and they've given me a lot of grief. And . . . I don't need them. My records sell very well without using them at all.

I could start a whole campaign saying well fuck you we'll stick our ads in colourful little lyric things. The ads are better in *Smash Hits*. It's now got to the point where they just invent things. I could sue them, I do sue them, but the damage is done. They get the needle because I say to them I won't do any interviews with them. Why should I? If they're going to act on the childish levels they do then why the hell should I bother?

The situation with you coming along . . . I don't know what you're going to write but I hope you will throw every question that you want to throw at me without giving a shit what happens. I feel that there should be communication. And when you put the effort in to talk you want to feel it's been worthwhile.

I've gone out of my way to do interviews and the journalists just throw it all away and say 'Oh this bloke's a wanker let's do him in': 'The man who grabbed defeat from the jaws of victory'. Whoever wrote that must feel seven feet under. Who's gonna value his opinion? Who cares about him? Why not report just what was said because there will be your insight.

What I've noticed, immediately, is that you've remained very aware of what is happening, at least musically.

I am intrigued by what's going on. I won't do the Bowie and McLaren number and say I never listen to anything else. Forget it . . . they just go around and nick everything they can. Fair enough. Part of being creative is keeping your eyes and ears open. It's not honest to say you don't need nobody, you don't need to look over your shoulder, you don't need to know. Everything has to come from somewhere.

That's why I like what Lenny Bruce said, that he hadn't got an original thought in his body. I haven't got an original thought in my body, you haven't, no one has. You are only original in the way you use the stuff that you've nicked and stored.

McLaren's going around saying I'm just a Gary Glitter character. Why is it that with the same ideas and working over the same period of time Bow Wow Wow haven't made it and we have? Why? Bow Wow Wow have got everything that I haven't got: they've got credibility; they got the destruction of the work ethic; they got the girl singer. But it ain't working. Why? 'Cos it ain't them doing it. It's him and he's an old man.

I do it for myself. I don't want to get down to bitching, but he threw the gauntlet. They all said go fuck yourself, Adam And The Ants is history . . . You only got to look at what he did with some of those ideas he had, and what I've done with it.

With what you've done, I see a great contradiction. In the clubby punkish days you set about sort of celebrating The Outsider, names like Bruce, Genet, Nietzsche were floating around on the periphery. You talked of The Outsider, the outlaw, which you still try and do, but now you're representing it through pirates, highwaymen, dandymen, very comfortable period versions of The Outsider. You've worked your way inside, become too fluffy and acceptable to be that kind of challenge.

Yeah, well, maybe that's because I think that in rock 'n' roll there are too many rebels without any causes whatsoever. What amazes me is that everybody is looking back

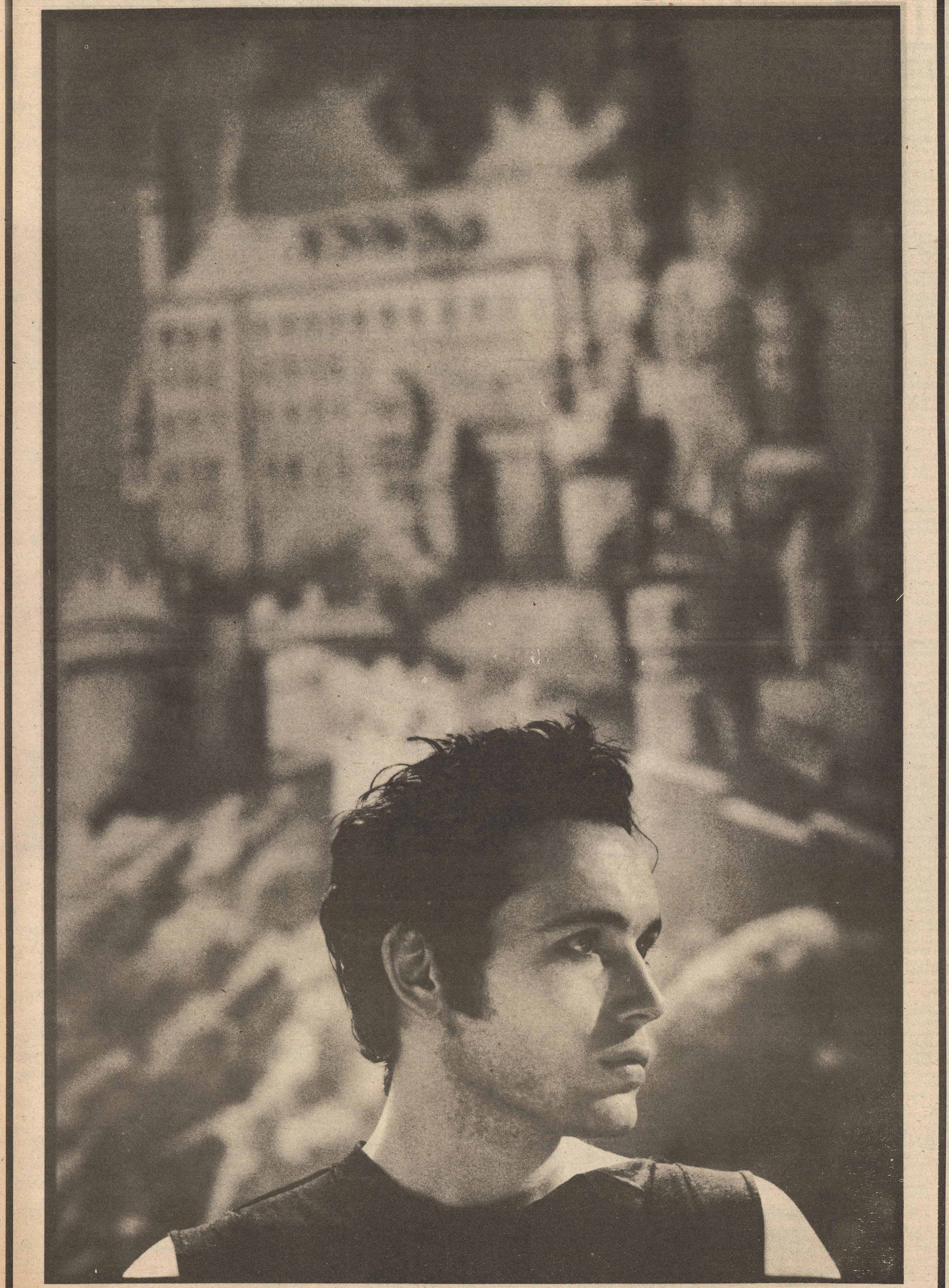
MORE REVELATIONS

THE **ADAM ANT** INTERVIEW

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK: **PAUL MORLEY**

MOTION PICTURES: **ANTON CORBIJN**

TRUE CONFESSIONS
BRANDO, DE NIRO AND BRUCE LEE
LENNON-McCARTNEY AND YOURS TRULY



TRUE CONFESSIONS

MORE OF THEM

to the days when I *meant* something. It gets right up my jumper. 'Dirk Wears White Socks' was hammered, knifed, stabbed, the only people who gave a shit were the kids. All through it. Believe me I was on the outside.

I was the outsider for three years; you're joking! I was the outsider because people just hated my guts. They just dismissed me. And whatever you say about the pirate and highwayman thing, they have been successful and they've given a lot of kids a lot of pleasure.

When I say you've neglected that manifesto as 'Outsider' this isn't to deny the value of entertainment, of the entertainer, but there was a time when you seemed to want to be a threat and now you're in a position where you could be becoming perhaps almost neutral. Do you want to be a threat?

I think I want to be a threat to people who have very fixed ideas about people. If you don't fit into the rock 'n' roll system, if you're not arty enough, or political enough, if you're not socially aware, then it's deemed you're worthless. I'm sick of the whole hypocrisy of what goes on, the stupid hipness. The credibility thing . . . it sickens me.

I love playing to kids because they're more expressive and they haven't learnt that sick fear of being unhip, they haven't learnt the codes yet, of what you *should* do and what you *shouldn't* do. I mean, here's a threat for you . . . I've proved a lot of so called hip people absolutely wrong. I've sold 800,000 copies of my LP without one ad in the music papers. You don't need the music papers! I do an interview because I want to talk to someone about the things that are happening. And I wanted you to see the show before hand because otherwise there's nothing to talk about . . . except the tattoos, the make up, the costumes and all that.

Far more important than talking about the cosmetics, the decorations, are the implications of your presentation and your position — say, the problems of the fantasies and new dreams you create and the danger of disillusionment.

It is an escapist entertainment. It's like going to see *Star Wars, Close Encounters, Raiders Of The Lost Ark*. You're gonna come down when you come out of the theatre, that happens with any entertainment. You go and see a movie to escape and in a way build up a reserve of hope.

Entertainment provides a hope for people; fashion is a hope for somebody. My service to people is: I give them enjoyment. I'm not going to solve the world's problems. No musician has ever done that, no musician ever will. I am giving the individual happiness.

You have said that pessimism is unforgiveable, you talk of hope, of fun as a right. Do you think that all this, plus the fantasies you use, is too much a rejection of everyday tensions?

Mmmm . . . if you're not too careful you can create a lovey-dovey fantasy world where nothing is real. But then again if that's what I wanted to do I certainly wouldn't go on stage live. I would just make videos. I play on stage, I'm there, I fall off, I still fuck up.

I think the lyrics I write are about me coming to terms with certain problems I have, or reacting to the situations I'm in. 'Dog Eat Dog' was written as a result of me going round the toilets for three years and being called a wanker, alright. That's a real song, as real as anything. It's a serious lyric. I write serious lyrics. But I'm not going to preach, to get worked up about the same old crap. If people look at what I do and say that it's just an image then that's it, there's very little that I can do.

But I tell you there are a lot of so called punks out there, fifth generation punks, who are just being taken for one long ride and who are getting angry for no result, really. Because where were those guys in 1977? Wearing flares or gobbing at people like me from the back of The Roxy. But now, they say, I've sold out!

Maybe some people are dismayed that, for one, you're stripping away a lot of the excess and maybe excitement of pop music — the value of experimentation. Some see you reducing pop to a very clean essence.

What, like I don't do drugs, I won't experiment with drugs? It's like do I want to experiment with walking under a lorry . . . no, 'cos I've got common sense. I think rock 'n' roll spells some out-of-it guy leaning against a wall completely out-of-it . . . *maaan* . . . and I'm sick of that image. They're no threat, junkies. They just kill themselves. They're only a threat to themselves. I'm sick and tired of junkies.

I'm sick and tired of being told that because I don't drink or smoke or take drugs that I'm a goody-two shoes. OK, so I'm a goody-two shoes. Y'know? So what. I don't like drugs and that is a threat to the rock 'n' roll establishment . . . rock 'n' roll has become the establishment.

Don't you think that you're merely an addition to a long line of glossy entertainers who don't actually stimulate young people to find out or look out — just a lolly to be licked.

What can an entertainer do but provide hope through entertainment? All kids have been given over the last 12 months by a lot of people is a load of negativity. One big downer. I pick up music papers and you might as well read the *Observer Colour Supplement*. It's not about the celebration of music . . . it's politics, politics, politics.

What do you feel about the treatment of young people — the tribes that there are, the traps that they're in?

I'm aware, sure, of the difference between me and the kid down there. I know that work of any sort is an important thing. It gives you something to sink your teeth into and it gives you respect that you can take for yourself.

But a lot of kids haven't got that. What have they got? They've got a fucking lot of free time that isn't free, that is a punishment. If I was in their shoes I would do what a lot of them do. I would put the emphasis on associating with a group of people who look a certain way. I think it's healthy that there are a lot of fashions. I think that fashion is something that can help. It certainly helped me when I started out. I used to look at Roxy Music covers and they were more than just record covers to me. Those lyrics meant something more than fucking *ob la di ob la da* . . . it did actually affect me. Even at this stage I still think of that, and — this is important — they helped me get through a load of boring crap at school.

Look, I am not completely divorced from what's going on down on street level, because I am from the street level. I ain't gonna ram that down your throat because I don't like inverted snobbery . . .

So in that political context and also the levels of inspiration you think an important thing is . . .

To give value for money is very important. This show is value for money; my records are value for money. I think this show is a real adventure. I don't think those kids will ever see a show like it again. No one's gonna put down the money for that kind of show for a start . . . I've put six months of my life into that show. I don't go through the motions. People still say, Oh he doesn't need any of that they just come to see his trousers or his make-up. I don't believe that. I think they'll go away and they'll never forget that show. It's like I'll never forget Roxy in 1971 at The Rainbow. I'll never forget what they wore, the songs they played. I'll tell you, it is in fact because of that show that I got the extra fucking push to do this. It's important that I refuse to take the easy way out and I want to give people something more . . .

But you don't ever feel that you wrap these young people with their 'fake' freedom in cotton wool?

I don't think that at all. I think what I do is pretty provocative. I think 'Prince Charming' is provocative. Who's complacent about it? The idea of doing something as childish as taking a fairy story, of using the Cinderella idea, you may think is cotton wool, but everyone I've met knows the story. That's why I used it. . .

Of course such tales are stitched into our lives, but what did you actually do the fable, the moral?

I took a story that everybody knew and reversed the roles and it really is just a song of hope. Even the 'Rap' is a song of hope.

The 'Rap' and 'Prince Charming' are the result of going through 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' for 12 months and going round the world to 18 countries. The lyrics of the 'Rap' and 'Prince Charming' are like a public reply. You have to be careful with that or it could just end up as my life in words. But I thought there was something important to say about what had happened to me and I hope that I've got my feet as firmly on the ground as anyone out there, maybe firmer because the pressure on me is much more. But the fact is what I've been through means I represent hope for a lot of young people. We aren't a threat in the rock and roll meaning of the word but so what? I was completely dismissed as the arsehole of all arseholes and I never once gave up. I did it.

YOU TALK of conviction, of being convinced, of quality, originality and diversity . . . but some of the things you do seem to undermine the fact you can have faith in such things. Perhaps you're often dismissed because people see more conceit than cunning. Revealing that a highlight of 1981 for Adam was meeting the Queen perhaps confirmed this 'cleanness' I've mentioned.

All it is, I won't go along with people's preconceptions of what somebody involved in as decadent and as sordid a business as the music business should say and do. I basically think the Royal Family are alright. I was asked and it was an honour to do the Royal Variety Show, it was a challenge, and you don't run away from those.

Y'know, the Queen is born into that situation, she's an individual, a person, and she's doing a job . . . What people forget about Royal Variety Shows is that they're for charity. You raise a lot of money very fast for people who need it. It doesn't hurt anyone to do charity work when they can. If me name can pull, great. Earn a bit of money. Nice. I'm not worried about credibility. Those things are illusions. It would have been exactly the negative inward looking rock thing to have turned it down. And of course it was good exposure. I'm glad I done it.

Hey look . . . were you pissed off when Robert De Niro wore a tuxedo and got his Oscar? No! It's the same kind of thing. . .

How do you feel about 'nerves', and how do you fit into the world as 'hero'?

There are certain things that there were in

1977 that I thought were horseshit, y'know, very Clashy sort of social worker rock, and the funniest one was the thing about no heroes.

I love heroes! Robert De Niro . . . I stood in a corner and watched that guy for three hours doing the movie *King Of Comedy*. And Scorcese came out and he said 'you're Adam aren't you, would you like to meet Bobby? I go . . . phew! I couldn't. Then I get the message do I want to have lunch with him? So I go and wait outside this caravan thing and I'm pacing up and down thinking shit he's gonna think I'm a right wanker . . . I was like that little girl downstairs who gives me the rose, y'know? He came out in a light blue suit and we were like two mutes just looking at each other. It was two and a half minutes just standing there, I sort of go, That *Raging Bull* picture, phew!

And that was all I wanted. I got his autograph, so I know just what it's like when people want mine.

There is a certain aura about an image, about something that means a lot to you. Then you meet them and it's great.

Do you think you can get that . . . edge a lot of your heroes — De Niro, Brando — have?

I don't know . . . maybe when I've been working at it for as long as they have. I am scared enough to push myself to greater heights as a performer than I think I am capable of sitting here right now. If I make a movie I want to make with a good director and I want to be as good as I can. I don't want to just be some token face, the token pretty boy. I want to learn about the craft, about acting. If you're in a film for one minute with Scorcese you gonna learn more than if you do 20 vehicle films. Like my videos, I enjoy setting up ridiculous challenges, physical ones. . .

Is that showmanship a representation of a shell-like vanity that has just got out of hand?

No, I don't think so. In a way the success, the drive, has removed a lot of vanities from me. You're talking about the hearty wholesome images I convey but in ways I feel they suit me. I'm not made to be esoteric, if you like.

Working with Mike Mansfield on the videos has bought things out of me I never knew were there. I felt the idea of sinking loads of money into a Hollywood style video production was important, because records are more and more audio-visual. All the TV shows that show music apart from *TOTP* are for children and the videos have to be very visual and colourful. Those images came gradually.

Are the songs written purely for the video — the plain wall to be covered.

No, but when I'm writing and recording a song I know I'm going to make a video of it so what I try to do is make it as difficult as I can, in a way . . . No one will notice things unless they're so over the top that they don't believe what they're watching or what they're hearing. That's very difficult to do musically, but visually you have considerable lyrical and action potential. I write those videos, I draw them out, they are part of me, of that record. Not the be all and end all, but very important.

During the Charming Revue it often seems as though the audience are responding more to the video image of Adam than the live Adam.

Oh, I don't know about that. I think you're just talking about familiarity. Of course people are coming along with an image they knew very well. The fact that I'm showing the videos is a risk anyway for me, because as you say I could come off looking worse than the videos.

I've tried to extend through the set some of the directions the videos were going in and the sets are based on the images. I think the look, the feel, of it is right. It's the way I wanted it to be and when I've finished those sets are going to the Victorian and Albert museum. Historically they will stand up. Believe it or not people will look at that as something more than just a rock'n'roll show.

People say it's rock panto, but it's more than that, they always have to tag things. Anyway, pantos are no bad thing. The videos are like grown up pantos. People say it's all very predictable but no one thought of it. No one else though of using Di Dors as a fairy godmothers. . .

IS A GREAT inspiration and encouragement for you an acute need to constantly impress and attract people?

Mmmmm . . . I think that's true. My nature is very much . . . I don't like being number two. I don't like being a loser. Number one, never a contender.

Is what you're looking for just to be loved or is there something greater involved?

I want to have an interesting diverse career in which I achieve success in every area that I take up. And that I earn respect from the people that I respect. I look for challenges.

I mean, if you were writing for a teeny paper . . . Like you have studied and you have read books and you've read other writers, maybe you admired some, but you've come to a point where you think Paul Morley means something to you. Your reputation is at stake with everything you write. The challenge is if someone comes up to you from a teeny paper of *Smash Hits* and says, Right do something about Adam for a 12 year old. If you are a very good writer you should be able to take the challenge up and write something very simple, very accurate.

That's a test for a professional. Professionals have barriers. Semi-pros and amateurs don't. They do all the shouting and talking but nothing else . . . When you get down to the nitty gritty to make something that's going to come across very powerfully inside two and a half minutes on a screen that size, you've got to have really thought about it. These are the restrictions that test you out.

What would be the basic, descriptive, provocative piece of information that for you would encapsulate Adam And The Ants for this 12 year old?

Um . . . well, it would have to involve basically what it's always involved. The idea . . . like in 'Scorpions': *'Look pretty look young demand your fun/don't listen when you're told there's none'.*

That's very important to me. I see what's happening and will happen. It's a little bit of flash, a little bit of dash, really . . . but it certainly isn't after your cash.

I know a lot of people think that. It's not. I do actually respect what you're trying to say about what I do and I think it's a bit of an arsehole thing to say, 'Oh I love my public dahling'. But . . . put it this way: without them I'm nothing and I would have nothing. The only way I can repay them is by putting a great emphasis on the quality of what I do. And yearh, I want to look good when I go out on stage. I want to feel good and I want to move good.

That's maybe not going to tear the walls down but I think that's all Elvis Presley was about. It's arguable that all Elvis Presley ever did for America was get a load of young guys walking around looking tough. Everything I'm saying maybe isn't that popular or fashionable, but it's me. I'm not speaking for anyone else. There's no dishonesty.

I've said things in the press about sex. Now I know that my audience are young and I've got a responsibility . . . I don't say this to be namby pamby; because I think that what I do is relatively sexy.

Do you think that there's something authentically sexual about your show or is it just that you use the word sex quite often? How does the sex work its way in?

I think you should ask the girls.

Sex manifests itself in different ways at different ages. I'm sure when kids start getting into fashion they're starting to head in the direction of attraction because they're looking at themselves in a different way. Suddenly they're not wearing clothes their parents gave them, they're wearing clothes because their mates are; because their mates want to attract the opposite sex. They're getting into attraction.

Audiences are very sensual. It's very strange to sit on a stool and sing a song called Sex and you hear what they say, and some of the things they say are really funny and some of the things they say are really sweet.

People may think the idea of kids throwing roses is very limp but I can tell you that I'd rather have a rose thrown at me than a brick or a bottle or a chair. A year ago I had bricks thrown at me: now it's a rose. That is an achievement.

What I do, it's basically sex. . . a very sexual thing. Maybe not a physical sex, but it is aimed around sexuality whether it's naive or not . . . OK, it's very naive. It has a certain form of innocence that is quite refreshing. It is not that strutting yourself all the time. It's a sex without pornography. A sex without destruction. It's nothing to do with those things McLaren put on T-shirts.

Is it just fantasy for kids, or is there something genuinely erotic?

I would hope so. It goes back to what kind of audiences you have . . . People have said in the press it's just a pantomime and it's all little kids, but that is wrong. There are teenagers and grown up people there as well and they will come away impressed in their own way. I may be titillating a young person who's not really understanding what's going on but at the same time someone at the back who's 24 may be interpreting it completely differently.

In Australia they come up and say you're a real spunk. What's that about? I would hope . . . let's put it this way, I'm not David Cassidy yet. I'm not Cliff Richard. I never will be. That's the answer to a lot of what you've been saying today.

What's the difference?

I'm not satisfied . . . I'm never going to be satisfied with any image that people take for granted. Really, the safest thing I could do is nothing at all, but I want to work.

WHEN YOU appear in the daily media it would be much more preferable for you to be stronger. You appear very wishy washy: what you have to say is often neither here nor there.

You're correct. I do agree. Y'know, I'll turn up at a gig and these papers they charge in and the go, Right! Bang! Crash! Flash And that's it. . .

What I've been saying has gone from the music papers and their quarter million circulation up to eight to twelve million people and it's been strange. But you want people to know you're still alive. If you ain't alive you're dead.

I decided I was going to do this revue and I will work until that LP is number one. It's sold nearly a million but that's not the point. I love working. I'm gonna do this show, and try and be on my feet at the end of 30 dates. Now in between if there's any press, great.

The people from the dailies are alright, they're just doing their job, but the stuff that comes out is not going to be good. You lot are a much more protected level; this interview is almost like being at college. Those guys are competing with 20 other guys for the story, for the Adam picture, the new look and all that number. I have to be careful. Mike Mansfield said that the definition of a star is everyone knows your name and your face. Everyone knows Lulu and Di Dors . . . that's why I used them in the videos.

I thought you were just going through your childhood sweethearts.

No, no, no! My childhood sweethearts were a little bit different from that . . . who did I like . . . I liked that bird who used to be on *Magpie*. Susan Stranks! She was great. She was nice, really very pretty . . . used to watch her every week.

What I'm saying is that you're beginning to come across as famous — that catch — and nothing else. This goes back not to you appearing on the Royal Show but politely whimpering that meeting the Queen was a highlight of 1981. The energies of the Royal Family, the workings of the dailies, are a repression of the sort of adventure and passion you advocate; they keep people in their place. Yet often you implicitly seem to accept those structures: no hard feelings.

I see what you're saying . . . but I won't accept the structures and in fact I'm not as interested as people would think in that kind of acceptability. I will make sure that I say what I have to say and if there's any manipulation to be done it will be me manipulating them.

I'm going through this career and there are things happening to me and I'm choosing what to do, what is best. Out of every hundred things that are offered I turn down all but one. I won't do the Kenny Everett show, because it wants to make me banal and obvious. I won't fucking take part in the whistling revival in the *Daily Mail*. I am careful. If people think that I'm clean and boring for shaking hands with the Queen then that's up to them . . . what would be outrageous? To spit at her? Drop me trousers? That's rock and roll rebellion and, like I say, I want nothing to do with that.

There is your predictability. I could sit here and throw that television out of the window and make front page news, easy. What does that achieve?

But isn't what you're achieving through this catching fame establishing an insulation from the world just for yourself?

I'm up against the problem of the world as much as anyone else. If the Russians want to fight the Americans, they're going to do it, they ain't gonna ask you and me. We ain't gonna make a piss of difference.

I just think you should try to survive . . . that's a great thing about Adam And The Ants. If you get consumed by what people say about the inevitability of it all and all that number then you might as well slash your wrists now and have done with it. I believe that. It may sound over simplified but there you are . . . I can only go from what I get, and I get a lot of feedback from young kids — I meet a lot of young people — and what they say to me is that what I do gives them a lot of enjoyment, gives them pleasure.

Is there a lot of humour in what you do? Sitting here you seem very clenched, very earnest.

I think there's a lot of humour in what I do. I'm serious here because I'm trying to make sure that the things I say to you here are . . . I mean, they're going to be very sober because I'm not going to sit here with a bottle of wine and get pissed up and relax because I don't know you and you don't know me really. And I've learnt from experience to take interviews like this seriously. The things you've been asking me are pretty serious and you have to be on your guard because I don't want you to think that I believe in my press, in my image, what is said . . . what has happened to me has been the result of hard work. No one's made me . . . you're joking!

What happens if you're just flavour of the year and you lose your people?

I don't think you have to lose them at all . . . You can do what Sinatra did. I think you can do what Bowie did. I think if you're good enough, if you show that you're willing to make more effort than anyone else around. I'm not going to stand still.

It's always useful, and in a way comforting, to look at what has happened in the past. There is always an initial boom, an explosion, for somebody and then it's just a matter of whether they bottle out. People say that the make-up is a camouflage . . . yeah, maybe it is a camouflage, but it camouflages certain things that the audience shouldn't be involved with anyway. They don't want to know if you've just had an argument with your old lady or if you've hurt your foot or if you're constipated. They don't want to know about that.

You know, between you and me, musically Marco and I haven't even scraped the top of the barrel yet. There is a lot more going on inside us that hasn't come through yet and will not come through for quite a while. We do take our relationship to be a lot more solid than people assume.

People don't use the term Ant-Marco. I hope in ten years they'll be using it in the same way they use Lennon - McCartney. They don't at the moment and it can be very disheartening.

Y'know, and I have turned down films that other people would give their left legs to do because there is a standard that I want to maintain. I want to do a film but I'll do that film remembering those I admire . . . De Niro, Brando.

WHAT SCARES you about what you are now?

I don't think there's anything particularly scary. It's just that when you're at the top there's not many ways you can go. You will either stay there or you'll go down. And I don't want to end up like Mohammad Ali, y'know, it's scary. You can see someone just disappear. I don't want to be somebody who cuts his mind off from the fact that there's always that pitfall and there's always a very easy way down very quickly.

Are you scared of losing your looks?

I think you're scared of actually wrecking your body. I get scared of the fact that over a course of touring American, Japan, Australia, Europe you can actually feel inside that you're five years older. You know that your skin is as white as a sheet. You know that you have really punished your body, abused it. I take as much pride in my body as I have to to get up in front of people and perform. It's a case of stamina; it's a case of keeping on your toes all the time.

Is there room for creativity amidst the pressure?

I think I'm being more creative now than I've ever been. My back's up against the wall. If you're told you've got a deadline you can come out with the most staggering stuff . . . I really would like you to see us make a record. We tour for eleven months, come back, make an album, promote it, and it's not actually a situation where you can . . .

I envy David Bowie. He can stay right out of it all and enjoy his life, enjoy his music. I can enjoy my life like that when I've done a lot more work. I enjoy the fact that I am able still to look at my life from a distance, and also that what I do makes people happy. I do think it makes people think.

Is there much room for love in your life?

I think love's really a heavy word. A lot of people use it and they don't understand what it means. A lot of people have kids and they don't know what it means. Love's the bit in the film where it suddenly goes from a quick grope in the back of the car to actually that moment when they stop . . . 'I love you' . . . then it's all different. Then they let them do it.

I thought I was in love once. I probably was. I enjoyed it . . . but I enjoyed being in the Boy Scouts as well but I don't want to go round wearing shorts any more. I value people more than words about people. I think love's so abstract you can't even consider it.

What for you is the point of living?

To seek out . . . happiness . . . to work hard and eventually to get into a position where the work you do you don't consider to be a job. You actually look forward to getting up. You've got something that absorbs you always, physically and mentally. That you don't forget that there are other people in the world . . .

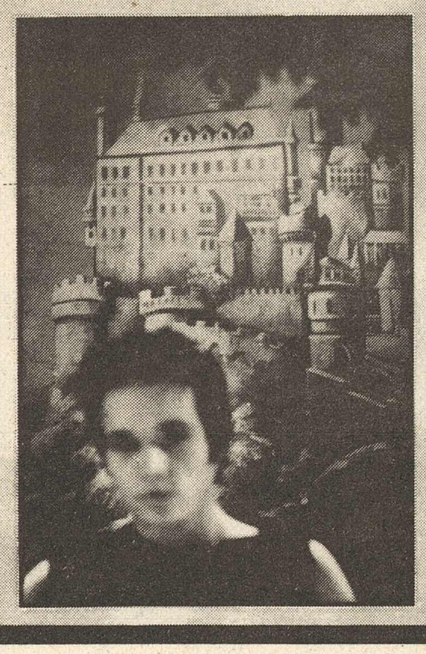
I've wasted my life worrying about what other people think and I just think now that there are ways of worrying. Like all that press stuff that went down; Dave my dresser said 'Be like the Duke Of Wellington, just say publish and be damned.' You get to a point where you do become very hard. You became hard but inside you draw back a little. In a way it can be quite refreshing to see how many friends you don't have that you thought you did. How many people really resent your success. But you're better off knowing the truth and really it's surprising how many nice things can come through.

You've indicated that you don't worry about what I say through this piece as long as it's honest — I think my basic feeling about Adam Ant is that he is delicious but dubious . . .

Well . . . let's hope that the article ain't too much of a downer. What makes me laugh is those people who go on about the real Adam, the so called official biographers and all that number. . .

I've been writing, like it's not a diary, I've been writing a serious minded, disciplined book . . . I've actually sat down and commanded myself to really record all the important events in my life. It's been going on for four years now. Oh, it'll be quite a book. Everybody reading whatever it is they're reading about me has always got to know that one day there's going to be the actual truth. No effects, just exactly what happened and exactly what people said and did . . . That's the only way to do it. What this guy has done with Elvis Presley is an example of the sickness it can get to. That is just the pits . . .

But, hey, look — when I stop wanting to get out of bed I'll let you know.



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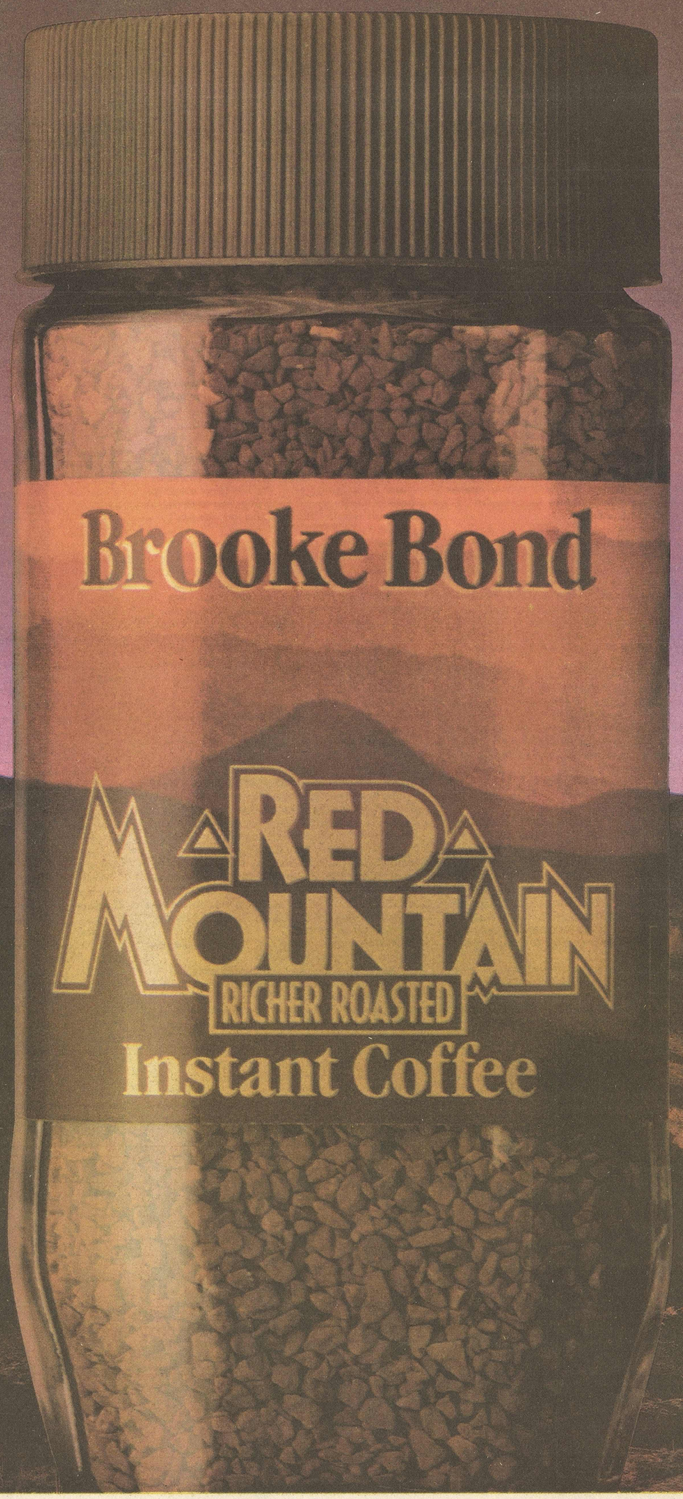

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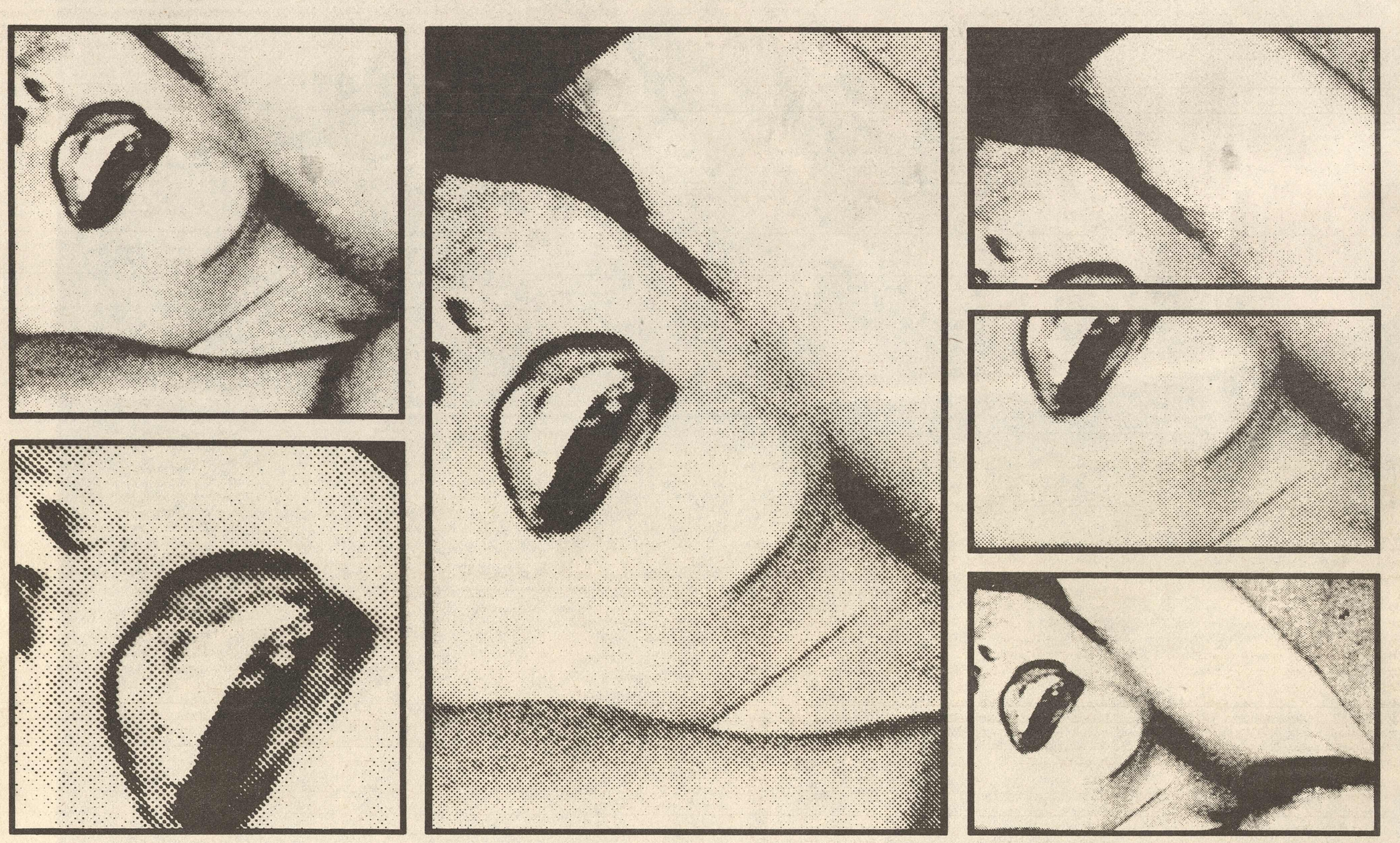


Chrysalis

LPs

Illustration: Ian Wright

Freedom songs

BUNNY WAILER
Tribute (Solomonic import)

"... and we know we shall win because we are confident of the victory of good over evil." **With the first anniversary of Bob Marley's death approaching it is utterly and wholly appropriate for Bunny Wailer to record and release this album. Containing eight of Marley's most crucial songs from the last decade, it is both the tribute that the title suggests and a sequel to the 'Bunny Wailer Sings The Wailers' album wherein Wailer recreated — in a modern style — classic Wailers material from the '60s. Again, he's done all the vocals himself, singing three-part harmonies in the style of the original triumvirate of himself, Marley and Peter Tosh.**

If Wailer was not so obviously creative in his own right — as demonstrated on last year's brilliant 'Rock'n'Groove' and his run of superb singles last year — this revivalism might seem like trading off a distinguished past. But Wailer's treatment of Marley's music is exactly right: he reproduces the feel and timbre of the music, but has no reluctance to add his own touch wherever it's appropriate. From their long association it's plain that Wailer knows Marley's music — so much of which he personally helped to create — from the inside.

According to the liner notes, Wailer selected the eight songs by the following method: "I aska whole heap o' man which song dem would lika hear and I choose from that." The selections are 'Soul Rebel' (from Marley's pre-island Lee Perry period), "I Shot The Sheriff' (from 'Burnin' the last album to feature the original trio), 'Crazy Baldhead' (from 'Rastaman Vibration'), 'Time Will Tell' (from 'Kaya'), 'War' ('Rastaman Vibration'), 'Slave Driver' (from 'Catch A Fire', the first Island album, again with the originals), 'Redemption Song' (from Marley's last-ever album 'Uprising') and the inevitable 'No Woman No Cry', superbly revved up with a coruscatingly emotional alto sax solo.

Bunny Wailer couldn't have picked better musicians to accompany him on this project without drafing in the Barrettbrothers: the Roots Radics Band sided by Sly and Robbie turn in masterful performances, and it's fascinating to hear a sketch of how the original Wailer vocal trio would have handled the harmonies later taken over by The I Three. On 'Time Will Tell', particularly, Bunny sings a resonant bottom-line harmony that could almost *be* Peter Tosh.

The most startling departure from the original Marley canon is on 'Redemption Song', where the scratchy acoustic guitar of the 'Uprising' cut is replaced by rather tidy gospel pianos and a *soupcon* of bass, but Wailer carries it off splendidly. In many ways, it's the finest lead vocal on the whole album.

Bunny Wailer still has no licensing deal with any British record company (his last domestic release being the 'Sings The Wailers' album which was released by Island), but any good specialist shop, reggae or otherwise, should be able to oblige. My copy sticks and clicks on 'Soul Rebel', so the usual *caveat emptor* rules regarding JA pressings apply. Still, 'Tribute' is well worth stepping forward and seeking out.

"So won't you help me sing these songs of freedom, that's all I ever had . . . redemption songs."

Charles Shaar Murray

Voodoomoods

A CERTAIN RATIO

Sextet (Factory)

THE A CERTAIN RATIO anatomy of melancholy breaks down to a curdling rattle of bones, distant whistles, a few whispered words and a trickle of flat trumpets seeping through the floorboards. It's too unsettled to sooth, yet not desolate enough to be dismissed as abject misery. Their melancholy has a positive edge that works its blues — check those woe-filled horns! — up into an exorcism of bad feelings and cold city dirt.

For those who haven't seen *The Tin Drum*, dream of a solitary drink-sodden bugler blearily blowing away his guilt from the second story window of a Northern port apartment and you'll begin to catch the mood. Don't let it frighten you. A Certain Ratio's urban voodoo is only as threatening as you allow it to be, there dabblings with notions of evil — it's a confrontation, not a submission to it — being the element that elevates their music above the exotic reproductions of the pan Afro or Cuban copyists. If they wanted to limit themselves to that league they could've easily pursued the percussive pulses of their first LP 'To Each...'

On their second LP 'Sextet', however, they've returned in spirit to the loopy mysticism of the brilliant 12" 'Flight'/'Blown Away', updating that record's concrete rhythms to the present, eerily disembodied dance form which is infinitely more mobile than the absorbing dirges of that first LP.

This could be explained by the group's ditching of producer Martin Hannett. He's probably too rational for what they need, having a tendency to reduce drummer Donald Johnson's busy-ness to a regulated snappy snare slap. Johnson deserves better than that, as the group hook their fragmented motions onto the various leads he throws out to them. Johnson's multiplicity of percussion effects provides 'Sextet' with its consistency, thus allowing the rest of the group to indulge their irrational temperament. The production compensates for any gaps left by their flightiness by phasing the disparate elements into one colourfully dense whole inside which only Jeremy Kerr's wonderful rich bass lines achieves prominence.

Few complete phrases filter through this lush density of sound, but those that do go something like this: *"I'm sorry/I can't remember your name."* ('Gum'). They're as simple as that, banal if you like, and they're often feyly floated across the surge of bass, percussion and, in this case, warcries. So why am I moved? Possibly because the voice on 'Gum' and indeed most of the record, belongs to new recruit Martha Tilson. It's not so witheringly sceptical or witty or downright down as Simon Topping's, it acts more as a contrast to the record's sombre moods and trips through the mix acting like a memory trigger, prodding the listener to fill in what's been left out.

Or maybe 'Sextet' improves on 'To Each...' because A Certain Ratio don't sound so frighteningly earnest this time round. They're not afraid to be corny when the occasion warrants a special effect. A windswept seashore sound presages 'Crystal', baby warcries dot around the aforementioned 'Gum' and running water links up with Johnson's cymbal splashes on the LP's best track 'Knife Slits Water' — which might be an abstracted domestic murder mystery and if it's not it doesn't matter.

The words only contribute to the mood, they don't describe it. Clarity has never been A Certain Ratio's prime concern and it isn't now. 'Sextet' is a strange, enchanting ritual of a record that demands participation of some sort. Exactly what I'm not sure; its random editing techniques proscribe dancing conventions, while the lack of narrative defies easy listening. If all else fails try twitching.

Chris Bohn

Shelley . . . incomplete mutation Pic: David Corio

PETE SHELLEY

Homosapien (Genetic)

Missing links missed . . .man

SO LET'S consider the evolution of Pete Shelley from would be schoolboy glam pop poet, to starstruck love besotted voyager at the helm of the Buzzcocks and coming to a restless halt as a neurotic metaphysical artisan.

'Homosapien' is the first chance to examine the solo Shelley over the full range of interests and emotions but it is a disjointed album, the songs are drawn from all three sections of his career.

More the point it shows Shelley at a loss to grasp the sort of perspective on his work which allows him to consistently issue forth with something as strikingly passionate as the title track.

That's not to say that the LP is a *total* failure, Shelley has through his partnership with man-of-the-moment producer Martin Rushent come up with a collection of sharp memorable tunes aligned to an electro-pop lustre which can be both fresh and stimulating. The components should be familiar to those acquainted with The Human League and Heaven 17 — simple melodies, amateurish though nonetheless endearing vocals and the technology which wraps up the package in a consummated gleam ensuring an unfaltering professional execution. But the problem is that the bulk of the raw material is too ineffectual, often embarrassing and half realised, to give the songs a focal point which binds, injects or drives them with the necessary conviction or resolution.

The prevailing theme is a search for order in the scheme of things, the meaning of life, the grand mysteries of the universe and any amount of attendant philosophical drivel. The angry bitter sweet love songs of the Buzzcocks era become grander though ironically winsome in their new found context. After listening to something like 'Qu'est-ce Que C'est Que Ca' you'd be forgiven for venturing that Pete is ripe for religion.

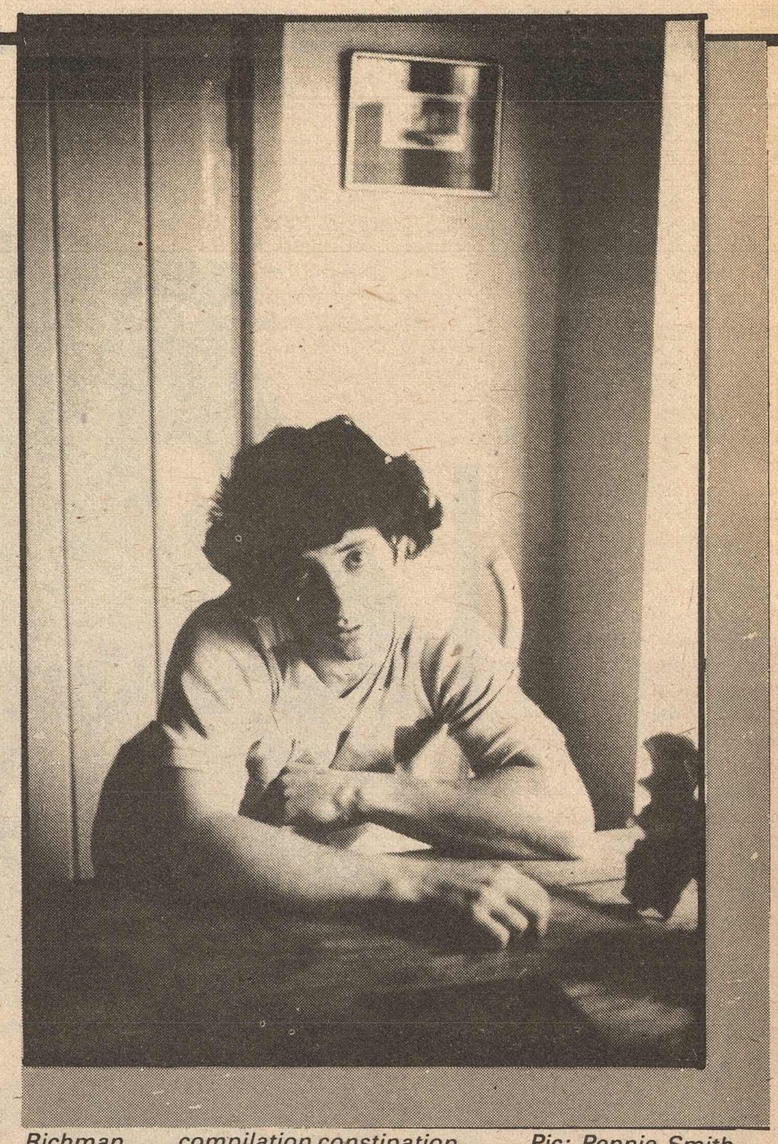
'Homosapien' however is a minor classic, bouncing back and forth with the right balance between intense verve and swaggering froth. It's a consolidation of The Buzzcocks ambisexual love song ethic with priceless lines like *"And we are on our own and the only thing known is our love."* Here as on the album's other vital track 'Guess I Must Have Been In Love With Myself' he shows he's still a masterful sketcher of the emotional fabric which protects personal relationships. But elsewhere he stands back and takes an objective look at these bonds and the, hmmph, forces which motivate us and the fragility and uncertainty on which everything seems to hinge. An admirable endeavour, maybe, but Shelley approaches it all with a poefaced pie-eyed bleat which sets one in mind of nothing so much as mid-70s singer songwriter shallowness.

'Yesterday's Not Here' offers such vacuous lines as *"Looking back on life is such a retrospective thing."* Well who said it was anything else? His early infatuation with The Beatles has led to the bland, overwrought and overrated type of writing that John Lennon churned out after he left the group which is sad because Shelley is far more adept at presenting a superior type of writing.

'Que'est-Ce Que C'est Ca' takes the cosmic biscuit with Shelley one step away from mantras and the Bhagavad Ghita: *"I've been searching for the things I cannot find . . . Will I ever find the answers to the questions that I ask myself sometimes? . . . Is there even an answer?"* And so it goes, floating off to nowhere in particular, out of touch and more than slightly out to lunch, you get the impression that Shelley is wasting both our time and his own.

'Homosapien' is the polite dissection of a few common pursuits, it offers a few agreeable nods and some pleasant background embellishments, seldom does it give more than a superficial intimacy. It lacks energy, urgency and desperation, something to grab on to: the power to wake you or make you or shake you up. A shame because Pete Shelley still has a lot to give. I'm left with the impression that he won't try hard enough to open up the ways and means to us and himself for it to become effective.

Gavin Martin



Richman . . . compilation constipation Pic: Pennie Smith

THE MODERN LOVERS

The Original Modern Lovers (Bomp International)

Another fine Fowley foul-up

MORE history, and of a singularly unspectacular quality. Bomp's rude graphics spirit the package into the grey squareness of 50s Americana — Richman's beloved 'Old World' — which fits precisely this ragbag of 1973 tracks by the band that refused to leave the garage.

The cover note (nicely balanced by comments from Richman which virtually disown the recordings — "I'm embarrassed by these old things . . . stilted and constipated") gets excited over what might have happened if they were released back then. So who's

interested?

Do we need two more versions of 'Road Runner' and grouchy prototypes of 'She Cracked' and 'Astral Plane' amongst some 'new' tunes like the atrociously maudlin 'Don't Let Our Youth Go To Waste', sung alone by a bewildered Richman while Kim Fowley dozes in the control room?

Yes, Fowley — sooner or later the Fowley versions of the Presley Sun sessions are bound to turn up. A half-assed clutch of demos is what this is. But there is something more to it.

Jonathan Richman has quietly disappeared in the last couple of years and nobody seems to miss him much. In a pop universe now spinning on an axis of physical encounter more openly defined than ever before, the virtues of a man who loved to play for children, extol the pleasures of holding hands and make novelty dance tunes ('Egyptian Reggae') might be drowned in derisory laughter. Odd, though, how many cynics melted before to Richman's persistence in peddling his idyllic notions.

Stranger still was his admission of darker animal forces into the playpen. 'Dance With Me', the most interesting track here, is a love song tricked into carnality: *"Your face says sex when you smile, dear."* Richman did write 'Pablo Picasso', if you recall, a slug of wearied disgust with a veneer of humour that his nasal deadpanning worked perfectly on.

What he will be remembered for is 'Road Runner'. It begins 'The Original Modern Lovers' like the rattle of ignition and ends it the same way; so you expect to hear it start up again. Claustrophobic honesty deserves better.

Richard Cook

ABBA

The Visitors (Epic)

THE MYTH may be that pop is a teen affair but it's the elders of Abba, now in their thirties, who are the world's most successful pop group. They've disguised this anomaly behind their glossy looks and their bland lyrics, which defer to teen themes — mostly, boy meets girl, etc — with nary a glint of the personal, until now.

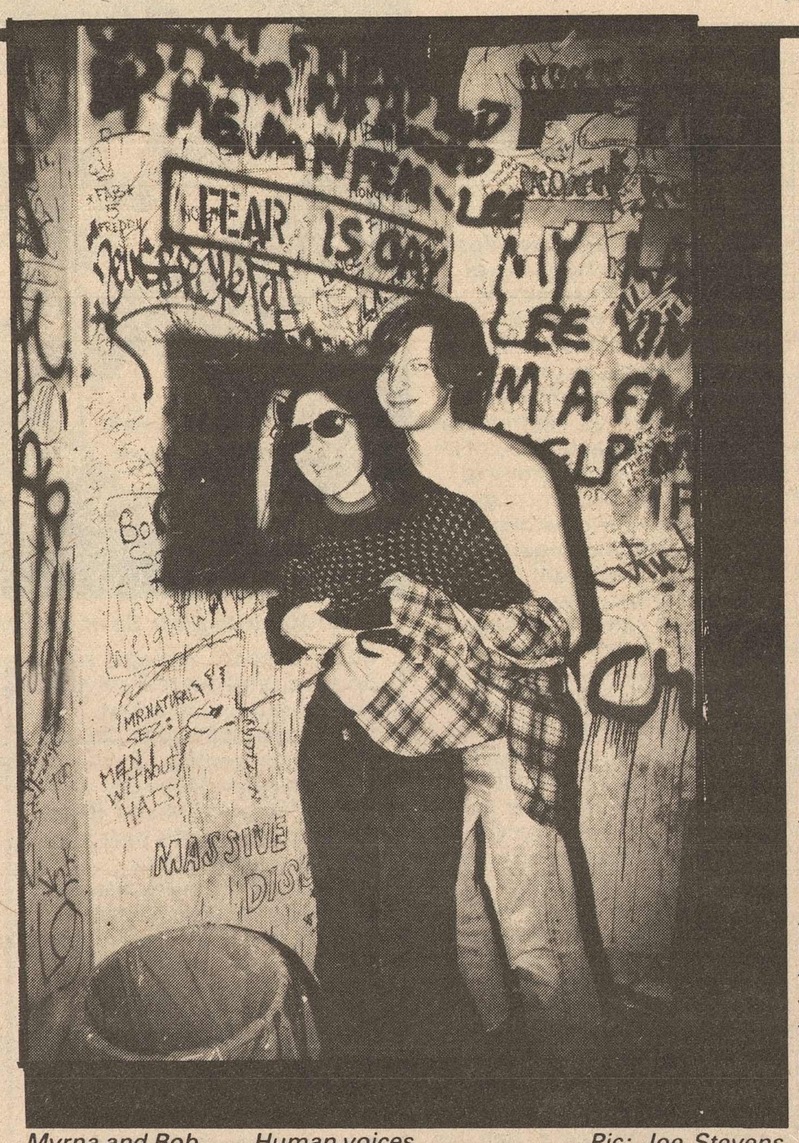
'The Visitors' seems to change all this. I say seems because Abba's lyrics remain so notoriously non-specific, it's dangerous to read too much into them. But there are definite *hints* here of something else leaking through: an elusive air of paranoia, especially about age, pervades most of these songs, making this the band's most curious LP for years.

The paranoia is most explicit on the title-track, whose visitors are mysterious, threatening, possibly secret police, and on 'Soldiers', the closest Abba are likely to come to an anti-war song. Three more tracks rue the passing of time, including the autumnal 'When All Is Said And Done' whose protagonists defiantly claim that they're *"not too old for sex"!* In this context of unease, it may not be too fanciful to sense male sexual paranoia at work in both 'Head Over Heels' and 'One Of Us'.

Such speculations aside, the chief pleasure of Abba remains their well-crafted melodies, and at least half of 'The Visitors' is prime pop. Its effectiveness rests on a simple balance of cool vocal / keyboard textures woven deftly over a bedrock of crisp, jaunty rhythm. Their slower songs are more suspect, frequently sentimental, and 'I Let The Music Speak', the LP's nadir, is an absurdly grandiose piece which claims that their music is the vehicle for inner revelations, when we all know it's just oil for the cogs of Capital.

It's hard to imagine falling in love with, or to, an Abba song, but their influence should not be underrated — witness the Sheffield copyists who've just displaced them at the top of the charts! And 'The Visitors', unlike most of their LPs, at least provokes a few thoughts as you drift away with those exquisite harmonies like, now that Bjorn's grown a beard too, doesn't he look *just* like Bill Oddy?

Graham Lock



Myrna and Bob . . . Human voices *Pic: Joe Stevens*

Twitch 'n' itch from Switch

HUMAN SWITCHBOARD

Who's Landing In My Hangar? (Faulty US)

SOMETHING stirs out in the American heartland. The light breaks and is seen from a dark Mid-Western garage, where a band with a vision struggles to define what they're all about.

We've waited a long time for this record. For three years Human Switchboard have been making periodic trips to New York from their Ohio home base, becoming critics' favourites, the object of cult adoration, and frustrated recording stars. There have been three independent singles that hinted at a bubbling, innovative excitement, and a very decent live bootleg put out by their Ohio fans. But a real record always seemed an elusive propostion.

'Who's Landing In My Hangar?' isn't the explosive pop masterpiece Human Switchboard are capable of recording. Most of its problems are matters of economics, not music. The band financed the recording themselves for around £700, a pitifully low sum, and it shows.

No apologies needed, though. Human Switchboard have made a record to treasure. A pop record loaded with heart, bristling with texture and tone, full of sly pleasures and surprising beauty.

Human Switchboard are blessed with a drive to make their music tell their stories. There is so much bare emotion laid out here it hurts.

They start with an awareness that things aren't right. Every which way you look: politically, sexually, economically, spiritually — the golden glitter of the heartland is totally tarnished.

They have a conviction that expressing one's worst fears can exorcise their power, that singing out one's greatest hopes may make them come true. They are driven by a survivor's instinct to keep digging for passion and warmth in a cold world.

The components of the sound are, one, a rhythm section that is tough but flexible. Two, a vocal and instrumental dialogue between Bob Pfeifer on guitar and Myrna Marcarian on organ. Marcarian's voice is wise, womanly and warm. Pfeifer's is by turns hopeful or hurt but always aching and alive. They and their instruments talk to each other throughout these songs, and that is the central drama.

Pfeifer's voice occasionally droops into unconscious Lou Reed-isms, and 'Refrigerator Door' with its subdued pace and tambourine underpinning, has the flavour of third album-era Velvet Underground. But the Velvets were a vehicle for a single singer and his sensibilities. Human Switchboard are more like a running argument, complete with reconciliations, relapses and moments of incredible tenderness.

'Refrigerator Door' is the record's highlight, a series of emotional movements. Pfeifer and Marcarian play a couple whose love is long gone, but who can't let go. They trade memories, questions and regrets, as the song builds to a crescendo that, realistically, leaves nothing resolved. The song is cunning in its dramatic devices, it gets you involved. It's true, it's potent, it resonates in the ear and the mind.

Then there's the raw ache of jealousy of the title track, Pfeifer's voice a choked-up howl set to a desperate, slashing guitar. Couldn't be any clearer.

On a lighter note is the delicious, breezy pop of 'Saturday's Girl', full of swirling organ and Marcarian's sweetest vocal.

'Who's Landing' has pop songs that connect us to vital emotions. But good as it is, Human Switchboard could do better, could someday soon record an undeniable classic. I hope they keep pushing for it.

Richard Grabel

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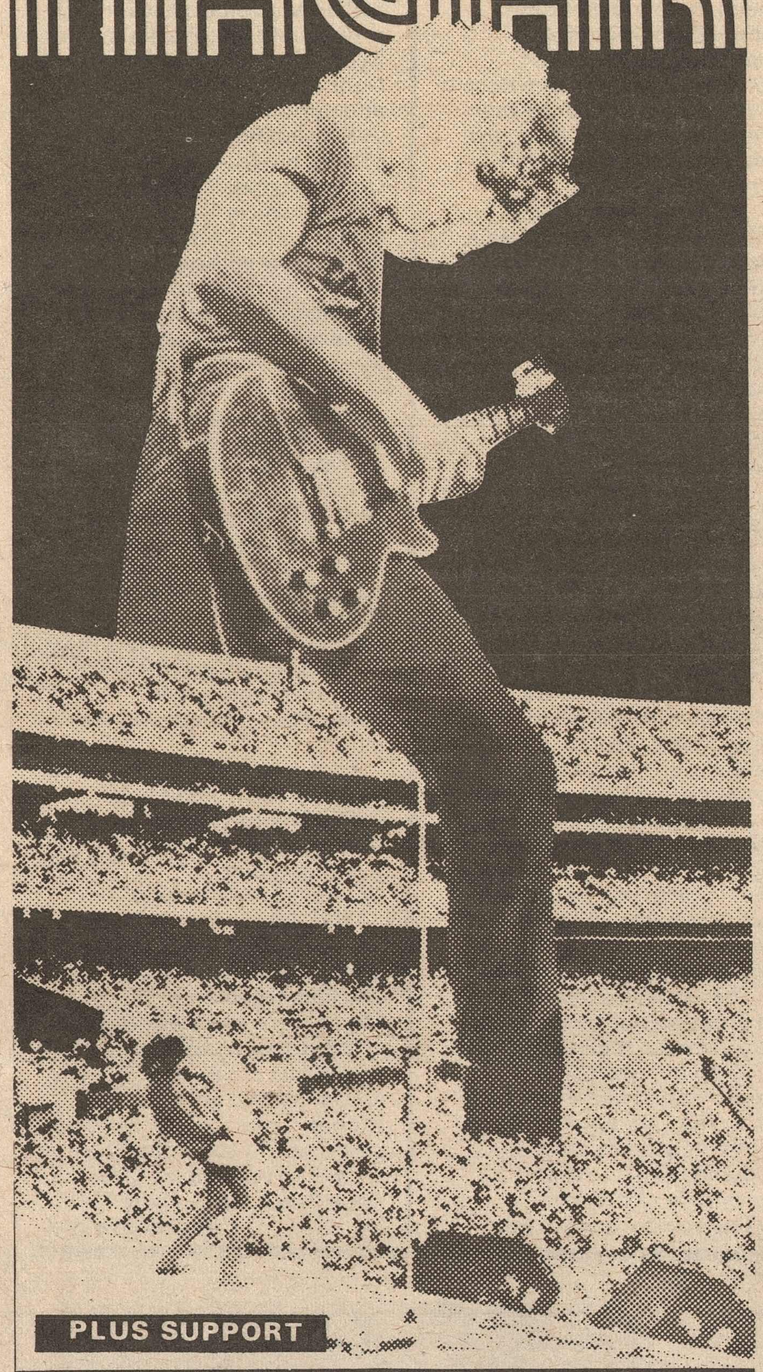

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WED. 10th FEBRUARY 8pm
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JAZZ

Don Moye on Black Saint (cheers!) *Pic: Jak Kilby*

IMPATIENCE for a fresh dose of the peculiar chemistry of Chicago's Art Ensemble is soothed some by two new offerings from **Joseph Jarman** and **Don Moye,** saxes and sticks, and **Roscoe Mitchell,** even more saxes. Neither is as liberating as the dark joy of an AEC outing; each prefers to celebrate the idiosyncrasies of their respective creators' muses, dabbling fingers in pools of risk and venture for ample if erratic reward.

Mitchell gathers his Sound Ensemble for '3 X 4 Eye' (Black Saint import), a record that seems to tiptoe down a line of hayseed eccentricities. Mitchell (sticking to soprano and alto) decides to pitch almost everything slow. His group — Tani Tabbal on percussion and Hugh Ragin on trumpet, both retained from the lucidly charming 'More Cutouts' which Roscoe gave us last year, plus Jaribu Sharid's bass and Spencer Barefield's guitar — take a sombre course over a nearly empty canvas. 'Cut Outs For Quintet' and '3 X 4 Eye' have instruments coming and going like half-heard snatches of conversation.

It speaks of a dedication to unhurried detail that calls for similarly inclined concentration. A touch too heavy of heart, perhaps; a few unisons send out real shivers and drive gentility askew. The tripping jaunt through 'Jo Jar' is more enlivening.

The Jarman-Moye LP, 'Earth Passage-Density' (Black Saint import — let's hear it for this great label) is less single-minded, more directly enjoyable though maybe less durable in any long run: light of heart, skippy with the feet, it swings out without regret.

As companions, Craig Harris (trombone and a mean didgeridoo) and Rafael Garrett (mostly bass) are a sturdy team. Harris in particular spars with the saxist (also loaded up with flutes, piccolo and clarinets) to excellent effect. His own 'Jawara' opens with a long, slurping solo before an irresistible bass undercurrent tugs Jarman into the fray in a shower of soprano ideas. 'Sun Spots' builds out of many drums into interplay of uncertain temperament — now gladsome, now argumentative. 'Happiness Is' is an open feature for the two horns and conspires to put plain solos in a different light.

Under the surface the percussion always beats on, exemplified by the rhythmic span of the extended 'Zulu Village', a demanding recall of Africa which is never lost sight of. For all the thrill, the commitment runs serious and deep as the earth, which must trouble an outsider (like me).

As a tribute record, **Giorgio Gaslini's** 'Gaslini Plays Monk' (Soul Note import) works in every way — it resets classic tunes in a way that makes them seem verdant again, while simultaneously demonstrating fresh resources which an explorer can turn up in themes worked over to death by the less adventurous. And it bubbles with love-lies-bleeding irreverence and excitability.

Gaslini is a fiftyish Italian pianist who loves to play Thelonious Monk tunes. As a jazz composer, Monk has no parallel: his liverish romanticism, replete with a roaring humour, flavours extraordinarily difficult themes with a surface guile and simplicity that makes them both pretty and unfathomably deep.

Take 'Round About Midnight', one of the most affecting but overused pieces in the Monk canon. Gaslini chops it into little bits, belts over what's left with fingertips skating across the keys and has a couple of clockwork chime-boxes tinkling in the background. 'Let's Call This' rolls at a near-swagger before collapsing in the middle and somehow getting back on its feet. Not all of it is burlesque, though: the beautiful 'Pannonica' is adeptly recomposed to uncover startling areas of sonority and 'Ruby My Dear' hatches schemes of balladry totally devoid of cliche or sentimentality. A loving, witty, incandescent record which would surely make Monk chuckle too.

Richard Cook

The trowel hits back

RAINBOW

The Best Of Rainbow (Polydor)

Richmore . . . like, cool?

RAINBOW aren't a band at all, but rather guitarist Ritchie Blackmore's unswerving concept. He does all the dictating while Rainbow personnel change more than the weather. He really fancies himself, flaunting that famous temper(ament) on stage or sulking during (rare) interviews.

His playing is slightly more tasteful and rhythmic than that of most HM and pomp rock axemen, but that's about all: don't let's get carried away.

'Catch The Rainbow' (which could serve as a kind of anthem for this double compilation — and for the outfit's six year history) is very sub-Hendrix, with Blackmore more Robin Trower than 'Merman': try to play like Jimi and already you've missed his essential point and given yourself a handicap, ie a trowel instead of a plectrum.

Although the rest of the album is in a harder vein than this semi-titular track, it's also (listen to 'Kill The King' and 'Stargazer') more stiff and turgid — and closer to Deep Purple. That's obviously all part of the Blackmore ploy: living in the past. Rainbow Man employs different individuals in so far as they'll reproduce the spiritlessness of Deep Purple (remember Ian Paige that dragging drummer? and Gillan that nagging shrill vocalist?).

The only vaguely memorable cut out of 16 is 'Since You've Been Gone', about as near as Rainbow get to HM's long-lost soulful roots in R&B.

It so happens that this '81 selection is based on the same riff as one from '76 — 'A Light In The Black'. But you don't need me to tell you how unswerving and repetitive Rainbow are: no U turns. Right on and right off.

Paul Tickell

VARIOUS ARTISTS

A Splash Of Colour (WEA)

Flowers in the weeds

THE NEW Psychedelics finally make it on to vinyl. 'A Splash Of Colour' presents eight of the groups you would have found playing at The Clinic, a London niterie at the heart of that groovy scene. For most of them, this LP is their first real exposure, and I guess it has a make-or-break significance for the much-derided Movement as a whole.

Aptly enough, it's Clinic DJ The Doctor who hosts the record with two tracks of his distinctive heavily-echoed weirdness — in fact his monologues suggest he's got a better grasp of the peculiar '60s technicolour vision than anyone else, even if his imagination *is* macabre and warped. Mood Six, inevitably, feature with two songs ('Plastic Flowers' and 'Just Like A Dream') as do Miles Over Matter ('Park My Car' and 'Something's Happening'.) Even those garage-band godfathers of the present revival, The Barracudas, get a look-in with 'Watching The World Go By'.

The Times specialise in '66 English pop-art kitsch, and to prove it they contribute the Spencer Davies-ish 'I Helped Patrick McGoohan Escape'.

Mostly, it's lightweight pop, straight from the time-bubble (if you except the occasional 1980s nuclear lyric and so on). Musically, the psychedelics have obvious links with mod and powerpop, as critics are never slow to gloat. Some of this bunch are frankly weak, it's true, and should wilt before winter's out. But some of it *is* fresh, and pleasant in an undemanding kind of way. The only moral for outsiders is: join their scene if it appeals to you, and if it doesn't, just sod off and leave them in peace.

Paul Du Noyer

MCP presents

KROKUS

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Tickets £3.50, £3.00
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VARIOUS ARTISTS

Disco — Rough (Celluloid)

APRES ZE, le deluge. If the mood of '81 was a dance mode made of equal parts charm and irony, you can bet that '82 is going to see an opening of the floodgates for a fresh stream of dizzy disco, filtered through similar pop sensibilities.

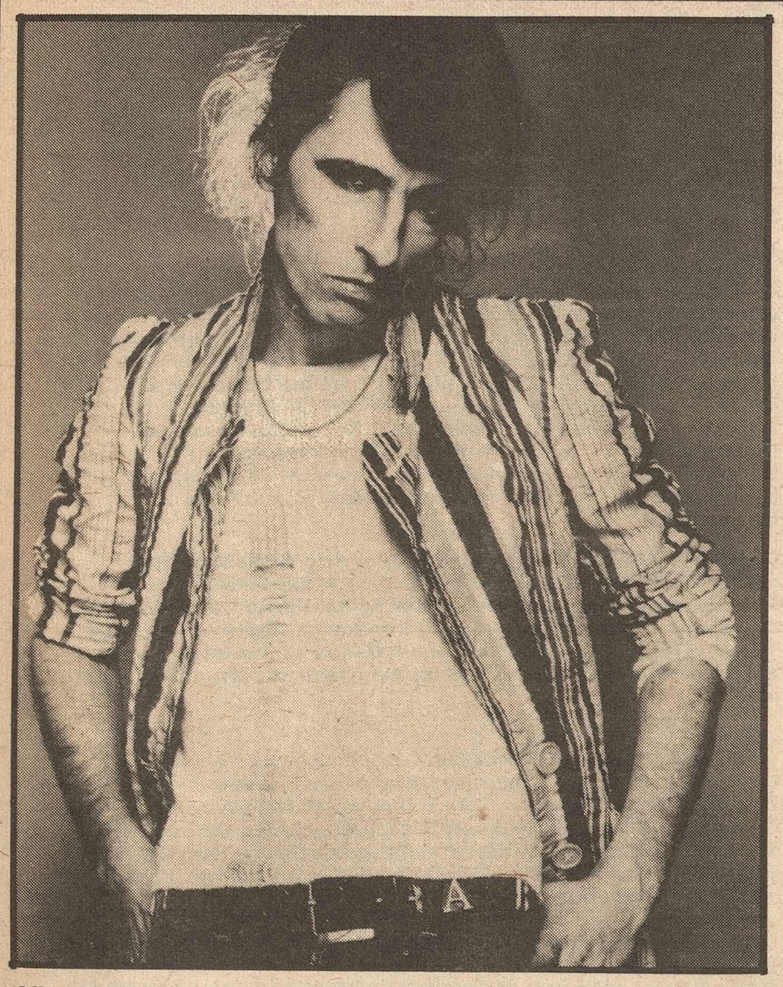
Celluloid is at first sight an appealing project, linking the new sounds of London, New York and Paris on a label run by Rusty Egan and distributed by Island. Compilations, however, have a nasty way of turning awkward and unwieldy, and as an example of Celluloid's product, its inconsistency lets it down.

The LP starts badly with Alan Vega's disappointing quasi-rockabilly strum, 'Juke Box Babe', which stands out like a sore thumb in the album's overall concept of an alternative dance strategy. The French contribution is largely by Jacno, a star with top pops in his own country. Here he produces Mathematiques Modernes on the title track, contributes a track of his own an a collaboration with his co-star Elli. It's unfortunate that his three electropop souffles that aim at levity are stretched to tedium. Mathematiques Modernes 'Disco Rough' in particular, sounds like badly diluted DAF, with a banal, repetitious structure somehow so burdened by special effects that it still managed to sound cluttered. Still let's not be too harsh on Jacno, since part of the LP's problem is context, and the French connection is padded round two tracks by Material that outshine, and almost vindicate, the entire album.

A loose collection of New York musicians who are pretty dull onstage, or at least they were the time I saw them, on record Material take the wildest chances and somehow succeed by a pure invention that's untainted by indulgence. 'Upriver' swerves between the suavest, jazziest, smoothest funk, overlaid by crazy Country violin, in a track that's a bizarre hiccup in the history of disco. 'Secret Life' on the other side, sounds as if someone's playing at surreal dub with the components of Donna Summer's 'I Feel Free;' a supple, sinuous instrumental that stretches out towards psychedelia as a balmy mood music rotates around a strictly irresistible rhythm.

As I said, Material almost make up for the LP's shortcomings, but for the record, two out of six isn't good enough.

Lynn Hanna



Alice Cooper

Alice returns

Four dates in February

☐ ALICE COOPER, as exclusively predicted by *NME* some weeks ago, returns to Britain next month after an absence of nearly six years. He and his band — John Nitzinger (guitar), Jannero Uvena (guitar), Michael Pinera (bass) and Erik Scott (bass) plus an unnamed keyboardist — are now confirmed to play: Birmingham Odeon (February 12), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15), Manchester Apollo (18) and Glasgow Apollo (19). Tickets are already on sale and are priced £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00.

☐ **FRANKIE LAINE,** the '50s star responsible for such hits as 'Jezebel' and 'I Believe' arrives in the UK at the end of April to play a number of dates. Those already set are: Nottingham Commodore Club (April 30), Harrogate Centre (May 1), London Dominion Theatre (2), Windsor Blazers (3-8) Luton Caesars Palace (10-15) and Lewisham Concert Hall (16). Tickets for all shows are available direct from each venue except for the London show where tickets are priced £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 available only by postal application from The Kruger Organisation (Concert Promotions) Ltd., PO Box 460, East Sussex BN1 5bb enclosing an SAE.

☐ **OK JIVE** promote their new single, 'On Route'/'Congo Kwela', by embarking on a tour that starts at Reading University on January 19 and then moves on to London Dingwalls (20), Birmingham Aston University (22), Stock North Staffs Poly (27), Leeds Warehouse (28), Glasgow Nightmoves (29), Edinburgh Nite Club (30), Swindon Brunel Rooms (February 2), Rochester Medway College of Design (3), Hitchin Regal (4), Retford Porterhouse (5), Southgate Le Rox (6), Aberystwyth University (10) and Coventry General Wolfe (11). The band's Hammersmith Palais gig of January 12 is to be broadcast by Capital Radio later in the year while a session for Hazel O'Connor's *Jangles* show comes your way via ITV in March.

☐ MODERN ROMANCE, headlining at London's Venue on January 22, play a special at the Bridge House this Saturday (16) as a special thank-you to the club which supported them in their early days.

☐ **UFO,** faced with the problem of a venue's roof being brought down before they actually played a note, are shifting their Cardiff Sophia Gardens gig on January 24 to the nearby Top Rank venue. Only snag is that the band won't be able to present their normal light-show — which should at least please the local electricity board.

☐ **THE LOOK,** whose 'I Am The Beat' single yielded high returns last year take to the road to support Climax Blues Band on their forthcoming tour which commences at Keele University on January 20. The band's MCA debut album, titled 'The Look', arrives just two days later.

☐ FAD GADGET'S tour has undergone a few alterations and the Warwick University gig on January 23 has been cancelled, while the date at Manchester Rafters is switched from January 15 to January 13. Three new shows have also been announced — at Glasgow Nightmoves (January 28), Edinburgh Nightclub (29) and London King's College (February 19).

☐ **MOOD ELEVATORS,** much loved by The Beat but shamefully ignored by *NME* in the past (or so they tell us!) shortly headline on the following gigs: Bath Moles Club (January 21), Twickenham St Marys College (22), North Staffs Poly (February 5), Cambridge Sound Cellar (13) and Dudley JB's (March 6). Reason for all the activity is a new Go-Feet single titled 'Georgie Girl'.

TOUR NEWS

Tops to tour

☐ THE FOUR TOPS, back in the NME charts once more with 'Don't Walk Away' are lined up for a lengthy British tour, encompassing Purfleet Circus Tavern (February 25-27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (March 1), Chippenham Golddiggers (2), Edinburgh Usher Hall (4), Aberdeen Capitol (5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Nottingham Commodore International (7), Oxford New Theatre (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (12), Manchester Apollo (13), Southport Theatre (14), Batley New Frontier (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (17), Camberley Lakeside Country Club (18-20), Eastbourne Conquest (21) and Watford Baileys (22-27).

☐ **JOSE FELICIANO,** who recently signed to Motown, plays a one-off show at London's Dominion Theatre on Saturday (16). To coincide, Motown are releasing a new Feliciano single 'I Wanna Be Where You Are', a track from the album 'Jose Feliciano' which was produced by Motown chairman Berry Gordy. The song was formerly successful for Michael Jackson.

☐ **SAMSON** provide a 'give-away' gig at London's Marquee on January 15. The first 30 punters through the doors receive a free album, the next 50 become the owners of quality metal badges and anyone else who gains admission gains a badge of less distinction — or something like that! The show will be recorded for a possible live album appearance.
☐ **ALANPRICE** appears at Windsor Theatre Royal (January 24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27), Billingham Forum (29), Chippenham Gold-Diggers (February 6) and Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (28).

☐ **TRAPEZE** and **Geordee** have been named as the support acts on the Edgar Winter tour, announced exclusively in *NME* last week. Geordee, whose lead singer Brian Johnson joined AC/DC as a replacement for Bon Scott, now feature vocals by Rob Turnbull, who recently turned down a deal to join Uriah Heep.

☐ EYELESS IN GAZA this week embark on their first major tour to promote their new single, 'Others'. Dates are: Stoke Polytechnic (January 15), Leicester Polytechnic (20), Manchester Polytechnic (21), Hull Tower Theatre (22), Oxford Scamps (25), Coventry Guys (27), Leeds Bierkeller (28), Central London Polytechnic (29), Retford Porterhouse (30), Aberdeen University (February 5), Edinburgh Nite Moves (7), Canterbury Kent University (10) and Thames Polytechnic (13). The Lemon Kittens co-headline at all dates.

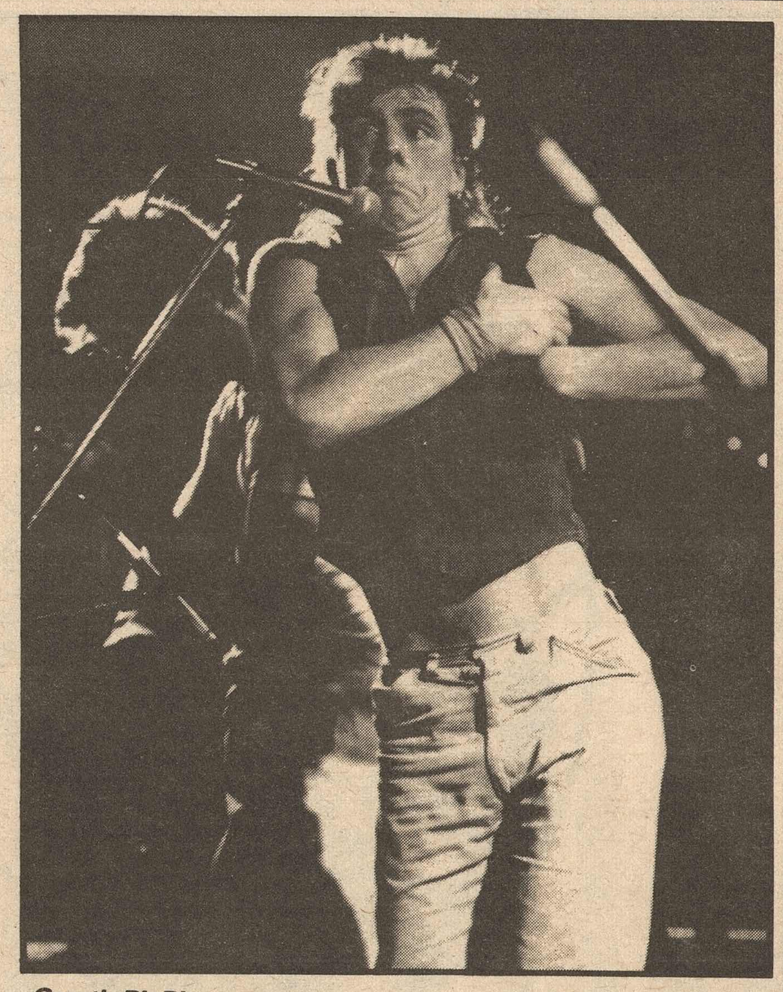
Edwyn Juice *Pic: Harry Papadopoulos*

☐ ORANGE JUICE are to play three dates this month — their first headline gigs since the recent line-up reshuffle. They appear at London The Venue (January 20), Manchester Rafters (21), and Norwich University of East Anglia (22) and then ready themselves for their forthcoming national tour to promote 'You Can't Hide Your Love Forever', their long-awaited album.

☐ **CUDDLY TOYS,** at last okaying their 'It's A Shame' single for release after a remix job, continue their trek around Britain at London's 100 Club on January 21, and then play: Bangor Univeristy (28), Sheffield Limit Club (February 4), Sunderland Annabelles (5), Paisley Technical College (6), Glasgow Nightmoves (7), Kingston Poly (11), Colchester Institute (12), Hitchin Regal (18), Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium (23) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (27).

☐ **GRAND PRIX** have now been confirmed as special guests on the Sammy Hager tour, which commences at St Austell's Cornwall Coliseum on January 23.

☐ **PATRICK FITZGERALD, Lol Coxhill** and self-styled punk revolutionary poem-shouter **Attila The Shouter** will be among those taking part in *The Eastminster Abbey Road Show* at London's Stratford Theatre Royal on February 4. The show is designed to follow in the footsteps of the recent Poetry Olympics held at the Young Vic.



Gareth RipRig *Pic: Santo Basone*

Rip Rig gigs

— and Cherry collaboration

☐ RIP RIG AND PANIC, once more boasting the skin bashing activities of Bruce Smith thanks to the Slits split, are setting out on their first dates of '82. Venues so far announced include: University of London (January 15), Liverpool Warehouse (15), Derby Bluenote Club (28), Norwich Gala Ballroom (29), Newcastle University (30), and Manchester Leisure 2000 (31). RR&G put in some studio time with trumpeter Don Cherry just before Xmas and Virgin claim that some of the music created is likely to surface on the band's second album.

☐ **BERT JANSCH,** the almost legendary guitarist, plays a gig at London Battersea Arts Centre on January 22. Tickets are just £1 and the bar's open late!

☐ **TANDOORI CASSETTE,** the new band fronted by Zal Cleminson, have lined up a few dates this month, these being: Coventry General Wolfe (January 15), London Marquee (16), Leeds Warehouse (21), Retford Porterhouse (22) and Cambridge Sound Cellar (23).

☐ **THE PASSAGE** promote their recently issued 'Taboos' single with a tour that includes dates at Manchester Polytechnic (January 14), Derby Bluenote (21), London Euston Golfclub (29), Portsmouth Polytechnic (30), Birmingham Polytechnic (February 5), Cambridge Sound Cellar (6), Huddersfield Polytechnic (10), Thames Polytechnic (20) and Stoke Polytechnic (26). The band have a new single, 'Xoyo' out shortly, while a new album is being completed.

☐ UK DECAY, back from their brief European tour on January 20, hope to clear the customs by January 22 on which day they play a gig at Stafford's North Staffs Poly — after which they appear at Strathclyde University (23), High Wycombe Bucks College of Further Education (29), Stroud Marshall Rooms (29), Birmingham University (February 5), Norwich Gala (12), Kingston Poly (25), Manchester Poly (27) and High Wycombe College (28).

☐ **Clint Eastwood/General Saint's** gig at The Albany Empire, Deptford originally scheduled for January 20, has now been postponed.

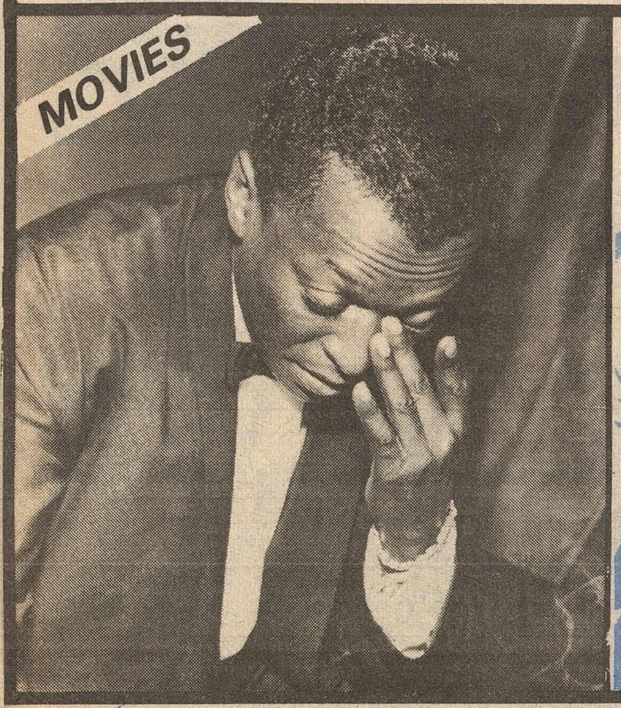
☐ ***TROJANS,*** the play which provides Pauline Black with her acting debut, opens at London's Riverside Studio on January 27 and runs until February 21. Tickets are £2.75 from the Riverside box office (01-748 3354).

☐ **URBAN SHAKEDOWN,** a new band formed by Dennis Morris and M, both formerly with Basement 5, plays debut London gigs at West Hamstead's Moonlight Club (January 25) and The Venue (27). The band has recently been in the studios with Martin Hannett.

☐ MARI WILSON and her 12-piece Imaginations start out on a massive 60-date tour this week, with initial shows at Hatfield Poly (January 14), Exeter University (15), Plymouth College of Further Education (16), Milton Keynes Peaches (17), Bath University (22), Cardiff Nero's (23), Swindon Brunel Rooms (26), London Dingwalls (28), Sheffield University (29) and Bradford University (30). A new single, 'Beat The Beat'/'Glamour Puss' is now available.

10cc have added two extra dates to sell-out February-March tour, at Manchester Apollo (March 3) and Poole Arts Centre (March 12).

MORE TOUR NEWS OVER PAGE



Miles Davis

Scala goes jazz

CINEASTE cats can look forward to nine days of jazz movies at London's ever-hip Scala Cinema later this month, opening on January 23 with Bert Stern's classic record of the 1960 Newport Festival, *Jazz On A Summer's Day*, and bowing out on the 30th with Bruce Ricker's *Last Of The Blue Devils*, an enthusiast's essay on swing-into-bop survivors.

In between is a brew of features and documentary shorts showing how jazz often mixes better with film than rock does: less dependence on visceral impact, the power to move held in a lungful of saxophone notes. *Jazz Hoofer, Talmage Farlow, Maxwell Street Blues* and the crazy delight of *Sun Ra: A Joyful Noise* come from last year's London Film Festival; so does Rimoch's curious dramatisation of Parker's life, *Mask*. There's some '50s US TV jazz programmes, three hours of '30s and '40s shorts including Billie Holiday and Louis Jordan and a portrait of renowned guitar manufacturer Les Paul.

Three shows are unmissable: on the 30th, Louis *(Pretty Baby, Atlantic City)* Malle's *Lift To The Scaffold* with its spectral, intuitive score by the 1958 Miles Davis group (completely improvised as they watched the film); on the 25th, the brilliant Swedish *Sven Klang's Combo*, physical and emotional scars in view as a workaday group struggles with the new jazz spirit; and two gems on the 24th, the seldom shown *Jack Johnson* with another score by Miles (1971 — with Hancock and McLaughlin) and a new Canadian film *Imagine The Sound* that fuses the eloquence of Cecil Taylor, Paul Bley, Bill Dixon and Archie Shepp into a quartet of avante-garde portraits.

Black indies festival

THE NATIONAL Film Theatre on London's South Bank is to hold a Festival of Black Independent American Movies during February. The Festival, which runs from Tuesday, February 2 through to Friday, February 12, will feature such movies as Melvin Van Peebles' ground-breaking *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, which includes music by Earth Wind & Fire; *Dreamland*, the documentary-like story of Janne Crayton, a gospel singer who decides to branch into blues, jazz and rock; *Rasta*, Clive Davidson's 1972 film concerning the Rastafarian movement; *For Personal Reasons*, an examination of the motives for a black youth's act of terror against New York police; and *But Then She's Betty Carter*, the documentary about one of the world's finest jazz singers, which earlier graced the NFT's brief jazz season.

Grove Music, which includes footage of Aswad, Sons Of Jah, Brimstone and Junior Brown in concert, is also to be screened on Saturday, February 13, though this will not form part of the Black Movie season. Also on the same programme will be *Grove Carnival*, a short that documents the 1980 Notting Hill Carnival.

Fred Dellar

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NEWSFLASH

JAPAN UNSPLIT SHOCK HORROR!

DAVID SYLVIAN this week denied rumours that Japan were to split, claiming: "It's all due to over-exaggeration. Contrary to belief that all is doom and desperation with the band, we are actually quite happy." There is little doubt though that Japan's members will be parting company for a while. As a Virgin spokesperson claimed: "The band have always taken a break from one another after completing albums and right now they're all interested in working on separate projects — but certainly they'll all be back together later in the year, ready to work on the next Japan project." Little doubt either that Virgin are disappointed that Sylvian and Co. are failing to put in a major collective effort at this point in time. For 'Tin Drum', the band's latest album, put them within grasp of major league status and many connected with their label are convinced that one extra shove early in '82 could have made all the difference.

MORE HYPE

ROBERT CALVERT, he of Hawkwind infamy, has adapted *Hype*, a book that seeks to dig some of the dirt surrounding the rock industry, and turned it into a musical stage play which he, various friends and the Tom Mahler Band will be performing at London's Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square. Previews are being held on January 19 and 20, while the show officially opens on January 21 and runs until February 16. Tickets are priced £3 and £4 and are available from the booking office (01-836-3334/2132).

DURY ARTISTICUS

IAN DURY is among those involved in a new venture, Artists Of Disability, which aims to offset the "patronising attitude of many of the able-bodied in the Year Of The Disabled". Dury is to oversee a lyric writing workshop as one of the activities in a wide-ranging programme intended to assist people with disabilities who want to be active in the arts field. Full report next week.

TOUR NEWS

☐ **SAD CAFE** undertake an extensive tour of the major Polytechnics and Universities which include the following dates: Birmingham Poly (January 15), Cardiff University (16), Exeter University (18), Plymouth Poly (19), Worthing Assembly Hall (20), West Runton Pavilion (21), Hull University (22), Bradford University (22), Bradford University (23), Lancaster University (24), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (25), York University (26), Liverpool University (27), Salford University (28), Nottingham Rock City (29), Manchester Palace Theatre (31), Dunstable Queensway Hall (February 1),. Reading University (2), Leicester Poly (3), Huddersfield Poly (6), Aberystwyth University (8) and Swansea University (9).

☐ **THE STRANGLERS have added several more dates to the tour announced last week and are now lined-up to appear at Bristol Locarno (February 1), Derby Assembly Rooms (3), Coventry Warwick University (4), Ipswich Gaumont (5), Portsmouth Guildhall (6), Leeds Tiffanys (7) and London Hammersmith Odeon (8). Tickets for all venues are priced £3.75 and £3.50 except for Hammersmith where they're set at £4.00.**

☐ **AFTER THE FIRE** and **TOP SECRET** go out on a tour that plays Glasgow University this Saturday (16) and then moves on to Sheffield Poly (22), Dundee University (23), Southampton University (30), Birmingham University (February 5) and Derby, Lonsdale College (6). Top Secret, whose 'It's My World' single gets a Cheapskate release shortly, also play two dates at West Hampstead's Moonlight Club on January 18 and February 9.

☐ **THE CHEATERS'** 'Sweat It Out' tour commences at Carlisle Mick's Club on January 13, after which the band hurtle to Wokingham Angie's (14) and then on to London University College (15), Barrow Scorpio 1 (16), Egremont Rugby Union Club (21), Manchester Poly Didsburg site (22), Reading Bulmershe College of Education (23) and Stoke-on-Trent Vines (24).

Pic: Colin Gray — Soft Cell

☐ **SOFT CELL, sticking to their be-true-to-the-punters policy, play their first dates since 'Tainted Love' charted, when they appear at Retford's Porterhouse this week (15 and 16). "It's hardly an up-market gig," said a Cell-mate, adding that the band will also be playing a low-level show on January 24 at a venue known to locals as The Kirk.**

☐ **ELKIE BROOKS** begins an extensive British tour at the end of March, the full dates being: Hull New Theatre (March 27 and 28, with two shows on the first date), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (29), Newcastle City Hall (30 and 31), Edinburgh Playhouse (April 1), Dundee Caird Hall (2), Aberdeen Capital Theatre (3), Glasgow Apollo (4), Preston Guildhall (5), Stoke-on-Trent Victoria Hall (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (7), Reading Hexagon Hall (8 — two shows), Leicester De Montfort Hall (13), Birmingham Odeon (14 and 15), Coventry Apollo (16), Oxford Apollo (17 — two shows), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (20), Southampton Gaumont (21), Portsmouth Guildhall (22), Brighton Centre (28), Ipswich Gaumont (29 and 30), Derby Assembly Hall (May 1 — two shows), Bradford Alhambra (2 — two shows), Liverpool Empire (4), Blackpool Opera House (5), Manchester Apollo (6) and Sheffield City Hall (7). The shows on the double-header dates begin at 6.00 pm and 9.00 pm.

☐ **THE SCORPIONS** have added five further dates to their forthcoming tour, which is now scheduled to begin on April 4. The new dates are Manchester Apollo (April 4), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (11), Ipswich Gaumont (12), Liverpool Empire (20) and an additional London Hammersmith Odeon concert on April 24.

☐ **NEW ORDER provide yet another one-off — at Birmingham Imperial Cinema on January 23. Tickets, price £2.50, are available from Virgin Records, Birmingham.**

☐ **MEATLOAF** has added an extra date at Birmingham and is now playing the National Exhibition Centre on April 24, his April 23 show having already proved a sell out. Tickets, priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 are available from Meatloaf Concerts, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 12JQ. Postal orders only, made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises, and enclose an SAE.

☐ **JOE COCKER,** the most successful singing plumber of the late '60s and early '70s, returns to the UK concert circuit later this month when he plays Edinburgh Playhouse (January 28), Birmingham Odeon (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30), Oxford New Theatre (31), plus an as yet unnamed Sheffield venue on February 2. Geordee, who used to be known as Geordie, provide support on all dates.

Pic: Anton Corbijn — David Sylvian

Pic: Dennis Smith — Ian Dury

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featuring Zal Cleminson, Charlie Tiemahai, Ronnie Leaky and Barmy Barlow
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CHELSEA
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Monday 18th January (Adm £2.00)
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Tuesday 19th January (Adm £2.00)
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+ Guests and Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 20th January (Adm £1.50)
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Birmingham Odeon, 29th Jan. Oxford New Theatre, 31st Jan.

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Tel 828 9441

Doors open 7.30pm
Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

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NICO
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ZEITGEIST
+ Idle Flowers
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+ KING TRIGGER
+ COSMETICS

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SUN · MON 21st · 22nd FEB 7.30pm
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with guests THE FLYING PADOVANIS
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
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Tickets £3.50 available from Palais B/O, L.T.B., Albemarle, Premier B/O & Keith Prowse B/O's

BASEMENT BAR

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Thursday 14th January £1.25
PRIME CUT
+ Nan Tuck Five

Friday 15th January £1.50
BUCHAREST (formerly STRUCTURE)
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Saturday 16th January £1.50
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ONLY AFTER DARK
+ The Odd Hits

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Rock 'n' Roll, Rockabilly, Rockin' blues & Jive
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Tuesday 19th January £1.25
THE HELICOPTERS + Zeitung Da

Wednesday 20th January £1.25
THE STIFF ALL STARS featuring
Nigel Dick & Andrew Murray
+ the Stiffs

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
APRIL 26, 27 MEATLOAF

JANUARY
16 Jose Feliciano
27 Haircut 100
27, 28 UFO
28 Stiff Little Fingers
30 Edgar Winter
31 UB40

FEBRUARY
1, 2, 3 UB40
4, 5 Teddy Pendergrass
7 Altered Images
8 Stranglers
9, 10 Sammy Hagar
13 Depeche Mode
20 Krokus
21, 22 Teardrop Explodes

MARCH
2 Blackfoot
10, 11 10cc
13 E.W.F. (Birmingham)
20 Iron Maiden
26–29 Motorhead

APRIL
2 Frankie Laine
9-12 Country Music Festival
23-27 Elkie Brooks
23 Scorpions
26–27 Meatloaf

May
4 Gladys Knight

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THE GATECRASHERS
+ Tangent

Friday 15th January £1.25
S.A.L.T
+ Chicago Sunsets

Saturday 16th January
TO BE CONFIRMED

Sunday 17th January
DISCO

Monday 18th January £1
57 BEANS + Modern Life

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+ The Stiffs

Wednesday 20th January
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The occasional blues, featuring Little Stevie Smith, harmonica player to the greats

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SOUTHERN COMFORT
Backing band for Long John Baldry
More blues than the Blues Band plus natty brass section

Saturday 16th January £1.00
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+ Vampires
At last, hard rock has hit Croydon!
Not to be missed

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+ Extras

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MAINLAND
+ Krysis

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JAH WOBBLE'S HUMAN CONDITION
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Friday, 15 Jan 8.30 — 1am
Jazz — Salsa — Funk with
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the return of Teddy PENDERGRASS

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Thursday 4th & Friday, 5th February at 8p.m.
Tickets £6.00, £5.50 & £5.00
2nd February Brighton Dome,
3rd February Southampton Gaumont
31st January Birmingham Odeon

Nationwide Gig Guide

Thursday 14th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham The Function Suite: **Tintin**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Rivington Raves**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Dislocation Dance / Twentieth Century Toys**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **007/Reaction**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon The Star: **Salt/Foreign Legion**
Derby The Blue Note: **A Certain Ratio**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The Breakfast Band**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **UFO**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Special Guests**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Stopband/Destroyer/Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The 01 Band**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Wild Weekend**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Fad Gadget**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Johnny Skinner's Big Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Weard's Last Post**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Nick Garvey / The Net**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chefs**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Dark/The Enemy**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45s**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Prime Cuts/Natuck 5**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The B.M.T.S.**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Marquee Club: **Panache**
London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Barry Manilow**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio/Al Cohn**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Dynamite Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Tangent**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London University College: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
London Vauxhall Bridge Rd. **The Surprise: Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Virgin Prunes**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Motives**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 Gulliver's: **The Gents**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Passage**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Nottingham Blitz Diner: **The Howdy Boys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Clin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **The Sound Of Musiq**
Southport The Sandbaggers: **The Nice Men**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Black Sabbath**
Telford Gemini Club: **Zounds**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Cheaters**

Friday 15th

Armagh Lurgan College: **The Outcasts/Sanctuary**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham (Bartley Green) Newman College: **Sub Zero**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Fast Relief/Prediction**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Brighton Lanes Rock Club: **Crowd Control**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Ivory Coasters**
Carlton Village Hall: **Bikini Atoll**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Roy Weard's Last Post/Tangent**
Cirencester Phoenix Centre: **Black Roots**
Coventry General wolfe: **Tandori Cassette**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Whammer Jammer**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Blurt**
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Henley-on-Thames Kempster Hall: **Atilla The Stockbroker/Seething Wells/Beverley Skyer**
Hereford Rotters: **Spider**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Foreign Legion**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Emotional Spies**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Chicken Shack**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Kathy Stobart Quartet**

UB40. Pic: Peter Anderson

THE STEADY build-up of gigs continues, as we slowly but surely work our way out of the seasonal lethargy. And the major event this week is the opening of a major UK outing by UB40, who choose Newcastle as their starting point and can be seen in action there on Tuesday and Wednesday. The other significant new tour is by STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, who'll be getting the full pictorial treatment next week, following their initial date at Hull on Wednesday.

Also worthy of your consideration is a co-headliner teaming EYELESS IN GAZA with THE LEMON KITTENS — who, with many more gigs still to come, get under way at Stoke (Friday) and Leicester (Wednesday). SOFT CELL will doubtless be employing the hard sell when they play two one-offs (or should it be one two-off?) at Retford on Friday and Saturday. And former Fleetwood Mac kingpin PETER GREEN returns to the big time with a prestige London show on Saturday.

Meanwhile, ADAM & THE ANTS, UFO, BLACK SABBATH AND FAD GADGET are still busy on the circuit — not to mention BARRY MANILOW, so we won't. And next week, in addition to SLF, we'll have the first rumblings of a TEARDROPS explosion.

London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkines**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Manufactured Romance/Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Airstrip One/Reflex**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cobras**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth the Angel: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London N.W.1 Beet Bop Club; **Gorp/F. For Fake**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sharp Practice/Deep Feeling**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cayenne/Combo Passe**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Barry Manilow**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Oliver Jackson Trio/Al Cohn**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Kings College: **23 Skidoo/Motor Boys Motor/The Wolkswagons**
London University Union: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alex Harvey Band**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Torso**
Manchester College of Higher Education: **The Beatroots**
Manchester Rafters: **Fad Gadget**
Ormskirk Edge Hill College: **The Nice Men**
Oxford Penny Farthing: **Wreckless Eric/Park Avenue**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Black Sabbath**
Retford Market Hall: **Zounds**
Retford Porterhouse: **Soft Cell**
Rochdale AFC Social Club: **Body/Outer Edge**
Salford The Moonrakers: **Victor Mature**
Southampton The Eagle: **Chalice**
Stoke Polytechnic: **Eyeless In Gaza/The Lemon Kittens**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Marillion**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle: **Allan Taylor**
Whitworth Rawstons Arms: **The Cause**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**

Saturday 16th

Bath University: **Pulp / New Model Soldiers / Mark My Words**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Dancing Did**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Easy Action / Roger Milton versus Attila The Stockbroker / The Rabbits / Animus**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Shegui**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Alex Harvey Band / K. K. Khan**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Paris**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Foreign Legion**
Cuckfield Kings Head: **No Sweat**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Blurt**
Hartlepool Rovers Quoits Centre: **The Gents**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Nashville Teens / The Mode**
Horsham Horse & Groom: **The Xperts**
Kidderminster Boars Head: **Spider**
Liverpool Checkmate Club: **The Frantic Elevators**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London Acton White Hart: **The 01 Band**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Mark Murphy**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **London Youth Jazz Orchestra**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Garvey**
London Camden London Musicians Collective: **Les Nouvelle Cynique / The Cast-Iron Fairies / Sole Sister**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Breakers / Emphasis**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kabbala**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Edgware Sparrowhawk: **Black Market / Ambassador**
London Euston The Golf Club: **World Backwards / The Lemon Kittens**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **True Life Confessions**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Republic / Emotional Spies**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lords Of The New Church**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Fingerprintz**
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Zila with Dudu Pukwana**
London Marquee Club: **Tandoori Cassette**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Atticvk / Santrex**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Oliver Jackson Trio / Al Cohn**
London Southgate Rox (at Royalty): **Cayenne**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tulse Hill Jubilee Hall: **The Cool Notes / Vivian Weather's Cloud**
London Victoria The Venue: **Peter Green / White Sky**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **Curfew**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Plymouth Ballards Centre: **The Dark / Noise Annoys**
Retford Porterhouse: **Soft Cell**
Scunthorpe CND Benefit: **Zounds / Null & Void / The Instant Automatons**
Sheffield Hurlfield Campus: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Another Dream**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Marillion**
Whitworth Rawstron Arms: **Victor Mature**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Little Sister**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Johnny Mars Band**

Sunday 17th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **UFO**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Mark Murphy**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **South Hill Park Big Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le Mat**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Cornerstone**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Limehouse**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Nice Men**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Drama/Howard Jones**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Xena Zerox/Sanity Clause**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Elaine Delmat/Pat Smythe**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Finchley Torrington: **Tour De Force**
London Fulham Golden Lion; **Chuck Farley**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **Johnny Mars Band/Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The 45's**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Irving Street Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **Art Themen**
London Putney Half Moon; **The Home Service**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio/Al Cohn**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakfast Band**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Overkill/Triarchy**
London Wapping The Autonomy Club: **Conflict/Rubella Ballet/Anthrax/The Epsilons/Faction/Youthanasia**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Dream Cycle 7**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Pamela Knowles**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Kitsyke Will**
Royton Railway Hotel: **Private Sector**
Runcorn Fiddlers Three: **Wild Weekend**
Slough Alexandra's: **Kenny Porter Blues Band**
Southampton Woolston New Bridge Inn: **Games To Avoid/Dancette**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Bomber/Graham Larkbey**
Wokingham Angie's: **Music Company**

Monday 18th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Adam & The Ants**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Lost Roberts Blues Band**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The 01 Band/The Rock Squad**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **UFO**
Liverpool Jacqui & Birdie's: **Fault**
London Acton White Hart: **Excalibur**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Next**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Troops For Tomorrow/Boy Meets Girl**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Dominic & Dylan**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Panic Button/Feathered Fun**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Marillion**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bop Natives**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Oliver Jackson & Guests (for four days)**
London Marquee Club: **Park Avenue**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Your Parents**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **John Stevens' Away**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Herbie Mann & The Percussion Theatre (for a week)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **Buzzz**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Norwich Matrix Club: **White Russia**
Swinton The Bee Hive: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Nolans (for a week)**

Tuesday 19th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Adam & The Ants**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Mark Murphy/Tony Lee Trio/Lennie Best**
Bristol Colston Hall: **UFO**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mad Shadows**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Civilization**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rick Smith & The Villains/Kayzer House**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Uptown Rhythm Quartet**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Calling Hearts/Dancing Society**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Classics**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Feelers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-star Jazzband/Al Cohn**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Stiffs**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **The 01 Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Nick Garvey**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **Chelsea**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Newcastle City Hall: **UB40**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Orange Juice**
Stockton Club Fiesta: **Quartz**

Wednesday 20th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Ric Sanders / Andy Cronshaw**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Adam & The Ants**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice / The Trip**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Horsham Hornbrook Inn: **The Xperts**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Eyeless In Gaza / The Lemon Kittens**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Don Sheppherd**
London Brixton The Fridge: **China Doll**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **We're Only Human**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gonzalez**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Nick Garvey / The Net**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Exciters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Stiffs**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Jo-Ann Kelly / Pete Emery / Steve Tilston**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Calling Hearts**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **H.G. & The 100 Years**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ralph Sutton**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Victoria The Venue: **Orange Juice**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Conflict / Rubella Ballet / Anthrax**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Danse Macabre**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Rafters: **Pigbag**
Newcastle City Hall: **UB40**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Nottingham Cinderellas: **The Gents**
Oldham Live & Let Live: **Rockin Horse**
Shepperton Riverview Hotel: **Excalibur**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **UFO**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brands Hatch**
Wokingham Angie's: **Swing Guitars**

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MON. IROOFS FOR TOMORROW + BOY MEETS GIRL
TUE. RICK SMITH & THE VILLAINS + KAYZER HOUSE
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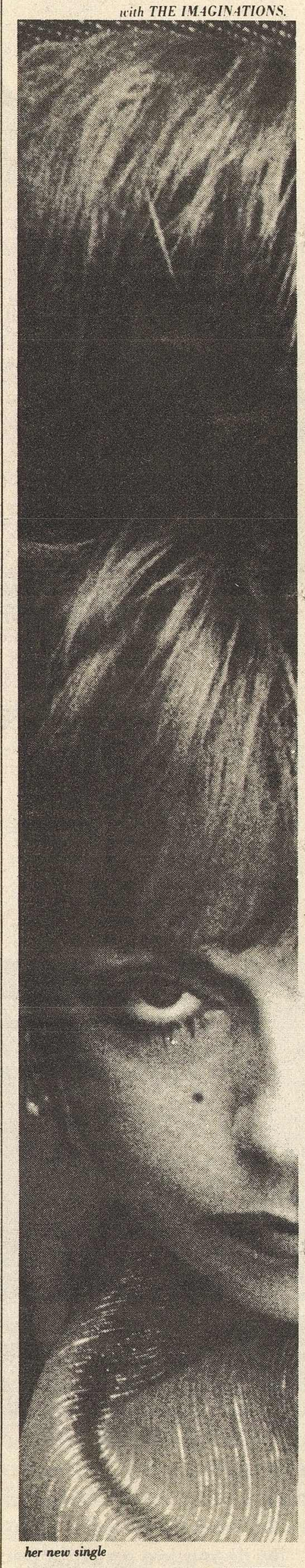
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trekking around to your neighbourhood see them at

JANUARY
14 HATFIELD, Polytechnic
15 EXETER, University
16 PLYMOUTH, College of Further Education
18 BBC 2 'RIVERSIDE'
20 MILTON KEYNES, Peaches
22 BATH, University
23 CARDIFF, Nero-s
26 SWINDON, Brunel Rooms
28 LONDON, Dingwalls
29 SHEFFIELD, University (Sorby Hall)
30 BRADFORD, University

FEBRUARY
1 OXFORD, Scamps
3 NEWTON ABBOTT, Sealehens College
4 BARNSTAPLE, Chequers
5 CAMBRIDGE, Sound Cellar
6 KEELE, University
9 LEEDS, The Warehouse
10 LIVERPOOL, The Warehouse
11 MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
12 EDINBURGH, The Nite Club
13 EAST RETFORD, Porterhouse
16 READING, University
19 LONDON, University of London (Malet St.)
26 LONDON, Bedford College

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Saturday 16th January £1.50
THE BREAKERS + Emphasis
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Tuesday 19th January £1.00
CIVILISATION
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KING TRIGGER
THE ALARM
THE VENUE, Victoria
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on Lambeth Walk SE11
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Friday 15th £1
BABY 'N' THE MONSTERS
Saturday 16th £1
FINGERPRINTZ
Sunday 17th £1
JAGGED EDGE
Tuesday 19th £1
DIZ AND THE DOORMEN
Thursday 21st £1
APOCALYPSE + Friends
Fri 22 — 30 Bob Suits
Sat 23 — Chefs
Sun 24 — Mood Elevators

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DIVERSEN at the BARRACUDA
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Production Village, Cricklewood

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100 Oxford St W1
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'Dif'rent strokes for dif'rent folks'
LONG TALL SHORTY
+ Support
Tuesday 19th January
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
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Thursday 14
Reggae triple:
ROCKERS 2.55 & 7.20
Bob Marley's **EXODUS** 2.00, 6.25
THE HARDER THEY COME 4.40 & 9.05.
Friday 15
Warhol's **CHELSEA GIRLS** 3.25, 7.10
+ **DESPERATE LIVING** 4.40, 9.05
Saturday 16
WIVA presents **FANTASTIC TV II**
11.30 All night **ROGER CORMAN/SCI-FI.**
Sunday 17
LAUREL & HARDY FESTIVAL
1.15, 4.30, 7.45.
Monday 18
Sinatra/Clift:
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY 3.00, 7.00
+ **PAL JOEY** 1.00, 5.00, 9.00.
Tuesday 19
Hitchcock's **SECRET AGENT**
2.40, 6.00, 9.20
+ **SLEEPING CAR TO TRIESTE**
1.00, 4.20, 9.40
Wednesday 20
ALTERED STATES 3.30, 7.15
+ **THE DEVILS** 1.30, 5.15, 9.00.
Thursday 21
RICHARD PRYOR LIVE 5.15, 8.10
+ **HAROLD & MAUDE** 6.35, 9.30.

Cinemas

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+ guests
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Saturday 16th January £1.50
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SHEA RAMAH + Wer'e Only Human
Monday 18th January £1.50
TOP SECRET + Skadows
Tuesday 19th January £1.50
NICK GARVEY Of The Motors + Rob Hendrye
Wednesday 20th January £1.50
CONFLICT + Rubella Ballet

STARLIGHT
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West Hampstead Tube
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DREAM CYCLE + London Secret
Friday 15th January £1.75
THE FRANTIX + The Flat Tops + Brillo's Disco
Saturday 16th January £1.50
THE EXTRAS + The Zoomiiz

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE.
Sep Perfs. ALL SEATS BKBLE Last perf. Mon–Fri. All wknd perfs. Bar, pkg nearby
1: ARTHUR (AA) Wk. & Sun: 2.15, 5.15, 8.25 Late show Sat. 11.25
2: THE FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER (AA) Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.10, 8.10 Late show Sat. 11.10

ABC 1 2 3 4 & 5 FULHAM RD.
Seats Bkble Last Sep Progs. L'cnd bar Doors open 15 mins prior
1: ARTHUR (AA) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: GALLIPOLI (A) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.45
3: RICH & FAMOUSE (X) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.50
4: PRINCE OF THE CITY (X) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.35, 5.0, 8.30
5: 6th Great Month RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ABC 1 2 3 BAYSWATER
1: ARTHUR (AA) Progs. 12.55, 2.50, 5.25, 8.0 Sun: (5.15, 7.50) Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.00
2: RICH & FAMOUSE (X) Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.45 Sun: 5.0, 7.50 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.00
3: THE FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER (AA) Progs. 2.15, 5.0, 7.50 Sun: 5.0, 7.45 Late show Sat. 11.00

ABC 1 2 3 & 4 EDGWARE RD.
1: RICH & FAMOUSE (X) Wk. & Sun: 4.10, 8.40
VOICES (AA) 2.20, 6.30 Sun: 6.30 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
2: ARTHUR (AA) 1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 Sun: 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. Progs 3.15, 5.40, 8.05 Sun: 5.40, 8.05. Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
3: DONT GO IN THE HOUSE (X) 2.30, 5.45, 9.05 Sun: 5.45, 9.05
PHANTASM (X) Wk. & Sun: 4.0, 7.15 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
4: PRINCE OF THE CITY (X) 1.25, 4.40, 7.55 Sun: 4.40, 7.55. Progs. 1.10, 4.20, 7.35 Sun: 4.20, 7.35. Late show Sat. 11.15

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End Cinemas & Greater London RING TELEDATA 01 200 0200 (24 HRS) | Progs at all cinemas subject to late change

MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 45

INTERNATIONAL

CHRIS BOHN

BUT IS THIS

M'S REAL NAME was of no importance; he knew well enough that we would have preferred to refer to him simply as M, but he succumbed to public curiosity early on and blithely revealed himself to be someone called Robin Scott. And everyone promptly forgot who he was.

"M depended on other people's ideas," he now admits ruefully, with the benefit of hindsight. "M was like a blank screen upon which people projected themselves, claiming to know who or what M was. The problem was when they actually came to meet the M of the film, they'd already fallen in love with their own projection and consequently found nothing there. I should never really have exposed myself. I mean, what was the point? I was bound to disappoint them."

M the enigma was infinitely more intriguing than the polite, plain-looking gentleman behind him. This M once belonged to a long line of M alter egos, the muckiest of whom was doggedly hunted down and destroyed in the sewers of Hamburg by a '20s under-world disgusted by his child murders. A lovelier M died more peacefully last year with the passing of Bernard Lee, the veteran British character actor best known as the man who licensed James Bond to kill.

Some say this latest M might just as well be dead too, the most pernicious of his current detractors being his former benefactors MCA, the corporation which initially backed his successful international conspiracy called 'Pop Muzik'. The returns were grandscale enough for M to call the shots and he did so with relish. His relish was remembered when his subsequent plans failed to materialise on the same scale, if indeed they registered on any scale, and in turn The Company is now taking perverse pleasure in blocking his third long playing communication.

When it finally comes out, and come out it should, it could establish Scott as a figure less puzzling than M, but possibly more accessible. Its democratic conception with a studio group that includes his wife and vocalist Brigit Vinchon, songwriter Nick Plytas and the world's two best bassists Barry Adamson and Mark King has resulted in a more conventional rock orientated stance. Its popularist appeal hasn't deterred MCA from their uncooperative line.

Despite the forced silence M's name is still being whispered in diverse corners of the world. . . Why, Robin Scott's face cropped up painted Noh style on a Japanese import LP by Yellow Magic Orchestra's Riuichi Sakamoto! He has since made his co-production role more obvious by reworking three backing tracks for his own voice and words. It will possibly make an excellent single once his backers have been sorted out.

And just a year ago last December I was knocking on the door of a Parisian garrett, completely oblivous to Robin Scott's existence until his name was forcibly spat out by a Hungarian emigre punk and agent provocateur called Grigory Davidow, who claimed one of his fantastic semi-autoboigraphies had formed the basis of Scott/M's 'The Official Secrets Act'.

The title doesn't prevent Scott from talking about it; indeed he admits he inherited the record's language of Partyspeak and intrigue from discussions he held in Paris with Davidow shortly after the latter's arrival from Budapest. At the time Scott was ekeing out an existence producing for Barclay records and worked on Davidow's Spion Inc project for the label.

"In terms of material ideas I look for them outside my own experience," confesses Scott. "I just can't draw on my own. I try and perceive what other people are doing and synthesise them, or their character, into my own. That's how Gregor became part of my "Official Secrets Act'. . ."

From Davidow, too, he probably picked up a characteristic Hungarian predilection for self-pity. Don't feel sorry for him though, he feels sorry enough for himself.

THE ACTION, OR otherwise, transpires in a country retreat some 15 minutes away from Brighton. It's the sort of place a defector might retire to, to avoid the glare of publicity, and it serves equally well as a hideaway for a disaffected popstar. Scott gives off the air of a jaded gentleman rogue resigned to the lack of adventure in modern life. Or maybe he's just not making a very good job of disguising the bruised ego he claims to have gotten over. His mood vacillates between defensive and evasive, our gestures of friendship often misinterpreted as subtle attempts to trip him up.

A description of German Schlagermusik as a persistent beat topped by shrilly pitched girls' voices — as epitomised by Boney M and Silver Convention — causes his face to darken.

"That sounds a bit too familiar to me," he laughs uneasily. "Are you trying to make a point there?"

Not really, just a lateral comparison. I try to convince him that if sides had to be drawn I'd probably be on his. He doesn't appear to be so sure, his continued evasions eventually exasperating even his patient co-star/co-vocalist Brigit Vinchon before he decides there is sufficient grounds for communication. His openness develops into a candid debunking of the colourful M-yths.

"The hardest thing for anybody to do," he struggles, "is in hindsight to discuss the ideas that went into an album, because there's no rational explanation why one does them in the first place. And though at the end of the day it might appear very contrived and planned, in actual fact it's not the case."

This is very sobering. Much of the fun of M was untangling the strategies that went into the myth's making. If there was no plan, then what was the secrecy surrounding M and 'Pop Muzik' all about?

"Well, I just took it step by step," he relents. "As the punk era was totally flamboyant and extreme, something like a dramatisation, I though I'd dress down rather than dress up, not force myself on the public, just gently slip in the back door.

"M was just an apt pseudonym. He could be anybody and it

PAGE D - READY **
LANGUAGE:ROBIN SCOTT

HEARS SOME FAMOUS LAST WORDS

NEW WAVE? ASKS PETER ANDERSON

An encounter with M — the man who once hired and fired Perry Haines and licensed Bohn to kill . . .

was the natural question for everybody to ask who is he and why? All the time people were saying 'I know who M is, he's the son of a German industrialist', or whatever. It was great. I just sat back and watched it happen. It was obviously just a game, though."

And games get boring after a while. Still, there was always the music to fall back on and M's attraction was its seemingly calculated simulation of an international pop form. Seen as such — ie it could've been written by a foreigner — there was nothing jarring about the occasional clumsiness of Scott's humour, which would sometimes offset the brilliance of his first records' execution.

Both 'New York London Paris Munich' and 'The Official Secrets Act' were masterpieces of artifice that, in their acknowledgement of the ultimate worthlessness of pop, paradoxically recognised its value as a medium for saying anything you want, be it frivolous, frightening or ambitiously political. Scott's best stuff is a combination of all three, his points are made painlessly and wittily, yet they contain sufficient barb to stick.

Unfortunately, after 'Pop Muzik' everybody stopped listening, though people might have been alerted in retrospect to the comedy of 'The Official Secrets Act' by the 30 minute video version networked by the BBC recently.

He can draw some consolation from the present popularity of knowledge parodists, like ABC, Heaven 17 and Human League, whose chart crossover records he anticipated a few years ago with 'Pop Muzik'. While some might argue that the current syntheses are an admission of failure in the pursuit of originality, others will more persuasively state it to be the only viable art form of the moment.

"It's pretty obvious to me now that there's going to be nothing new as such this decade other than a synthesis of what has already happened," concurs Scott. "Obviously the only way to capitalise on that kind of imagination or public mentality is to recreate something, re-cycle it, which is why these compilations and medleys have suddenly sprung to life. People are prepared to live a period all over again, as long as it's over in five minutes. The better anybody is right now at synthesising what has already gone — new riffs for old basically — the faster they can make the buck. And swiftly get onto the next one."

Scott's only financially successful fusion thus far is 'Pop Muzik'; its international appeal largely based on its fluffiness, the record scored seven gold discs around the world, made M stand for a million and gave him the breathless start he's still trying to match. His inability to do so hasn't damaged his bank account so much as his ego. Today he can look back with objectivity and not anger.

"You must remember that at the time of 'Pop Muzik' the barriers had been broken down by disco," he points out. "As the biggest phenomenon since rock and roll it acted as a totally unifying force, breaking down all those prejudices in some way created by rock and roll. Blacks and whites, people of all colours and generations were dancing on the same floor. The market was wide open for something which had access to that audience. That's why it worked then, but wouldn't work now. Disco's no longer the same force."

But how come it took a rank outsider then exiled in Paris to devise the correct code to break such a massive market?

AFTER LEAVING school in the late '60s Scott hovered on the fringes of music without ever looking like he was going to be particularly successful in any one facet of it. At Croydon Art College he met Malcolm McLaren and appeared on a poster at the bottom of a bill McLaren had put together. He didn't turn up (and he still hasn't performed live).

Their careers have certain parallels and intersections, but neither have cooperated on anything since that concert. Scott went on to make bedroom demos without much success before moving into management of the ill-starred Roogalator.

He founded Do-It records and left it before they'd signed Adam And The Ants on his recommendation. He went to Paris, acted as a producer for Barclay Records.

"I did so many things after leaving college," Scott recalls, "Which were all part of avoiding getting into the situation where I was dependent on the, eh, system, as it were, of getting into the economic trap of having to finance whatever, be it a mortgage or hire purchase on a motorbike. I've never seen money as priority. I would only do something as long as I was enjoying it. Once the enjoyment stopped I dropped it. The music industry was just a way of getting involved with the most interesting people. It wasn't a means to an end."

Barclay persuaded him to record his own songs, he returned to Britain with some demos and got a contract with MCA. His second single — 'Pop Muzik' — hit, putting him in the peculiar position of being a first time star when he was pushing 30. Does his age bother him?

"Not really, as my artistic life so far is very short — only three albums — so I haven't got that much to live down or up to, except, of course, the very breathless start. It was ridiculous really, definitely too much too soon. Then, I don't think I could have dealt with the same start 10 years ago, it would've probably killed me. I would've got completely lost."

If not exactly lost now, he's nevertheless reached a stultifying impasse. Perhaps he's too self-conscious of his position.

"Not so much as I was a year or 18 months ago," Scott replies. "Recording this new LP has broken the personal taboos of making a record. It has reminded me that I'm still interested, that I still have something to say."

What?

"Pass."

The older ones can still be the best.

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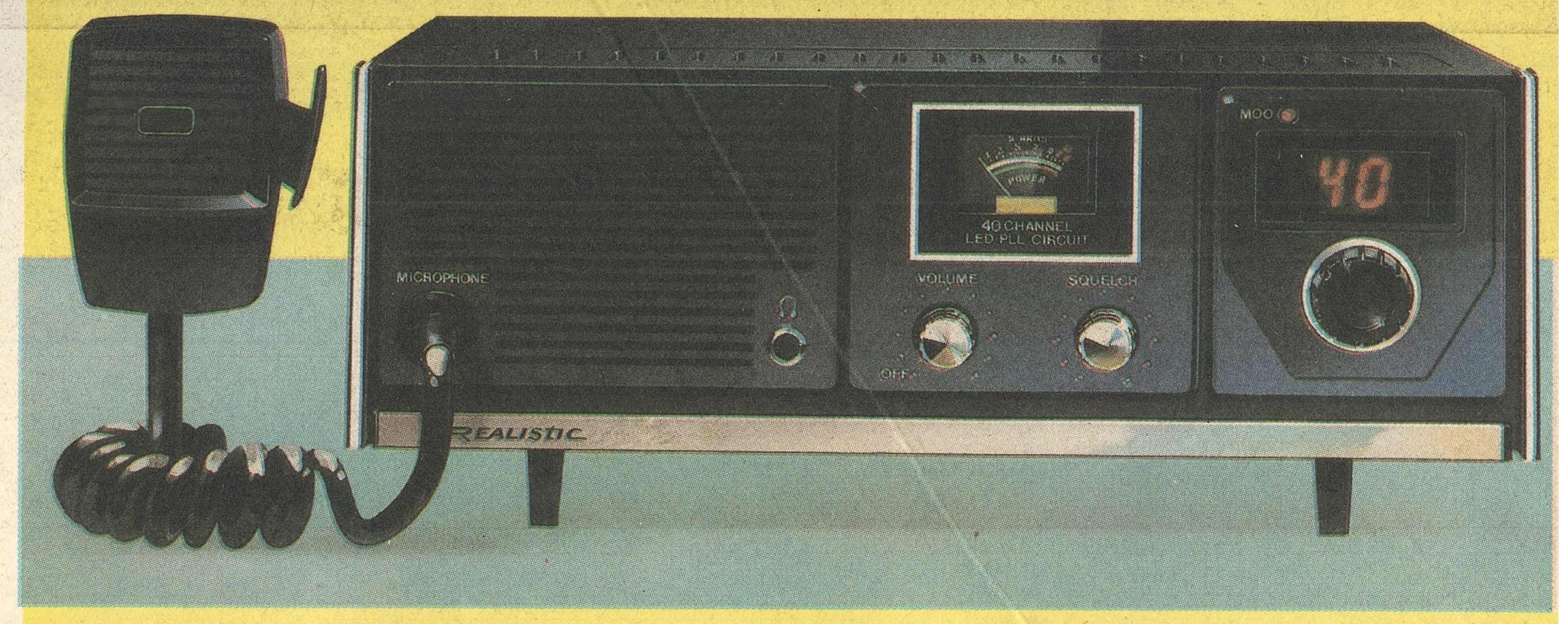

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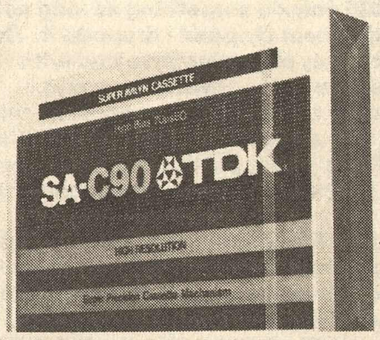


LIVE!

Pic: Peter Anderson

Yes, Fad, never mind them

Once a fad, always a cult

Fad Gadget

Southgate

A SOUND somewhere between an elephant wail and a police siren reverberates around the hall and like clockwork toys in *Tom Thumb*'s night larks, the crowd dutifully troop to the front of the stage. The men from Fad Gadget amble into view, with the enthusiasm of roadworkers returning from a tea break. There at the front of the sideshow for digital mime dancers is a clockwork Buster Keaton in a priest frock, Jobriath's revenge model '82, Mr Fad himself.

An instrumental, a shower of histrionic sludge is his battlecry and Fad sets about throwing a tantrum by banging his new toy on the ground and on the banks of speakers. It's a long amplified stick which makes a slashing percussive sound everytime it strikes a solid surface. Its length provides the added bonus of being able to knock off conveniently placed titfers and rearrange hairdos.

There's a lot of the spoilt nursery brat about Fad Gadget. Look at the twit! He jumps into the audience, rolls on the floor and sticks the microphone half way down his throat. He opens his trousers and showers them with pubic hair. He licks round a hamburger and throws it to the throng. Here is a man with one foot in *Potty Time*, the other in Warhol and his head in the sand.

Fad Gadget music is the natural product of his Performance Art with a lobotomy, the direct synthesis of the public schoolboy subconscious paying a visit to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. It's very much aural browbeating, a barrage of techno rock semantics powered by Ever Ready — a sweat shop Bauhaus. The songs merge into an expressionless and colourless void; halfway into the set it's not hard to realise that Fad music succeeds only in drowning itself in monochromatic myopia, geriatric theatrics and a vulgar, vacuous world view.

Fad Gadget are a cult and will remain a very poor cult (that's poor *cult* as opposed to the blokes you see round closing time gargling with teeth and blood cocktails). They are sick English sub culture and their new single is a merry wingding, straight from the chamberpot, the soundtrack for a children's Victorian tea-party. Watching Gadget's tired, tart antics is like watching healthy kids' grey matter decomposing, rotting away on the candy of incestuous lame brain literature like Lewis Carroll or Enid Blyton: they are vapid, warped and heartless.

What it could be is a type of disorientating, 'delightfully diseased' strategy which rearranges accepted precepts and brings audience participation to a new vibrant pitch. That would just be phoney waffle from the critics — these sick dreams for lazy minds breed passivity and retardation in the audience. Well, let's face it: would you stand still and allow some nutter to shower you with pubic hair?

Gavin Martin

Elvis Costello

Royal Albert Hall

THE NIGHT after it shook to the thud and blubber of Big Daddy and Giant Haystacks, the Albert Hall played host to another mind-boggling confrontation as Elvis Costello, armed only with three Attractions and a pedal steel guitarist, took on the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra for what proved to be a disappointingly tame tangle. Elvis's show, rather like wrestling, was spectacular but unconvincing: an entertainment that promised mayhem but caused only minor damage.

The first set — Elvis and The Attractions — began in broody fashion and my heart sank when El chickened out of singing the falsetto bit in 'Secondary Modern'. Slowly, though, he got a grip — via the sinister swing of 'Green Shirt' and 'Watch Your Step' — and then got gripping with a quietly intense climax of 'Clowntime Is Over' and 'Big Sister's Clothes'. In between, sultry tussled with desultory; a wedge of tracks from his almost-blew-it C&W LP : John McFee guesting on pedal steel — dividing four tense, new soulful ballads which leant heavily on the 'low-key but compelling' ambience that seems to be El's new stalking ground.

If the main Attraction so far had been Steve Nieve, finepointing each song with so many virtuoso frills they were in danger of becoming a too-pat boon, the main attraction was Elvis's voice, deeper than before, full of hard-core emotion and soft-spoken bile. In black bowtie and matching glasses, he looked like a shady crooner, sharply dressed but better suited to clubland than a plus Albert Hall. At times he sang brilliantly: the ghost of Billie Holiday flitted through the long-held hushes as Elvis wrung intensity out of silence, replacing the awesome rock'n'roll force of the old Attractions with a subtler dynamic that swapped the iron glove for a velvet fist.

Then came the big moment. The RPO appeared after the break, some 70 strong and beautifully tuxedoed. Elvis and Steve Nieve returned for 'Shot With His Own Gun', its starkness compromised by a polite orchestral backing that signalled what was to follow. The other Attractions trooped back for a disarming 'Accidents Will Happen', which bounced off at such a hit-and-run tempo it almost did dis-arm the manically sawing string section, and had the audience in stitches as they relished the visual incrongruity of a large, po-faced orchestra playing frantic rock'n'roll.

As the novelty faded, disappointment seeped in. The orchestra were not being used for a radical rethink of Elvis's songs but as a discreet, high-culture veneer on already potent material. Instead of a mystery dance, we got bad lovers face to face; the RPO as a toy that could and, on 'Watching The Detectives', did get *cute*, breaking the back of the song with two superfluous workouts. But, this being Elvis, just occasionally he would blow you away: on a delicate 'New Lace Sleeves', the new 'Town Crier', and, best of all, a magnificent 'Can't Stand Up For Falling Down', transformed into a torrid, deep-soul melodrama, Elvis so involved he sang it all arched up on tiptoe, right hand furiously jabbing the air. it was the one song extensively reshaped to exploit the power of the orchestra. In contrast, the stops-out finale of 'Peace, Love And Understanding' came across as mere bombast, its message trapped beneath the trappings of cosy opulence and tackily tacked-on haute couture crescendos. Elvis declined to encore, claiming the RPO didn't know any more songs, and suddenly the evening had fizzled out in a tiny flurry of boos.

Filing out into a freezing Knightsbridge, the nagging question — why had he done it? — remained unresolved. Had we just seen a confidence trickster or a confidence booster? Did he want one night of glory, or just to be like the big boys? Taking account of 'Almost Blue', a similarly curious sidestep, I've a sneaky feeling Elvis is scrabbling around for this year's market, putting his mouth where the money is — hardly surprising after the criminally low sales for pop masterpieces like 'New Amsterdam', 'Clubland' or the brilliant 'Trust' LP. Why else would El, rock's sharpest songwriter, waste his talent on a bunch of banal C&W ballads? Why else borrow the RPO's upmarket respectability to re-dress his back catalogue?

The King's new clothes or just the King horsing around? Whatever, in beefing up his songs with the spurious 'class' of massed penguin suits and catgut, Elvis failed to bring home the bacon. He'd better watch his step.

Graham Lock

Tuxedo function

Elvis Costello

Pic: Tom Sheehan

Eurythmethod

The Polo Club Nick Plytas Trio

Ronnie Scott's

NOW THAT the fires ignited by the summer's frenetic Latin-tinged dancefloor soundtrack are beginning to simmer down as the evenings draw in, the first steps towards a gentler, more sensual theme are being taken by a select bunch of youngsters eager to dethrone the only recently crowned Kings of Rhythm.

The tag 'jazz revivalists' is hardly complimentary nor fitting for the groups practising more fusion techniques between the passion of latin and the lush, cool sounds of mainstream jazz. While jazz may certainly be a starting point The Polo Club doesn't baulk at using a funk edge or pop choruses, and Nick Plytas, conjuring up a vision of cocktail time in some smoke-filled dive, is not afraid of punctuating his sound with electronic percussion.

One of the strengths of Roogalator (was it really five years ago?!) was the tension between Danny Adler's fiery James Brown inspired funk R'n'B and the cool blue piano and warming Hammond of Nick Plytas. Now Plytas finally seems to have found a respectable, but also challenging, vehicle for his talents. Still bossing the keyboard duties he leads his colleagues with a quasi-cabaret excursion into anonymous chording and restrained solos. The bassist, providing a nimble-fingered constant walk, emphasises the high points in conjunction with splashes of synthetic drums. Roogalator's Plytas-penned single 'Love And The Single Girl' still sounds fresh and contemporary, despite the limitations of Nick's voice (not helped by the naff Ronnie Scott sound system), and the trio, acknowledging their obvious roots, are both forward-looking and oozing promise.

The Polo Club is yet another many-faceted stagefiller in the mould of Blue Rondo, and more recently Ariva. The nine members crammed tother dress casual but smart (of course!) — some perch on stools, the epitome of the torch croon, while the others loll lazily then snap to attention when their services are required. Drums, base, guitar and piano provide a deep enough musical foundation while the decoration of vibes, saxes and girl singers is topped by a junior Tom Waits talking and grinning his way through his business. The look and sound is relaxed, and in front of a home crowd, almost chummy. The musicians, while all still possessing a fresh faced enthusiasm, effortlessly parade their skills without rush, creating a delicious nightclub atmosphere for the singer to tell his tales.

The two horn players, alternating between clarinets, soprano and tenor saxes, absolutely *make* The Polo Club, spot on with the crisp riffs and hilarious in the '60s TV theme spoof 'Breathless'.

The Polo Club seem to be approaching their ascendent popularity in a different way from other recent hard-sell hype acts — content to bide their time in creating the right feel, keeping it all very low key — they are doubtless confident that their restrained pop-jazz can win friends without resort to the marketing techniques manual.

James T. Kirk

Annie Lennox *Pic: Zbysiu Rodak*

Eurythmics Matt Fretton

The Fridge

AND SO to The Fridge; Andy Czezowski's £170,000 warehouse stutters into life, and by all accounts things look pretty grim for its future. The haunt suffers from a massive lack of character and intrigue as everything that its frosted walls contain is all too apparent the second you walk through its doors. Similar to New York's 'Inteferon' only *sans* giant video screen, seats or restaurant, its starkness is only heightened by the fibreglass 'ice' moulding on the pillars and walls, and its white symmetrical floor. The result being that the numbers of clientele entering the premises have been less than enough to break even, as the call for an up-market Marquee is not too great at present. Even the promise of being served by a member of Blake's Seven can't entice would-be nightclubbers south of the river.

However, tonight's was the first public showing in London of Eurythmics, the band spawned from the pop past of Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart — a past they'd rather not have reiterated, as what they are at present involved in bears little resemblance to the bland pop of The Tourists (a mildly popular post-punk outfit who had a hit with a Dusty Springfield song).

Before the pudding was to be proved, seventeen year old starlet Matt Fretton bounced onto the stage and to a series of backing tapes manufactured in his own bedroom, he careered through a number of up-tempo surefire hits which have as yet brought him little recognition whatsoever. Mixing as they say a pot-pourri of styles from The Beat to Suicide, via Heaven 17, it is puzzling that as yet he remains untouched and untainted by any of the major companies. His ego, however, implies that it won't be long.

And so to Eurythmics. Strong melodies, large production of 'swirling, shifting synthesized sound' set to a positive and dynamic drum machine. Added to that I can mention that if, as planned, Dave and Tim Wheater, both bearded a la goatee, manage to visually melt into the background to leave the centre stage for Madame Lennox and her ever increasing sexuality, then they could well be an exciting prospect in days to come. As yet they are firmly rooted in the experimental stage, and because of this lack confidence both in a performing and musical sense, the latter often being hastily employed to cover the insecurities of the former, thus creating a barrage of sound that swamps anything still breathing.

If their continued alliance with the Can factory develops, then Eurythmics could find themselves in the forefront of whatever goes on in 1982. They certainly keep the right company . . .

Simon Fellowes

Maximum Joy Past Seven Days Chameleons

I.C.A.

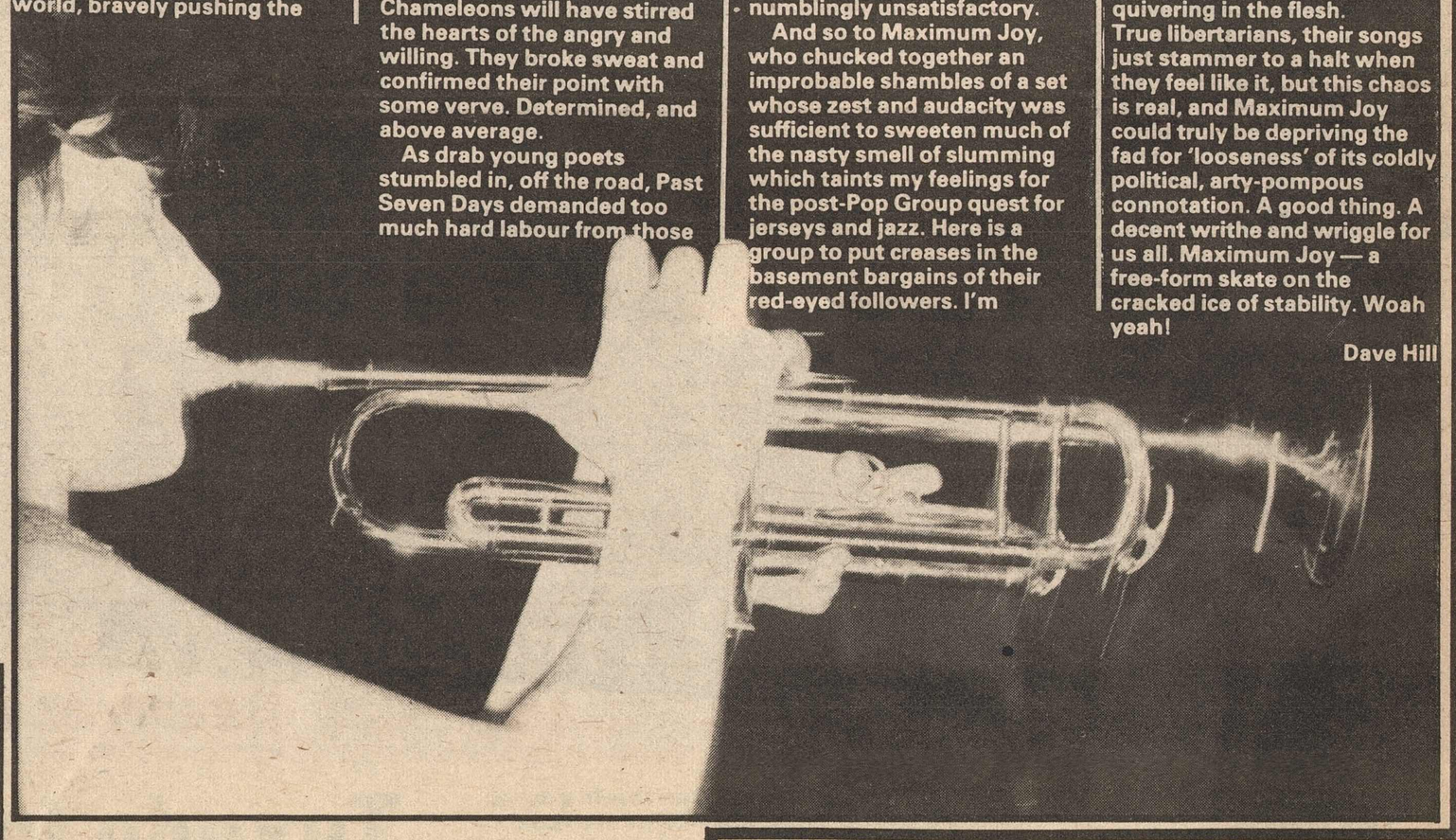
MY, HOW bored we are in the bar with all those Bowies, but The Chameleons soon urged a little resolve back to the cheeks with their style of response to an unstable world, bravely pushing the nerves aside and cutting a respectable niche in the dark, drop-out atmosphere with their vigorous tales of uncertainty and disappointment.

Using a formula constructed from unhappy-sounding chord sequences, a thumping back-beat and layers of spray-can guitars, The Chameleons will have stirred the hearts of the angry and willing. They broke sweat and confirmed their point with some verve. Determined, and above average.

As drab young poets stumbled in, off the road, Past Seven Days demanded too much hard labour from those of us struggling to sympathise. Grind, thump, boom, crunch; nothing will deceive me to use the word f.u.n.k. to explain this music, a kind which seems uncommonly common among groups who find my blindspot these days. Stern, bony, and bullet-headed, Past Seven Days could only come across as stone-faced and numblingly unsatisfactory.

And so to Maximum Joy, who chucked together an improbable shambles of a set whose zest and audacity was sufficient to sweeten much of the nasty smell of slumming which taints my feelings for the post-Pop Group quest for jerseys and jazz. Here is a group to put creases in the basement bargains of their red-eyed followers. I'm hard-pressed to find any glaring eyesores in Maximum Joy's musicianly, yet abandoned, indulgence in improvised honking and hankering for solid-gone states. They don't force it down your throat, and their shameless hammering, though muddled, is tasty and inspiring. Here it is; the Tory objection to liberal education, quivering in the flesh. True libertarians, their songs just stammer to a halt when they feel like it, but this chaos is real, and Maximum Joy could truly be depriving the fad for 'looseness' of its coldly political, arty-pompous connotation. A good thing. A decent writhe and wriggle for us all. Maximum Joy — a free-form skate on the cracked ice of stability. Woah yeah!

Dave Hill



Pic: David Coris

Maximum Joy

The Distractions Catwax Axe Co.

Manchester

HA! HA! The punters are laughing and only the band know why. Derby's Catwax Axe Co. are unnerving, they confront their audience with a caustic and penetrating humour that is frighteningly funny, that demands a response and gets it. But those embarrassed outbreaks of instinctive giggling don't mean we're tickled. Truth is, we're scared to death out here.

Catwax Axe tell us the truth about our inhibitions in a way that's hard to handle. And like all best tricks, it's all done by mirrors. The band's caricatured protagonists reflect the neurotic dimension that's in us all. Animated characters, they capture the essence of some inner fear through evoking images of instability, cruelty and impotence/failed love.

They're a minimalist three-piece who disregard rock band conventionalism; that is, they rarely play together or in time. Like some contemporary Mekons, they're vital, haphazard, dangerous and alive. But most of all Catwax Ace Co are *liberating*.

The Distractions, too, once fought for freedom on pop's final frontiers. But since their climactic 'Nobody's Perfect' LP they've somehow slid back down the slippery slopes to obscurity where they've remained shackled. Only soulful singer Mike Finney survives from those best days of the band, and as he was never an important contributing song-writer the new members have managed to mould an image bearing no resemblance to last year's model.

I was saddened to find this new version too soft and supple for me. The new cabaret-coined Distractions go in for those Latin rhythms that are becoming such a cliche, though their richly textured, multi-harmonious vocal work redeems them a little. If yours is the tropical taste then maybe this sweet fruit is for you.

Personally, I'd rather see these ephemeral Distractions vanish with 1981, in a stale puff of paint and powder. Purged today, to come back another way.

Mick Duffy

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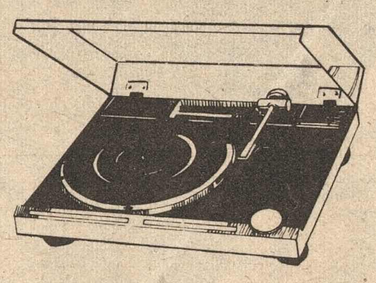

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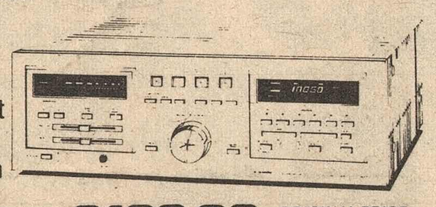

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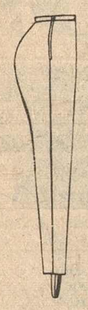

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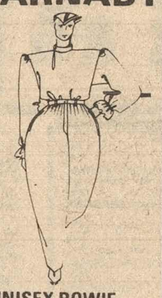

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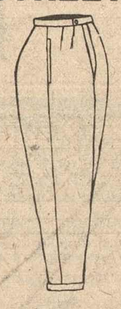

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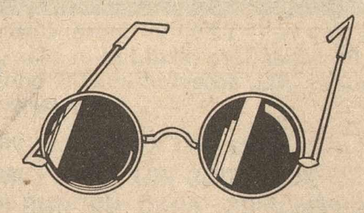

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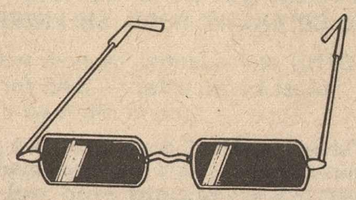

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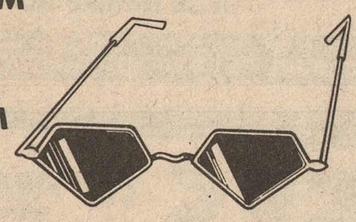

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Reggae Runnings

STUDIO 1 delves into its archives to compile a new **Wailers** LP entitled 'Marley, Tosh, Livingston & Associates' (FCD 4041).

Included on the LP are such as Marley's 'Dance With Me' and 'Lonesome Track', Tosh's 'Hoot Nanny Hoot' and 'Magna Dog' and Bunny Wailer's 'Dreamland', plus a previously unheard 'Rolling Stone' from the latter artist, liberally adapting Bob Dylan's song of the same title.

Meanwhile blackheart man **Bunny Wailer** pays his respects to erstwhile partner the late Bob Marley on a new LP issued in Jamaica on the singer's own Solomonic label and entitled 'Tribute' *(reviewed this week, see LP pages).* Recorded and mixed at Harry J and Dynamic studios in Kingston, the set is an eight track offering produced by Bunny himself featuring all Bob Marley compositions, including 'Soul Rebel', 'Slave Driver', 'Redemption Song' and the 'War' speech of Haile Selassie I, and serves as complement to Bunny's 'Sings The Wailers' set of a year ago. Also issued on Solomonic is a discomix by **Marcia Griffiths** adapting 'Woman A Come', the Ras Tafarian song originally recorded by Don Drummond's wife Margarita in the early '60s.

Out on the Greensleeves label is a new 10 track album from Jamaican songster **Al Campbell**: 'The Other Side Of Love' (GREL 30). Self produced at Channel One, the songs feature backing harmonies from The Tamlins vocal trio and includes a version of Smokey Robinson's 'Being With You' amid original Campbell compositions.

NEW 12" discomix titles include: **Janet Kay,** 'You Bring The Sun Out' (Black Roots BR 033) — produced by Jackie Mittoo and Ruddy Burnett; **Clint Eastwood & General Saint,** 'Talk About Run' c/w 'Healing In The Balmyard' (Greensleeves 12 OINK 2) — produced by Chris Cracknell and Henry "Junjo" Lawes; **Triston Palma,** 'Tell Me Where It Hurts' c/w **D Perking and Lee Van Cliff,** 'Some A Chat Some A Rock It' (JGM — JGML 8147) — produced by Barry and Paul; **Helena Oville,** 'Starting Over' c/w 'Sha Na Na' (Fid Daf FD 98101) — produced by G Faria and H Oville; **Lone Ranger,** 'Jamaican Collie' (GG's Hit) — produced by A Ranglin; and **Terrors,** 'Mr Babylon' (Dance Beat DBD 1314).

Latest 7" pre-release titles include: **Jimmy Cliff,** 'Rub-A-Dub Partner' (Oneness); **Errol Scorcher,** 'Fork Head' (Ja-Man); **Trinity,** 'Cigarette Man' (Crazy Joe); **Enos McLeod,** 'Woman At The House' (Soul Beat); **Ringo,** 'Fudge Man' (Nigger Kojak); **Kotch,** 'In The Hills' (Sonic Sounds); **Keith Poppin,** 'Do You Love Me' c/w 'Go Back Home' (Pilgrim); **Porty Jewel,** 'Starting At Me Girl' (Leggo Sounds); and two new titles from **Jennifer Lara** on Studio 1 with Kashif Saleem's 'I'm In Love' and The Byrds' 'Turn Turn Turn'.

Finally, that rarity the UK release 7" single on Copasetic with **Mirage** coupling 'As From Now' and 'Luckiest People' (COP 005) — an Ian Little production.

Penny Reel

SILVER SCREEN

from page 19

into the mouths of others. This was okay, because it was in a madhouse, but in *Taxi* there's no apologies, no madhouse, or critic of fascism — there's only lust.

"Germans — and I don't think they're so different from the English — have to think things over, discuss the movie and maybe then they can laugh," continues Ripploh. "The Americans were the other way round. They said: Frank you're *sooo* egocentric and we love it!"

Taxi's frankness dismays or delights, regardless of persuasion. People identify with either of the two lovers — one a steady home-bird, the other a flighty fucker — or they don't. The film doesn't parade its sexual choice on a badge, it matter-of-factly integrates it into life. In that sense it's the first truly conscious gay movie insofar as its maker doesn't feel the need to assert stridently his homosexuality with the campaigning self-consciousness of a Tom Robinson or Rosa Von Praunheim (director of the gay pride bore *Army Of Perverts).* Ripploh is a cruiser not a crusader.

"The fact of being gay is simply not interesting enough to fill a 90 minute film," argues Ripploh. "*Taxi* isn't about people being gay. I refuse to make a gay sightseeing tour of all the gay bars like *Cruising* did, where you only see exotic places. This is a movie about the mainstream of life where you see all details which make life absurd, sad or grotesque.

"The fact that Frank is a teacher makes him open to many people. This movie looks into his private life as well as his job, and people find *that* very exciting."

Both anxious to avoid becoming a professional gay, a mascot, or the darling of the gay ghetto, Ripploh's pleased that his film is playing to mixed audiences.

"Straight men can learn a lot from gays, and vice versa," he argues. "Gay men take a lot more care of their bodies and men together produce much more fun sex than men and women together. Men are more adventurous together about what they can do with their bodies, but straight men are only fixed on their cock."

"In a way I lost my innocence with *Taxi,"* he remarks. "I don't want to watch myself anymore. I don't want to make *Taxi Zum Klo* Two and Three and I don't want to build my fame on the fact I'm gay. You'll always feel that my films are made by a gay from the special aesthetic arrangements or my point of view, but future films won't necessarily be about the scene."

For those waiting for a happy ending, let down by the unresolved final conflict of *Taxi,* we're pleased to say that Bernd and Frank have reunited.

"He's a wonderful man," sings Frank. "We're living together in comradeship rather than passionately. In this way we're like a straight couple after they've had children. The passion's gone, but there is something more, different, perhaps more important than sex. So we're together like Prince and Princess, I have my sex outside sometimes, but we have a deep inner friendship which is sometimes more worthwhile."

Good night.

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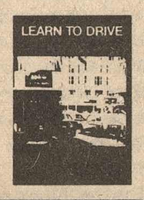

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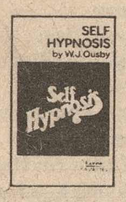

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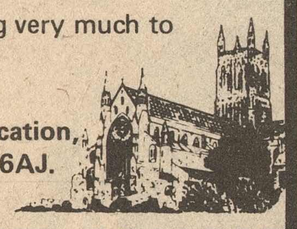

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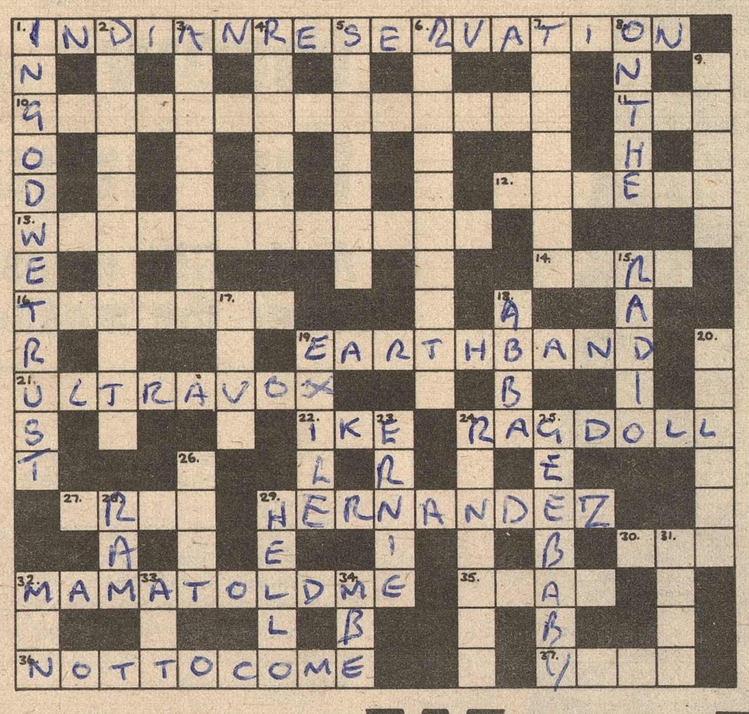


ACROSS

1 999 call to book a table at the curry-house? (6-11)
10 They've got fast boyfriends — did these lassies scare George away from Middlesbrough? (5-2-3-4)
11 **&31d.** Top ten hit in 1980, iriginally a double hit in 1958 for Ted Heath(?) and Elias and his Zig Zag Five Flutes (3-4)
12 Brotherhood Of Man number sung in a strange lousy way (6)
13 Kim Wilde seeing a (Wilder?) Teardop Explode at her window? (5-2-5)
14 Group therapy (4)
16 Grew older in an attempt to create a record by the Bee Gees (7)
19 Manfred Mann's dirt group (9)
21 Prior to their current chart success they had a flop in 1978 with Slow Motion (8)
22 The man for Tina Turner (3)
24 Frankie Valli's floppy girl (3-4)
27 Group with a release (4)
29 Patrick, born to be alive in 1979 (9)
30 **& 5d.** Van McCoy's arrangement of the Deck of Cards? (3-7)
32 **& 36** Parental advice on birth control from Three Dog Night (4-4-2-3-2-4)
35 All right oldie from Dave Dee etc (4)
36 See 32
37 First drummer with Spencer Davis Group (4)

DOWN

1 Dead Kennedy's having listened to Ciff Richard maybe? (2-3-2-5)
2 A band that are, by name implied only, in the shit (4-7)
3 Barbara Dickson's first hit (6-2)
4 Mouldy John as was (6)
5 See 30a
6 Official Secrets — who or what is M? (5-5)
7 One hit wonders with plenty of ice and a sultana (7)
8 **& 15d.** A good way to hear a Donna Summer oldie (2-3-5)
9 **& 20d.** 1975 number one, containing the spoken line of "be quiet, big boys don't cry" (2-3-2-4)
15 See 8d
17 On Stiff, I can't get me no satisfaction — whip it out on Virgin (4)
18 The four of them could get in a cab back home (4)
19 Had a minor hit recently with 'Heart And Soul' (5)
20 See 9d
23 The milkman who finished work early enough so he could work on as a computer (5)
24 Guitarist with two well-known bands since 1970 who had his 'own album to do' in 1974 (3-4)
25 Peter Shelley hit in 1974 (3-4)
26 Not quite the Beatles — the French is missing (4)
28 McCartney album, on which he sang 'From Me To Ewe'? (3)
29 A band from eternal damnation with nothing after (5)
31 See 11A
32 Welsh band with a number of albums including 'Two Ounces Of Plastic With A Hole In The Middle' (3)
33 A member of a backing band who doesn't like aardvark? (3)
34 A gong supplied to, among others, the Beatles (1-1-1)

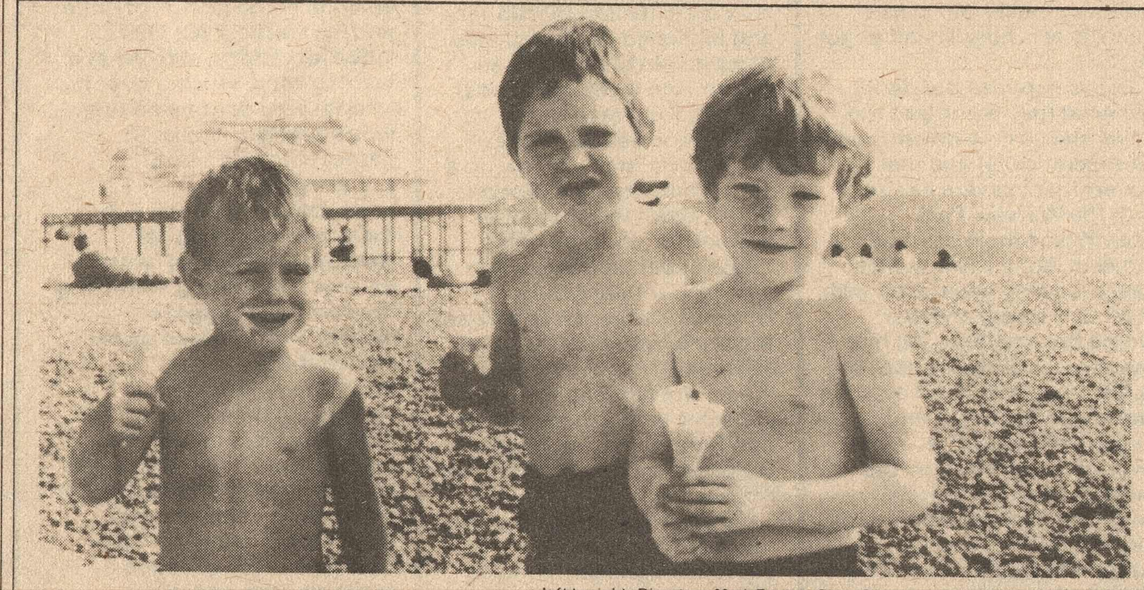
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Black And White', 5 Winter, 9 Ochs, 10 'Growing', 12 'Thirst', 13 'Hide', 15 Genesis, 16 'Same', 17 'Ten', 19 Rufus, 21 Trot, 22 *Trip,* 24 Lunch, 25 Maytals, 27 Funk, 28 'Two', 29 Snot, 30 Blue, 31 'Onion', 32 'Cruelty', 34 and 47 Flying Lizards, 36 'Strut', 39 'Berlin', 41 Thomas, 44 Bragg, 45 Scritti Politti, 46 'Someone To Lay', 47 See 34.

DOWN: 1 Bette, 2 'Another Planet', 3 Was, 4 The Beat, 6 'New', 7 'Riggin,' 8 Kiss, 10 *'Gregory's Girl',* 11 Otis, 14 Defunkt, 17 'The Strings', 18 Puffin Club, 20 'School's Out', 22 *'Tin Drum',* 23 'Cairo', 25 Miles, 26 John Phillips, 33 Loving, 35 Yes, 37 'The Cat', 38 'That', 40 *'Realm',* 42 Main, 43 Nina, 44 'Bus'.

NEXT WEEK

Take your partners for the next steps of the polka. Vivien Goldman continues her adventures with pop and politics in Yugoslavia



left to right - Directors Mark Easton, Chris Stonor and first signing Bullaweyo

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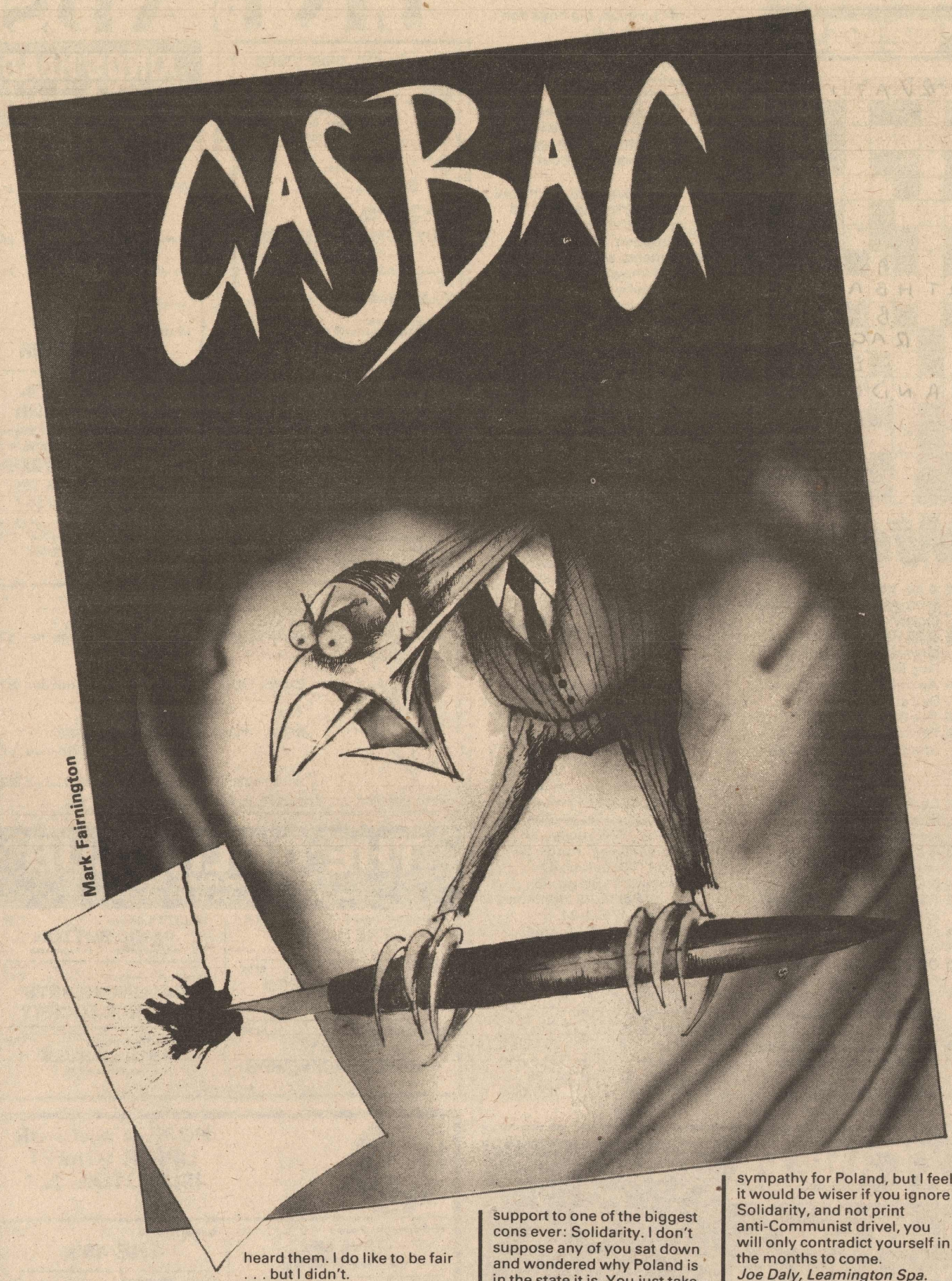

Gasbag throws up the arguments

Andy Gill mops up after the moaners

Analysis

To be valid, music must have spirit.

Jump music had spirit.

Rockabilly had spirit.

'60s Soul had spirit.

Early Punk had spirit.

Throughout its history, music full of spirit has been an adaptation and amalgamation of previous spirited/spiritual music forms. Simply copying a former spirited musical style is not enough.

Hence:

The Pistols, Damned *et al* were good and Oi is bad;

Louis Jordan was good yet the Rondos and everyone else in zoot suits are bad;

The Cramps and the El Trains are good yet the Stray Cats are bad;

The Human League and Soft Cell can occasionally be good but Joy Division were bad (they had no soul);

Mary Wells was the best, Dexys are the worst.

I rest my case.

Andrew Faludi, Blackheath.

Seems reasonable to me. But where does this leave Quintessence? — AG.

Balance

Today I almost took out the Spandau Ballet album from the record library . . . I mean, I can't go around saying that they're a bunch of hairdressers if I haven't heard them, can I?

I've seen a photo so I *know* that they're a bunch of hairdressers, but I can't go around *saying* it until I've heard them. I do like to be fair . . . but I didn't.

Ronnie Radich, London SE1.

Fair enough, I think. — AG.

More Analysis

In the 1981 census an astonishing phenomenon came to light. Did you know that for every "megastar" there are 75 minor "stars"? And that for every minor star there are 80 professional musicians? For every professional there are 165 amateurs, and for every amateur there are 200 "aspiring" musicians. A further investigation of this last category reveals an 85% failure rate.

When I'm sad, drunk and lonely I place myself in this latter group and I spend a couple of hours slagging off anyone with any talent or personality. No one evades my vindictive criticism, except of course "rock journalists" who, as the leading stylists, hype-ists and piss'ead-ists of the nation are beyond any reproach. I'm really "into" cocktails, Joy Division, Ze, have more vocabulary than brains, and lots of credibility — is there any chance of you offering me a job? I seem to have the relevant qualifications.

S. Kunkrocque, Hackney.

Cocktails? Joy Division? Ze?! How passe! — AG. (When I'm sad, drunk and lonely I usually throw up).

Head Up Arse

It disturbs me to see that *NME* are jumping on the bandwagon in giving its support to one of the biggest cons ever: Solidarity. I don't suppose any of you sat down and wondered why Poland is in the state it is. You just take for granted the information fed to you by the ill-informed media, who admit that they base most of their news on hearsay. Have any of you suckers questioned what you have heard? Solidarity is so capitalist it stinks.

Solidarity want free trade unions. Fair enough, but they also want free elections, in another word: Democracy. Democracy does not work, it cannot work because it contradicts itself. It gives people the right to choose how they want to trap themselves (bus fares or rates?). One party rule is the only way to advance that is a realistic view. There are too many morons throughout the world who will swallow anything that is laid before them, that is how Thatcher got in.

Let us suppose Solidarity got what they want, and the Poles elect a new government (democratically) and that government severs its ties with the Warsaw Pact countries; America would move in, build a few nuclear bases (as they have done with most of Europe) and war would be inevitable. All that is needed is worldwide support (a few people from all over the world) for Solidarity and Reagan will have the ammunition he needs; the more the Poles suffer the better for him (and thanks to him the Polish people will suffer now he has stopped the export of grain).

I understand you having sympathy for Poland, but I feel it would be wiser if you ignore Solidarity, and not print anti-Communist drivel, you will only contradict yourself in the months to come.

Joe Daly, Leamington Spa.

Further proof that out of suffering and sadness can come comic invention of the first order. — AG.

New Pounds, New Styles

Having seen the demise of *NME* as a credible paper over the last eight months, this fall from grace can only be explained by the 'old' tired journalists with nothing better to do than hype upon the readership empty, superficial trends.

The greatest retard on the paper at the moment must be Adrian Thrills. Witness this summer, when in collusion with Robert Elms in *The Face* they have championed such an obvious non-starter to such a point, that what we have now is an insular, reactionary and blinkered dead end, only comparable to the dead end epitomised by Oi in *Sounds*. And what's worse is that Thrills' endless dogmatic journalistic 'style' is now on a par with Bushell's in *Sounds*. Thrills now hints that other journalists' criticism of his ideals and their liking of other groups is totally wrong. However he has yet to surpass Morley's hysterical outburst at Steve Taylor over ABC's 'Tears Are Not Enough' which wins this year's Bushell, Benn and Bormann If The Media Does Not Agree With Me They Are Wrong Award.

I don't want tired journalists inflaming their already oversized egos further by trying to instigate boring trends, when all they achieve is to encourage big business and 'entrepreneurs' to make a fast buck.

Thrills, Penman, Morley, Errol are just pawns, unwittingly or maybe wittingly a front from behind which the leeches make their money.

Mal, Rotherham.

During the past year I've become increasingly more and more alienated from the likes and dislikes of the *NME* staff. So much in fact that I had only one of the critics' top 50 LPs and seven of the singles.

Although your styles of journalism are far superior to the other pop papers, I find that the main reason for buying *NME* today is to find out who's playing where, and probably because of your influence on new groups, there are increasingly less and less groups that I want to see.

This week's *(2.1.82)* singles column was the straw that broke the camel's back (I'm a cliche). In the review of the new Theatre Of Hate single, Adrian Thrills, with a single brush, swept all my favourite noises (the positive side of 'post-punk') under the 'back door of progressive rock' carpet. Is this the same Adrian Thrills who barely a year ago described UK Decay's "totally unmoronic" 'For My Country' single as one of the best independent releases of 1980?

I can laugh till I'm blue at Morley, Penman and Hanna trying to create something (and nothing), and when the results come through they feel let down. They feel let down? X. Moore was a ray of hope, but ultimately I'm not turned on by an adolescent red (no insult intended — each to his own).

So, what are you going to do about it? Sadly enough, I don't think I'll stick around long enough to find out.

Roger The Killjoy, Luton.

If you don't like someone else's trend, instigate your own. Be not afraid of your uniqueness! — AG.

Ready, Steady, Stop!

Is youth culture as superficial as it is presented? Must we be subjected to titbits of music, fashion, and video in such a cursory and (apparently) moderne manner? Not enough time on *Riverside* was given to justify the things that were presented. My dad thought it was a joke and even I tittered at the sight of Colin Swift.

Why not devote one episode to the doings of Colin and his cronies? (Or Gas's video, or tattoos, etc). What I want to know is: who buys his efforts; why does he do them; why so expensive; is it a game; who else plays?

L.E. Evans.

I, too, tittered at Colin — but then, who could resist? *Riverside* is a typical 'youth market' TV offering, following the same old 'magazine' format, a style based on the assumption that the attention-span of the audience in question is minimal and confined in the main to things that are bright and colourful, like a handful of beads. A perfectly correct assumption, it seems. So in answer to your questions: probably, yes, and why bother? — AG.

Big Words

Does Mr. Welsh bequeath his letter *(2.1.82)* to the nation, as an example of his consummate skill with the written word? I felt as though it was more an example of the sort of grandiloquence which he himself was denigrating. Instead of bemoaning his admittedly unfortunate unemployment, why does he not turn the situation to his advantage and embark on a course of self-improvement, in order to become the literary paragon that he purports to be?

Erudition is not a crime and there is nothing wrong with wanting to broaden your vocabulary. Regardless of whatever means you choose to do so. As long as the language (written or spoken) enhances and colours our communication.

Madge 'Ultravexed' Ure, R.D.E.

Library ticket winner. — AG.

Oddfellow

All praise to the new writers who've had the good sense to make white funk/pop bands legit and OK.

My conscience is now clear after listening to Hall & Oates, Boz Scaggs, Robert Palmer for years — the writers these artists deserved weren't listening at their time.

The white pop/funk units playing now can thank their lucky monkeys that there's a more appreciative and open minded strain of writer today.

'Hip-Before-You Mike, Hip Highbury.

I'm not quite sure, but I think this letter's trying to be favourable. Did we do something right? Have to see about that . . . — A.G.

Oy Oy!

Re. Penny Reel's critique of the Spurs LP — as a member of one ethnic minority to a member of another, may I please advise her that Sabbath Services in Shul will — ordinarily — be over in plenty of time to allow congregants to take their places for a Kaddush in The Corner Pin and then, subsequently, to complete a day of intense religious fervour by watching from the Paxton stand as their heroes get comprehensively stuffed by West Ham, Villa, Brighton, WBA or Coventry.

Peter Rapaport, Manchester.

Can't follow this one at all. Are The Spurs one of those rockabilly bands? — AG.

Alive

What's going on? You cats at the *NME* must be out of your minds. How can this X. Moore character write for you? I bet he knows nothing about zoot suits, cocktails and other important issues of the day. He seems actually proud to live in the Real World. This'll never do! What with him and Lowry we might all end up thinking about our lives again (what an absolutely ghastly idea, dear).

Ay Ay Ay Ay Moorey!

C. Fantasy.

Logic

If my sister's Cindy doll could sing it would surely sing like Clare.

Jake Flathead, Blackheath.

And if it couldn't, it would sing like Toyah. — AG.

Dead

I've just read the New Year *NME,* you know the one with the best of last year's things. I got to the *T-Zers Awards of 81* and started reading 'Deceased':
Jock Ewing . . . Joe Lewie . . . Bobby Sands . . . Steve Curry.
Maybe it was my imagination but I was pretty sure there were ten men who died on hunger-strike. So if you're going to mention one, you should mention that there were nine others at least. I mean, we don't want no special categories, now, do we?
Patrick O'Reilly.

We apologise to readers puzzled by the "Joe Lewie" in our 'Deceased' list. It was, of course, the former World Heavyweight Boxing Champin *Jona* Lewie. — AG

You wouldn't be Irish, by any chance? — Rev. Robert Bradford.

Gill'll Fix It

Here is a poem based on David Bowie's life history which I would love published, preferably for money. It is my own work.
Glamour
David Jones — reluctant
schoolboy,
Obsessed with jazz in smokey
rooms,
Honky tonk showmen,
innocence shattered.
Gone the golden years of
youth.
David Bowie — aspiring artist,
Thin and pale, squeaky clean
youth.
Dreams and messages to
oblivious listeners.
Small town fame, but
Aladdin's insane.
Ziggy Stardust — hero
triumphant,
Soul tearing eyes, mad and
sadistic,
Avenging angel in a silver
suit.
Playing to caverns of hungry
fans.
Galactic golden boy, but what
price fame?
Film star, pop star, selling
machine,
Remote, supernatural,
ethereal being,
Lodged in your palace of
opulent splendour,
Where did you lock Davy
Jones away?
Menna Thomas (Miss),
Haslemere, Surrey.
Too deep for me, this literature stuff. — AG.

HELLO YOUNG LOVERS, wherever you are. *T-Zers* today is for all you amorists out there. Fun-lovers, music lovers, lovers of truth and beauty, lovers of life — nothing is too much trouble for a *T-Zer* whose only desire is to tease and please you all . . .

Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin . . .

Light opera lovers may be desolate to know that **Adam Ant,** matinee idol and bringer of blushes to maidenly cheeks, has turned down a role in that **Gilbert** and **Sullivan** opus, *The Pirates Of Penzance.* Adam was asked to play the role of the son of the Pirate King in the million pound musical which opens in May. His reason for leaving the London stage thus cruelly deprived of his charismatic piratical presence? "It would be going backwards. I've been through the pirate thing already." Haven't we all . . .

In contrast, **Agnetha Faltskog, Abba's** lovely blonde superstar, has graciously agreed to play a leading role in one of a series of TV plays directed by **Gunnar Hellstrom,** a Swedish director whose name sounds like an awful warning to those about to mock it. Said Agnetha in Stockholm: "There has been an acting bug in me since I played **Mary** in the Swedish version of *Jesus Christ Superstar* 10 years ago." *T-Zers* has never been the same since it played the front half of a donkey in its school nativity play, more years ago than it cares to disclose . . .

Talking of **Abba,** let's hearken to the wise words of **Philip Oakey** as told to your soaraway sunny *Star:* "It's always been our wish to be as big as Abba — and now I'm convinced we're going to be." Modest Phil, prurient scholars of the personal life of the lop-sided nipple-pierced superstar may care to know, is now separated from his wife **Andrea** and in an ongoing 'Do You Or Don't You Want Me Baby' situation with **League** lovely **Joanne** . . .

Coke with me now to money lovers and filthy lucre as epitomised by mother-to-be **Donna Summer.** Donna has christened her future offspring the two million dollar baby, since this is how much the happy event will cost her in terms of missed bookings . . .

Keeping abreast of developments with **Erica Roe,** the sultry streaker who lumbered across the pitch in an undraped state while England were playing Australia at the real men's game of rugby. Ms Roe had to be airlifted out of Porthcawl when she got snowed in while becoming bosom pals with the entire Australian team. Funny girl, Erica. Rough, muddy rugby players aren't *T-Zers* types at all . . .

With barely a by-your-leave, let's press on with the innuendoes, the scurrillous allusions and vile slander. Consider, if you will, that unaccountable vice which apparently afflicts women of an interesting age — love of **Barry Manilow.** Risking furious reprisals and roars of disappointment, the frank and fearless *Sunday Mirror* states baldly: "Barry Manilow has been single for so long now that inevitably there have been questions over his sexual preferences." *T-Zers* cries in horror, have they no shame, is there no personal place where the popular papers won't probe? . . .

AND NOW with the section where trend setters blanch and clothes lovers quail, let us say immediately that **Rick Wakeman's** outfit on *Omnibus* was irredeemably awful. Violent yellow with tacky sparkly stuff . . . and (but this is almost too awful to repeat) A ZIP UP THE FRONT. Some of our more sensitive readers may now be in no fit state to assimilate any further information, but there is more, much more. **Elton John** flew to Antigua in Watford FC's colours, which meant he was wearing yellow leather trousers, a black leather jacket and had the whole sartorial excuse topped by an incongrous sheriff's hat.

On with more little snippets for you darling followers of fashion. **Spandau Ballet** are now into leather, boys, and chains will be worn with absolutely everything. We here at *T-Zers* reckon **DAF** do it better . . .

And a quick, but impressed mention to **Sun-Ra,** venerable jazz maestro who says he hails from Satura and wear the most astounding outfit on the cover of his latest LP, which brings his total well into the hundreds. How do richly embroidered purple robes, a golden chainmail hat, the whole topped by thin shades, score in the sartorial excess charts? Not bad, we say, for someone over 70 . . .

Skipping hastily and with a fond farewell to the fickle world of fashion, let's say hello to the doings of **Daniel Baker,** past and currently a member of this paper, and not a man for a plain pint. Friday night saw Danny on **Michael Aspel's** new weekend show for LWT, exposing the increasing trade in cocktail bars which is apparently threatening the very fabric of Bermondsey . . .

SPINNING swiftly around the affairs of star-crossed lovers let's say a big aaah to ex-teen Heart-throb, now monkeeing around with musicials, **David Jones,** and the rumours that his marriage to actress **Kay Lenz** is, as they say, on the rocks. Meanwhile **Tina** the striking tape operator for **DAF** and **Gabi's** ex-girlfriend to boot, as they also, for some reason, say, has moved on and up to be syndrum player with **Die Krupps.** To complete *T-Zers* recreation of La Ronde, since every other British theatre appears to be reviving it, let's add that **Ralf Dorper,** maker of that brilliant record Eraserhead, has now left **Die Krupps.** The band say he wasn't good enough musically, but do we detect a little old-fashioned hint of personal differences? . . .

Slumped disconsolately in front of the television waiting for the telephone to ring, as it is most of the time these days, *T-Zers,* was roused to wrath, and more frequently to hilarity by that wildly over effusive **Doors** documentary. Did you know, for example, that **Jim Morrison** was "ultimately literate?" Or that "performers who live on the edge are doing it for all of us and not asking anything in return except that we read their lyrics?" Why that almost brings a tear to *T-Zers'* big sly blue eye . . .

Lovers of today, **PiL's Jeanette Lee** and NY subway artist **Futura?** . . .

T-Zers says congratulations to *NME* Ad Manager **Peter Rhodes** and his wife **Sue** on the birth of a bouncing baby daughter named **Katie Louise** . . .

Welcome, commiseration and lots of love **Richard Kryzak,** our very own new designer and a penniless South London refugee about to reap both fame and fortune . . .

Poor *(T-Zers* uses the term ironically) old (not so ironic) **Phil Lynott** having to bear the expense of a remarkable imposter who has been running up embarrassingly large bills at various London nightclubs. If you see a Phil Lynott with a tattoo on his left arm, then that is not Phil Lynott, and if you see one without then it is. Serves him right for being so rich and famous, we say . . .

And now, to end on an unwontedly serious note and on behalf of hitch-hikers everywhere let *T-Zers* add its voice to the chorus of boos and hisses and the cries of "Resign" directed at judge **Bertrand Richards.** *T-Zers* says send him a copy of 'The Boiler' . . .

THE MIGHTY MOUTH

THE language Lab, Britain's first rap club, opened Monday last (At the Gargoyle Club in old Soho's Meard Street), in a flurry of verbal dexterity, a blaze of wordy rappinghood and a welter of "Rock the house!", "To The Beat Y'all!" and similar exhortations, proving that the funky talkover is here to stay this side of the Atlantic.

While Funkapolitan's Nick blasted the latest in new, new, superheavy rhythms, anything up to six microphones were simultaneously in use onstage. Among those giving it lip were The Mighty Cyberman, Mr. Nobody, Starry Eyes, Admiral Wordy, Neneh Cherry and more, with The White Brothers also making a short, noisy and largely unloved appearance. We pranced, we danced, we posed, we stood up, sat down and got down until we passed out . . .

T-ZERS

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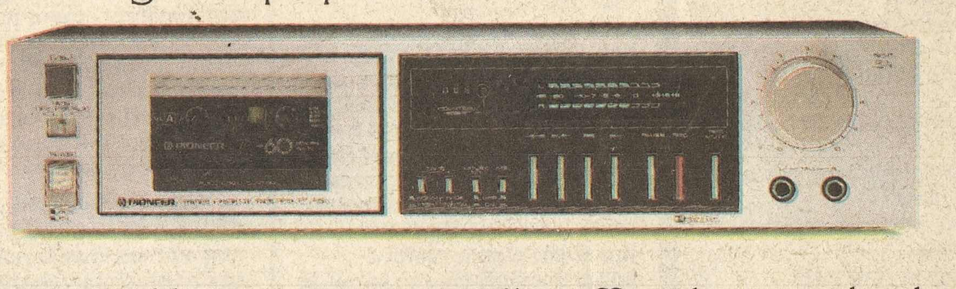

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